

CHATELAINE

Featuring the 1940 Bride

MAY • 1940
TEN CENTS





You never know how much you've loved until you've loved—and lost!



Why risk loneliness? Mum each day surely guards your charm!

WHY SHOULD love seem so easy to keep when you have it...but so hard to win back? The memories of happy days—of dances, dates—are so heart-breaking! And even worse is the gnawing thought that somehow—in some way—it might have been *your fault* that they are gone.

So often it is a girl's fault, although she may never know it. For where is the man who will speak about a fault like underarm odor... who would humiliate her by suggesting she needs Mum?

Girls who keep romance never take for granted the matter of personal daintiness. They don't expect just a bath to keep them fresh and sweet—they use Mum every day! A bath removes only perspiration that is *past*... but with Mum, future underarm odor is *prevented*, even before it

starts! Though your bath may fade—Mum's protection goes right on!

Mum is so quick and so dependable, that more women choose this one pleasant cream than any other deodorant.

MUM IS QUICK! Just pat a little Mum under each arm—at any time—even after you're dressed. Takes only 30 seconds!

MUM WON'T HARM CLOTHING! Mum has the

American Laundry Institute Seal to prove that it won't harm even the most delicate fabric. So safe that you can use it even after underarm shaving and it will not smart or sting!

MUM IS SURE! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to stop perspiration—but by neutralizing the odor. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Thousands of women have the daily Mum habit (thousands of men, too)—because with Mum they know their popularity is *safe* from risk of offending!

NO DEODORANT QUICKER...SAFER...SURER...THAN MUM!



FOR SANITARY NAPKINS. More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is gentle, safe, prevents unpleasant odor. Avoid offending this way, too.

MUM
MADE IN CANADA

*takes the odor
out of perspiration*

Mother  this Room has added 25%
TO THE VALUE OF OUR HOME

"... and 25% to the comfort as well, Dad, for this little room is the cosiest in the house! It's a study for the children when we have guests in the living room, a wonderful room to rest, read or chat in. It's a room I love to show. It's a room we *all* enjoy!"



MARBOLEUM FLOORS and MUROLEUM Walls

You, too, can have just such an extra room as this! A library, if you please, with the books that are now scattered all over the house concentrated for handy reference and comfortable reading. It's a room, too, that will *save* the living room. You simply start with Marboleum for the floors and Muroleum for the walls. Both offer endless choice in colours

and widest scope in design, at really reasonable cost. The room above shows built-in bookcases against colourful Muroleum walls pattern 808. The harmonizing floor has a field of Marboleum pattern M/44 and borders of terra cotta and ivory Dominion Battleship Linoleum. The ship motif copies the mantel ship model—in terra cotta against an ivory background.



Your Architect or Contractor will gladly furnish details and cost of a similar room for *your* home. Then if you wish to pay for it under the Home Improvement Plan, consult your Banker for details. Loans apply to any improvement of this type that becomes a permanent part of the home.

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM COMPANY LIMITED, MONTREAL



THE LIEFERANTS live in New York. When they are writing a piece of fiction together they completely isolate themselves. They cut off their telephone, don't go out, don't entertain. When a story is under way, their friends know that they won't see or hear from the Lieferants until the work is finished. Their meals are sent into their studio on trays. When they do go out it is late at night, for a quiet walk along the river front. Before they were married they were both engaged in different occupations. Now they both live for their writing. "Collaboration is the best fun in the world," they say.

A Word

About Our New Serial WHAT PRICE GLAMOUR

THE LATEST novel by the popular Lieferants—Henry and Sylvia—begins on the next page.

"What Price Glamour" is a novel of conflict . . . the story of two young people from vividly contrasted worlds.

LEDA HOBART lives an apparently aimless and useless life. She knows the gayest night clubs, the smartest beach resorts, the pastimes of wealthy people who have nothing to do but enjoy themselves. And she believes that money can buy anything.

MARK CORBY knows only the eternal struggle and privations necessary for the flowering of his musical genius. His family have sacrificed everything to his attainment of near-perfection in his work.



"WHAT PRICE GLAMOUR" begins on page 5

When Leda and Mark meet—the conflict begins. There's a rare understanding of both worlds—and of the young people who belong to them—in this compelling novel.

The Lieferants have been selling fiction to the biggest periodicals on this continent for a number of years now. Before they were married, neither of them wrote. Since they began collaboration, they've published many, many stories, and four very successful novels. Their first one, "Doctor's Wives," was filmed, with Joan Bennett as the star. Their others have all been on best-seller lists.

"What Price Glamour" brings the Lieferants to *Chatelaine* readers in their most magnetic and enthralling novel yet published.



Lady Esther says

"Won't you please help your

NEW-BORN SKIN

To Keep Its PROMISE of
NEW-BORN BEAUTY for you?"

Careful! Your new skin depends on you to help remove those tiny flakes of older skin that can "smother" your new-born Beauty!

EVERY TIME the clock ticks—your new skin is crowding eagerly upward, outward—and soon will appear in new glory and glamour if you will do your part! Why let your new skin be born under a cloud, asks Lady Esther, when each generation of your new skin can make you look younger, fresher, lovelier—if

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove gently those almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin that are the thieves of your beauty—stealing the beauty of your face powder!

Feel with your fingertips now the little rough spots those tiny flakes of old, dry skin probably have left on your face. They can make you look older—keep even the finest powder from going on smoothly—ruin the glamour of your make-up. My 4-Purpose Cream permeates those flakes so that you can whisk them away. Soothingly it loosens embedded impurities—helps Nature refine your pores—leaves your skin smoother—younger-looking.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and push anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin via your face cream! Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream helps you gently whisk away the worn-out skin and impurities beclouding your new skin about to be born!

Then try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Continue using it twice a day or oftener. See if your powder doesn't look lovelier day by day. See the glamour of your new-born skin as my cream helps you keep your Accent on Youth!

Accept Lady Esther's generous **FREE** package!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (2-36)

LADY ESTHER,
Toronto 12, Ontario.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, **FREE** and postpaid.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ PROV. _____

"I'M FROM MISSOURI and Listerine certainly showed me!"

says Mrs. Madge Purdy Van Cott, Jersey City, N. J.



When I was a co-ed at the University of Missouri, many of us used Listerine Antiseptic and massage regularly as a precaution against dandruff.



When I became a nurse I first heard of the peculiar bottle-shaped bacillus, *Pityrosporum Ovale*—nearly always found in high concentration in infectious dandruff conditions—and how important it is to keep this organism under control. Time and again I prescribed Listerine Antiseptic and massage . . . time and again I saw dandruff's scales disappear.



When I got married and my baby came, I knew how to help keep her scalp clean and healthy. I have shown my husband how to guard against infectious dandruff, too. I give him a vigorous Listerine massage regularly. A slight dandruff condition he had at one time quickly improved. He's never without Listerine Antiseptic now.

76% of Infectious Dandruff Cases Benefited in Clinical Tests

If you are plagued by dandruff, so often caused by germs . . . don't waste any more time. Start today with the famous Listerine Antiseptic Treatment.

Just douse the scalp, morning and night, with full strength Listerine Antiseptic—the same Listerine which has been famed for more than 50 years as an antiseptic mouth wash and gargle. Then massage scalp and hair vigorously and persistently.

You'll be delighted with the cooling, soothing, tingling sensation. And, think

of it! . . . this wonderfully invigorating treatment is precisely the same as that which, within 30 days, brought about complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the men and women who used it twice daily in clinical tests!

So, if you've been fighting a losing battle against dandruff, don't neglect what may be a real infection. Start right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It's the treatment which has proved so useful against infectious dandruff in a substantial majority of clinical test cases.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (CANADA) LTD.

(MADE IN CANADA)

The medical treatment that thousands employ!



Family Album— Modern Style

By ADELE WHITE



Scenes from a wedding movie—dressing the bride, cutting the cake, and a view of the reception

Film reproduced courtesy
Wilmac Films, Toronto.



THE FAMILY album, modern style, is the home movie. And the keynote of the album—today as yesterday—is the picture of the bride.

Grandpapa's head riveted in the photographer's brace and grandmama's bridal bouquet frozen in a viselike grip, are part of the Canadian saga. But today the bride's story can be a flowing vital thing. All across Canada the whirr of the little movie camera is catching those gay and lovely bits of bridal celebration . . . the procession into the church . . . the cutting of the cake . . . the reception and the toast to the bride. It records the quickening tempo and the rising spirits of the guests as more toasts are proposed and honored. It catches characteristic gestures of relatives and friends. The little camera sees all and knows all.

In creating an interesting wedding movie it's fun sometimes to draw up a plan in advance. With this as a guide, it's easier to follow the Hollywood practice of taking the last scenes first and the earlier ones at leisure—and finally fit the whole film together in picture puzzle style. Any scenes which drag or turn out badly can be cut. A prearranged plan of this kind provides lots of scope for imagination and ingenuity—skilled short shots cleverly put together to give a quick biography of the bride, gracefully leading up to the high lights of the wedding.

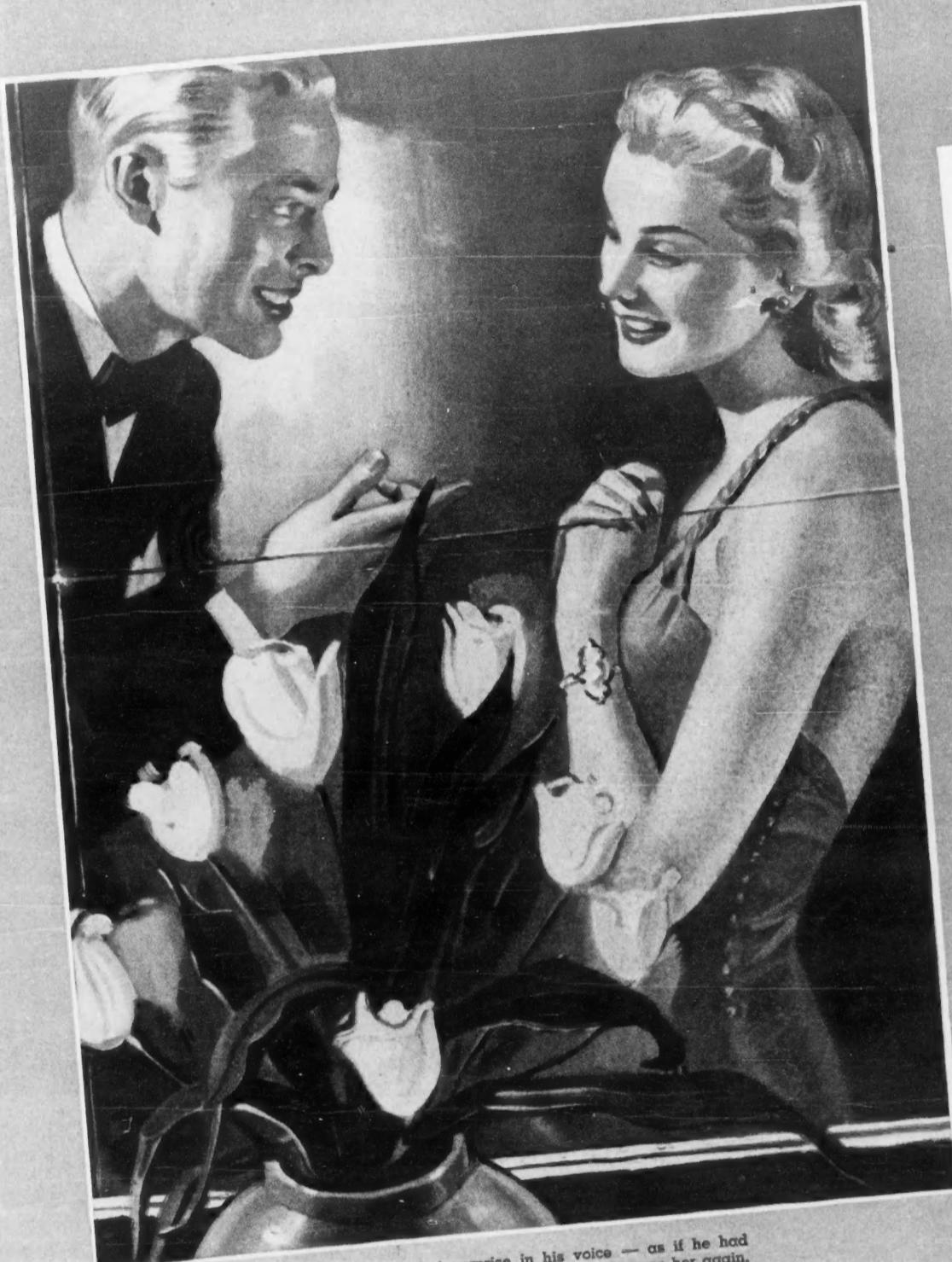
And then, if you want to do a bit of lily-gilding, there's the colored film. Imagine the bridal party against a background of the family garden in luxurious bloom, the lawn green and the flowers brilliant with all the shades of spring. You will get the original scene in perfect reproduction. Indoors, too, the same film will be equally effective with the use of daylight-type photofloods or a corrective filter on the camera lens. Otherwise a special indoor type of film should be used.

Colored film can even be cut into a black and white movie to point up the really special shots, at a small extra cost.

An expert in wedding pictures began one film with a handsome album, open at the title page: "Mary Smith—Her Story." Underneath was the name of the producer. He collected snapshots and took movies of them: stills of Mary's father and mother as bride and groom, the house where Mary was born, short shots of her entering and leaving school, a scene where laughing children are swimming from a sunny dock.

The transition from childhood to coming-out parties is symbolized by a pile of schoolbooks swept off a table. A background of a ship and travel folders—London, Paris, Rome—recall Mary's first trip abroad. The gaiety of her deb year is suggested by a man's feet mounting steps to a door. The door opens. A white evening gown and silver slippers appear. A car drives away. Then a quick view of dancing feet. *Continued on page 35*

Chatelaine for
MAY



There was a glad surprise in his voice — as if he had known her long ago but had not expected to see her again.

WITH unnecessary deliberation Clyde Dunning turned back the last page of the program notes and read:

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
MARK CORBY

Mark Corby was born just twenty-two years ago in the small town of North Bridge, Canada. His father, band leader and music teacher of North Bridge, early noticed his son's talent for the violin, and thereafter gave his time and energy to bringing that talent to its present fruition. In his teens, the family came to the United States, where Mark Corby studied in New York. Reversing the traditional order, he did not appear in Europe until he had been acknowledged on this continent. Since his conquest of New York, four years ago, his triumphs have been too numerous to recount here. It is sufficient to

say that the finest music critics of the world maintain justly that Mr. Corby can duplicate any feat of virtuosity displayed by the known masters of the violin. Indeed, his early mastery of technique constitutes one of the amazing pages of musical history.

"Here's your fiddleback," he said, handing the program to Leda Hobart. "Read all about the boy wonder. Step right up and get your tickets, folks. Myself, I'd hate to be caught dead in this joint," he taunted, glancing about Carnegie Hall and keeping well to the rear of the box. The front was already occupied by four round-eyed schoolgirls accompanied by a navy blue taffeta chaperone.

In their crowd it was considered corny to show an interest in any music save the swing-hot, swing-sweet variety. As pacemaker of the season's deb

Beginning
a New
Chatelaine Serial

What
Price
Glamour?

By HENRY and
SYLVIA LIEFERANT

Customs that never change



FREE COOK BOOK! If you bake at home use the new Magic Cook Book. Over 300 recipes. Address—Gillett Products, Fraser Ave., Toronto, 2.

**Brides—for 3 generations—
have depended on MAGIC
for fluffy, delicious cakes**

JUST as her mother and grandmother before her, she throws her bridal bouquet down to her bridesmaids. And—following another famous 'tradition—she starts her cake-making off "right"—with Magic.

3 generations of Canadian brides have counted on Magic Baking Powder for finer flavored, lighter textured cakes. And that's what they get, *every time* they use this high quality baking powder. Magic is pure, wholesome, *dependable*.

In fact, Magic's uniform results have made it Canada's favorite baking powder. 3 out of 4 Canadian housewives prefer it ... leading cookery experts of the Dominion use and recommend it.

Be proud of your fluffy, delicious cakes ... safeguard their fine texture and flavor with ever-reliable Magic! Even on a modest house-keeping allowance you can still use this superior baking powder ... since enough for an average baking costs less than a penny!

Made in
Canada



She was the reigning glamour girl . . . and he a musical genius on the threshold of his career. When they fell in love . . . How could they help the ruin of each other's lives?

wasn't too late to start seriously with some musical instrument. She chided herself for not coming to Carnegie at least once a week. So natural and effortless was Mark Corby's playing that youth thought, "It can't be so hard as my music teacher makes it."

And when the concert was over, she wanted to rush downstairs, to jostle through the throng clustered about the stage for encores, to stand beneath him looking up, as beneath a waterfall, and let his music shower over her. Then, of course, to meet him. But Clyde's hand under her elbow guided her expertly through the crowd, and, lost in her dreams, she found herself in his car, idling toward Tippy Winston's dance.

BY THE time they reached Park Avenue, the remote languor in Leda's eyes, which Clyde knew was for the music she had just heard, was beginning to annoy him. "Who is this Mark Corby," he demanded, "that we have to take his shadow to Tippy's?"

cian or an acrobat, a performer you hire from an agency to entertain the crowd."

"For a man not interested in music," she accused, "you know an awful lot about the routine."

"I know the world, Angelpuss. You'll make a fool of yourself if you do."

She was petulant, startled back to life by Clyde's resistance. "I don't believe that. You're angry because you had to sit through a concert."

"I'm sore," he corrected, "because you want to talk about him instead of me. Clyde Dunning, born just five months ago upon first meeting Leda Hobart. Anything any other athlete can do, Clyde Dunning has to his credit. Tall—er—handsome, black hair for contrast to bamboo, always sun-browned, quite a fellow. Trained on our best polo fields, tennis courts and ping-pong tables—"

She lifted her head and smiled quickly. She had any number of smiles at her command, and this one drew a magic circle about them, shutting out the rest of the

Immediately Leda appeared to be finished with the topic. When they drove up to Tippy Winston's, they were singing in soft unison, interrupting their song to make plans for a week-end skating party. They paused for a moment to blow their breath into the frosty air of the river front, to see if, by changing the movement of their lips, they could control the shape of the forms which floated out.

"Maybe it's a new game," Leda laughed.

They were still laughing when Tippy cut through the crowd to greet them, sharp, hard, swift, like a dagger, with her ebony hair, square shoulders, and tight grey satin gown. At once there was a movement of black coats and white ties toward Leda, iron filings inexorably drawn. "Leda and her swains," remarked Patsy Thorndyke in a not too dulcet voice. Leda started upstairs to the second floor of the Winstons' triplex, but at the landing she turned in the wrong direction for the powder room, and hurried down the service stairs to the pantry.

Fenn, Tippy's butler, had the patient air of a man who has spent his life handling idiots and the mildly insane. But he was the Social Register wired for sound, a walking city directory. He would help her.

He turned guardedly when she pushed in the swing door. "Beg pardon, Miss Hobart. Aren't the bells working?"

"I don't know, Fenn. I haven't tried. Do you know Mark Corby, the musician? I have to talk to him on the phone tonight."

"His family maintains an apartment in New York, Miss Hobart. I shall endeavor to locate him."

In the small powder room done in amazing and ugly spirals of wood and glass, Leda repaired her make-up, stared out of the window at the ice floating on the East River like biscuit crunched into a bowl of soup, planned what she would say. Her heart beat crazily as she dialled the number Fenn finally produced for her. It was preposterous for Clyde to say she couldn't get anybody she wanted for her party.

"Peter Nelson talking," said a crisp voice at the other end of the line.

"I'd like to talk to Mr. Corby, please. I'm Leda Hobart."

There was a pause. The voice changed to a careless drawl. "Who?"

She spelled the name carefully.

"Wouldn't matter," said Pete Nelson. "Not even the Queen of Sheba. Not on the day of a concert, before or after he's played. I'm his secretary. Care to leave a message, Miss Hogarth?"

"Hobart!" she snapped. "I want to talk to him personally."

"Look, Miss Hogarth. Nobody—on the day of a concert—"

"Tomorrow then? At what time?"

"I can't place your name, so you'll have to tell me what it's about."

Pete Nelson heard the sharp click of the receiver. "Whew!" he breathed out, addressing Alex, his pipe. Its stained meerschaum bowl was filled with the confidences of years. "I can't place the name," I said to her. "Who?" Who! Dames like that don't like to be unrecognized. That'll keep her away, because, my dear Alex, she's no dish for my boy—not that Leda Hobart."

"Who?" he had asked. Who! Leda was furious at that drawling, common voice. "I can't place the name." It was odd that Mark Corby had a secretary who didn't recognize names, who talked—who talked as if he had a big cigar in his mouth and a derby pushed back on his head. I'll reach Mr. Corby. I'll enjoy running up against that Peter Nelson person, too.

Coming downstairs quickly, she flung herself into the first pair of arms extended, Russ Arnold's, and she felt cherished and grateful when Clyde cut in at once.

☆ *Continued on page 46*



"His smile casts a spell before ever he plays," she answered. "I know what I'm going to do. I'll get him to play at my birthday party."

A red light stopped them, and he folded her hand possessively in his. Her response did not please him. Clyde lived in a physical world, a superb one of perfect bodily co-ordination, grace and skill, but nevertheless physical. After Leda, the health, strength, fitness, splendor, demands and desires of his body were paramount. He wanted sharp and decisive reactions from her, as from polo and skiing, diving and flying.

"Men like that don't play at birthday parties, Leda. Why should he go to a brawl where nobody would appreciate him?"

"For money, of course. I'll pay him whatever he gets at Carnegie Hall."

"You couldn't pay him enough to play in the same room with Pinkie Krimmer and his Hot Charioteers. Yes—Pinkie is the best of his kind, but look, darling. This fellow Corby is a world-famous figure. Men like that don't play anywhere for money. He's not a magi-

world, proclaiming that Mark Corby belonged outside. He wanted to kiss her, to carry the shape of that smile with him, but again a red light halted them. Clyde slid to a stop beside another large, expensive car, when he noticed that Leda's mother, and her stepfather, Grant Kimberly, were in it. He touched Leda's arm, and she lowered the window on her side.

"It's a small world, eh, Pop?" she called.

Grant's long, humorous face split into a heartening grin. "Fancy meeting you here, Angelpuss. Did you have a good time?"

"Marvellous."

"Mind you don't come home before six a. m.," he warned. "We keep the doors locked until then."

"I'll see to that," Clyde called back.

As the two cars turned at right angles, Alice Kimberly waved sedately at her daughter. Daughter blew her mother a kiss. "Grand people, my parents. Clyde, I'm sure it's not the way you think at all. I'm going to get Mark Corby for my birthday."

"I could take you up on that, gal, but I hate to steal your money."

Leda Hobart was permitted a certain eccentricity, but being young, she was half ashamed of this particular and radical departure—a periodic need for music not made for dancing. "I suppose it's my low, common ancestry makes me like this sort of thing," she laughed in defense. "There was old Onk Toby Hobart once fiddled away the night to keep the town dancing because the Indians wouldn't attack while everybody was awake. And grandfather's Uncle Zeb up in Canada, who played two kinds of accordion music, Standin' up for the breakdowns, and settin' down for listening. Set yourself down in peace, Clyde."

She knew he would not give a well-bred snort for all the good music in the world, but she also knew that he was so much in love with her that he would take her anywhere, even to a symphony concert or a violin recital. And Clyde was, indeed, so madly in love with her that he secretly resented her suppressed excitement, because his failure to understand it gave him no share in it. He wondered if the musician's youth had anything to do with her enthusiasm, a thought he did not like since it emphasized his thirty-five years against her eighteen, and raised a barrier between them.

"Why, he's only twenty-two," Leda remarked in awe. "I had an idea he was older, maybe twenty-four."

"Just an infant prodigy. They usually taper off."

"Not after his kind of success!"

Again he felt that strange, almost wild anticipation, sweeping through her slim, pliant body along with the eager rush of youth, like a fanfare proclaiming her loveliness. He watched her while she re-read the note, recalling how Buff Beverly, in his "Five O'Clock Canapés" column, had first described her hair as bamboo, had also first called her a child playing coronation, but a delightfully dangerous one who would want the crown "for keeps" after the game. Her face was thin and oval, vivid and alert, curiously tempered by indolent topaz eyes, wide-spaced. Her hair was the color of bamboo—pale, yet mellow with sepia shadows, confined tonight in a snood of seed pearls. She wore a Spanish gown of ruby velvet, and a small ermine cape tipped with black tailpoints.

Leda did not have to look at him to know that his dark eyes were filled with humorous contempt for the Mark Corbys and their accomplishments. She did not like him in this mood, and yet his arm across the back of her chair radiated an urgency she could not ignore. If those youngsters weren't in the box, he would ask her to marry him again. Whenever a person or interest drew them apart, he asked her to marry him. She wasn't ready to say "yes." She couldn't quite say "no." And with the simple, yet astounding facts of Mark Corby's life before her, she thought of the things which appeared in print about Clyde, and herself. "Nothing lovelier rung up on the social register for years." "After ten years of indifference to debauch, Clyde Dunning's Eyes Have Been Opened." "Can it be our Leda who keeps Clyde in New York?" And only this week, "Our four-alarm Leda Hobart and Clyde Dunning, dark Apollo of the polo fields, are rushing to the same fire. Friends say it isn't a false alarm." "The Hobart paper millions—the Dunning railroad empire—a pretty prize package. Maybe tied around with Step-dad Kimberly's rubber fortune, some day?"

"I wouldn't be seen here with anybody but you, Leda," Clyde began.

One of the little girls turned around and put her finger to her lips with a loud "Sh!" Wasn't it precisely Leda's idea of a joke to share a box with a girls' school? Leda smiled gratefully at the child.

THE LIGHTS were growing dim. The shuffling of programs and shifting of feet had ceased. The audience was caught in that instant of electric silence which



Clyde came up and lounged against the rail and said: "You made me promise to take you dancing if you were bored. Reporting for duty."

prepared the way for an artist. The accompanist slipped through the hush without disturbing it, and when the tension seemed unbearable, Mark Corby walked out upon the stage. Rather he strolled out, with the nonchalance of a boy reporting at the sand lot, only he dangled his violin instead of a bat. He was just a powerfully overgrown boy with huge shoulders, gangly arms, long legs and big feet. For all that, he was not awkward as, in answer to the cascade of applause which thundered about him, he stood with body erect but head bowed.

"His hair is bamboo like mine!" Leda whispered. "Wouldn't it be like an omen, if his eyes were topaz, too?"

Corby raised his eyes, letting them play about the audience. They were innocent, in a fresh, pink, open face. His smile was the trustful one of a sheltered child, and it seemed to hold a special, gay greeting for every young person in the hall. The audience was more than half composed of young people, a phenomenon common at all Corby concerts. As if the youth of the land, by that occult means of communication known only to

them, had adopted him for their own—the boy who had made good in an adult world.

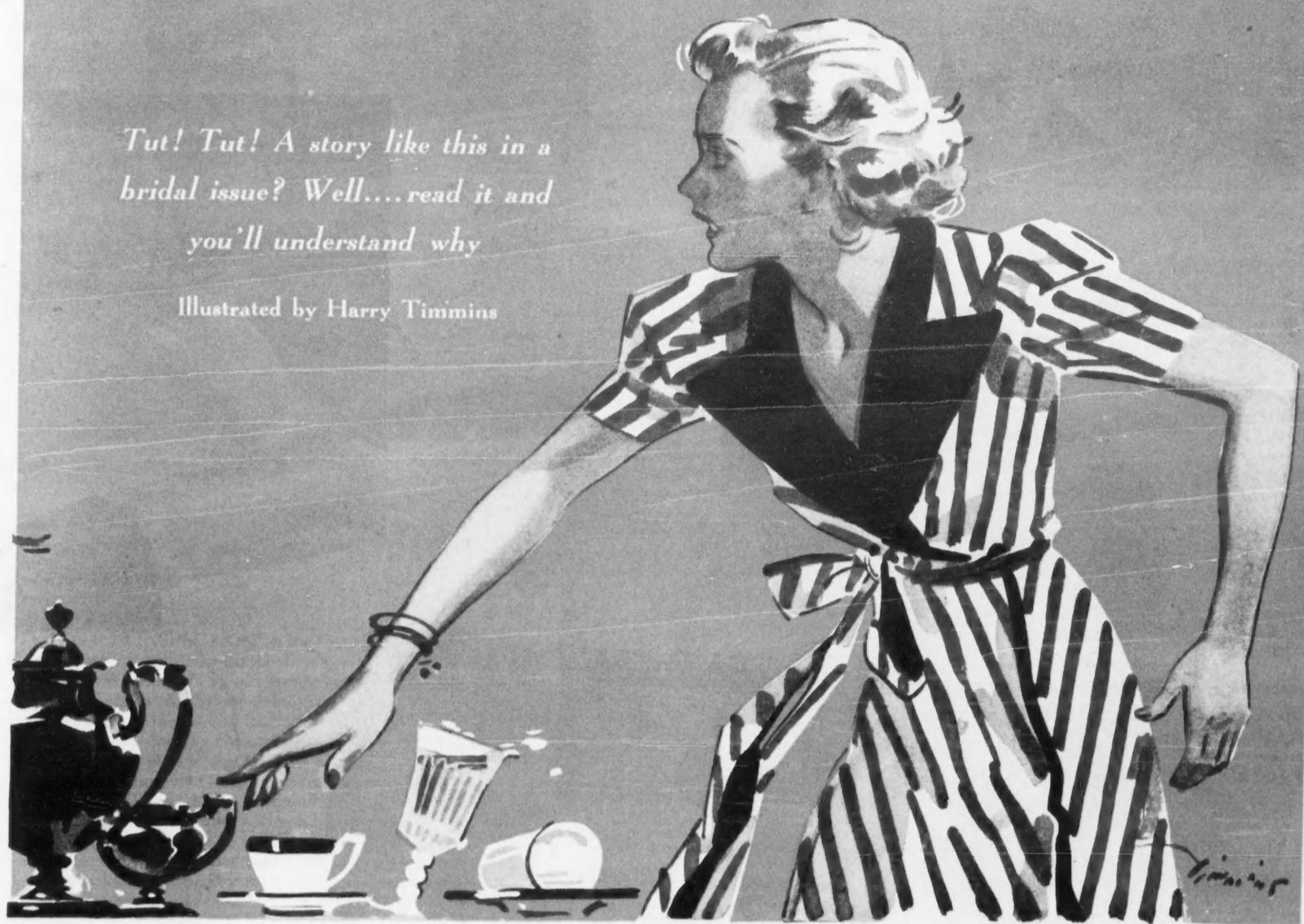
"Why doesn't he start?" Leda breathed impatiently, and in answer he lifted his violin.

The authority of his movement commanded silence. He played two Paganini capriccios. He played a Bartok rhapsody, a nocturne, a tarantella. The program did not matter to Leda. She lost all interest in what he was playing. She forgot Clyde's urgent arm across her chair. She leaned forward, her clasped hands resting on her knees, watching the sweep of the musician's arm, the incredible speed of his fingers, listening, with her heart braced for the continuous shock of it, to that clear, singing virtuosity. The critics were right. He could do anything—everything—

She felt suspended in glittering facets of music, in an atmosphere charged with a rare iridescence released by his violin. And floating there, Leda wondered why she hadn't practiced more earnestly while a fortune was being spent on her musical education. She was ashamed of the saucy ditties she sang and played on the piano, the final fruit of that fortune invested. She hoped it

*Tut! Tut! A story like this in a
bridal issue? Well....read it and
you'll understand why*

Illustrated by Harry Timmins



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quite wrong." Her voice was clear and high and steady. "Mr. Grant and I have no intention of getting a divorce, and we're both too intelligent to quarrel; we settle our differences without quarrelling." That was all she said—that was all she trusted herself to say except that, when Miss Marsden got to the door, she did murmur a good-by, and after the door was closed she flew to her room and closed and locked the door behind her.

SHE SANK down weakly on a chair, and started to count aloud. One. Two. Three. Four. Slowly, distinctly. It was a habit she had acquired when she lost control of herself, and when she was very angry. Go up to the guest room and count. Sometimes she left Randy quietly in the living room and went upstairs to count, but when he was home, or when Bonnie was at home, she never counted aloud. She only did that when there was no one in the house but herself or Trena.

Twenty-nine. Thirty. The numbers seemed to clear her mind and her thoughts. The effrontery of Miss Marsden, the insolence. Unhappiness and discord in the home . . . we often find a reaction to it in the child . . .

When she came to fifty, Carolyn stopped suddenly, her lips open. She usually went on to one hundred, sometimes even as far as five hundred. But there was no use counting any more. Miss Marsden was right. Too right. Bonnie had somehow sensed the situation even before she and Randy had. With her delicate, sensitive mind Bonnie knew what was going to happen.

"I've been blind," Carolyn whispered. "All the time Randy and I have been heading for a divorce. We've both been blind—we didn't know—now I know—"

SHE WAS frightened for a little while, and then the fright passed and she could face the situation reasonably. It was perfectly possible that two persons who had loved each other deeply should suddenly find themselves drifting apart, loving each other less and

less, and finally, as she and Randy were doing now, only tolerating each other, afraid to admit even to themselves that the love they once had was dead. Very dead, Carolyn thought. So dead that nothing could stir it up again and make it flare bright and hot.

There was a time when she had thought that nothing could kill the love that she and Randy had. When the passion and the strength of it seemed destined to last forever.

As she sat looking at the tester of the bed she had been sleeping in for the last six months, she wondered when their love had started to leave, but she couldn't find the answer because she couldn't put her finger on a definite time or place. It had simply faded slowly, so slowly neither of them realized it, until now it was gone, and she was ready to go away from him, willing to go. He would be willing to leave her, too.

It didn't seem strange to her that she could consider leaving Randy. It seemed the thing to do before conditions became intolerable and before Bonnie was hurt too much. Bonnie would miss her father terribly, of course, but she would arrange that he see all he wanted to of Bonnie. That was only fair. She and Randy had always been fair in everything they had done. They had always laid all their cards on the table, talked everything out, with never a word of argument. She remembered so well—every time she came into this room, which was now her room, she remembered the pact she and Randy had made before they were married. A solemn pact, renewed when Bonnie was born, that neither of them would ever quarrel. She was proud of the way they had carried it out, and Randy was proud. In the ten years of their marriage they had never quarrelled, but she knew when Randy suddenly announced that he was going to take a walk in the evenings by himself, that he felt like quarrelling, and wanted to get out by himself to avoid the quarrel. He knew when she went upstairs to this room that she felt like quarrelling. They laughed about it when they got together again; it used to be fun to laugh with Randy

after one of their quarrels that hadn't taken place. It wasn't any fun any more—there was a hollow quality about their laughter, because the love had gone out of it.

Intelligent marriage, they called it. The only kind of marriage there could be between two intelligent, dignified people.

Bonnie had never heard either of their voices raised in anger. She never would.

THERE WAS a knock on the door, and Carolyn got up and unlocked it. Trena was standing in the hall, with the sullen look on her homely face that Carolyn was getting used to.

"Market didn't send the tomatoes," she said.

"I'll call right away and have them put on the next delivery." Trena could have phoned herself, but she never would take any responsibility for the meals, except to cook them, as Carolyn had never had a maid cook them before. Besides being an excellent cook, Trena was the best housekeeper the Grants had ever had.

"Anything else missing?"

"Nothin', but I'm givin' my notice right now. Two weeks I'll be leavin'." Trena tossed her head defiantly, and a flush crept into her olive cheeks.

"But, Trena, you've been with us a year, and everything has been satisfactory so far. If it's money, we can easily make an adjustment. Say we give you a five-dollar raise. Will that be all right?"

"It ain't money, Mrs. Grant. I wouldn't stay if you give me fifty dollars a month more. I'm goin'—in two weeks. I'll stay out my time so as you can get somebody else."

"Perhaps you need a vacation now," Carolyn suggested soothingly. "Perhaps if you took a week, let's say two weeks off right now, you'd feel more satisfied, and then with the raise—perhaps Mr. Grant will—" She was forgetting that she and Randy were separating, and there might not be *Continued on page 21*

Thunder Shower

By EVE BURKHARDT

SCHOOL PSYCHOLOGIST?" Carolyn repeated, puzzled. "I didn't know the schools had a psychologist."

"I've been with them for five years." Miss Marsden stepped into the hall. "I've come about Bonnie, Mrs. Grant."

In the living room Miss Marsden looked like a book agent, with her well-stuffed brief case in her lap.

Carolyn sat down slowly. She wasn't used to visits from school officials. When Miss Dickens, Bonnie's teacher, wanted to see her, she sent word and Carolyn went to the Lorimer School. In the last few months Miss Dickens had sent for her twice. Before that, in the other grades where Bonnie had been, Carolyn had been entirely ignored.

"Bonnie had an eye examination as Miss Dickens suggested," she said. "I had Doctor Sayles send his report directly to her. There's nothing wrong with Bonnie's eyes, Doctor Sayles said. They're perfect. And I told Miss Dickens that we don't neglect Bonnie—



Randy put her arm around the child's shoulder.
"It's your ma and pa. They're at it — at it good!"



she has health examinations every six months—she's had them since she was born." She didn't know why, but a sudden tide of anger came over her when she looked at Miss Marsden sitting so calmly across the room. The same anger had come when she was in the schoolroom, and Miss Dickens was standing behind her desk. Both of them implying somehow, not with words, but as insistently as if they had used words, that she wasn't doing what she should for Bonnie. When nearly every thought she had had since Bonnie's birth had been for the child. When she and Randy were so careful that everything they did was the best for the child.

"She's growing so fast, and it doesn't bother me that her marks in school aren't what they used to be. I make allowances and so does her father. Besides, it's so close to the end of school. She's tired out."

What did Miss Marsden know about children? Or Miss Dickens for that matter? Neither had any of their own.

"We discount almost entirely the growth of a child, Mrs. Grant," Miss Marsden said coolly, "when there has been such a sudden change in attention and the will to work as there has been in Bonnie. Nine years old, isn't she?"

Carolyn nodded.

"A sensitive, rather nervous child, our records show, for she's been in the Lorimer School since her kindergarten days," Miss Marsden went on. "An exceptionally high I.Q. Amazing. Excellent sense of social consciousness, developed early. Definitely a leader. That's why we're so interested in Bonnie, Mrs. Grant. We feel she's going to be a fine student and a leader, too. That's why we're so puzzled about her actions now."

"But she's a good child! She's done nothing wrong!" Carolyn cried. "I feel Miss Dickens is making mountains out of nothing!"

"I don't—not when Bonnie's future is concerned. She is a good child, Mrs. Grant—we admit that. We have nothing to complain in regard to her behavior; it's simply that she won't work any more—she's lost her

will to work. She's inattentive, when she has been such an attentive, brilliant child. We thought it might be due to her eyes—that's why Miss Dickens asked you to have them examined. But it's not her eyes, or her tonsils, or her adenoids. We've ruled out all the health angles. It's something else, deeper, more intimate. We were wondering, Mrs. Grant, if Bonnie was unhappy at home."

Carolyn caught her breath, and the anger came again, flooding over her. She tried to speak but she couldn't, and presently she was hearing Miss Marsden's voice once more, so calm and dispassionate, through the ringing that had come to her ears.

"I'm not saying Bonnie is unhappy because she can't have certain things she wants. I'm sure you and her father are more than generous with her, but she's a sensitive child and an only child. If there is unhappiness and discord between the parents, we often find a reaction to it in the child—a reaction such as Bonnie is experiencing."

CAROLYN THOUGHT she had never hated anyone so thoroughly as she hated Miss Marsden. The ringing in her ears had stopped and there was a deadly quiet about the room, about the house.

"If that's the case, Mrs. Grant," Miss Marsden looked down at the brief case in her lap for the first time, caressed the worn leather lightly. "If that's the case, I would suggest you to take Bonnie out of public school for a term or so and put her in a boarding school away from yourself and her father. Or if you plan to divorce, I should suggest that Bonnie be put into some neutral home for perhaps six months—if you want her to continue public school." Miss Marsden picked up her brief case and arose.

Carolyn arose too. She looked like Bonnie when the child had a fever, her blue eyes very blue like the sky on a hot summer day, and two almost round circles of crimson high on her cheeks.

"You're wrong in your diagnosis, Miss Marsden,



OPEN FOR INSPECTION" is the sign a young couple tack up on their romance with the slipping on of the engagement ring. Whether it's an old family treasure, a solitaire, or the diamond-circled birthstone John gives to Mary. But from that day forward the events leading up to the ceremony are of public interest. John and Mary have had an "understanding" for a year. They plan to marry three months after Mary gets her ring. It will take that long to get ready in a fashion she can enjoy. Because she wants all the trimmings.

Once the date is set, Mary's friends begin to plan parties for her. And showers. The bridegroom is rightly the near-forgotten man of this period. He has plenty of time to get his work in order and plan the honeymoon. Friends and acquaintances will gather at parties, luncheons and teas. Only Mary's intimates will be invited to the showers. Here John's mother has asked Mary's closest friends—including her maid of honor and her bridesmaids—to a gay and amusing stocking shower. She borrowed the "legs" from a local shop. Mary's mother is there too, admiring the gifts. She may not be asked to all the younger parties, but older hostesses will invite her.

Three weeks before the ceremony, Mary's parents announce it in the daily newspapers, and Mary and her mother send out their engraved invitations, to friends of both families. Then, a fortnight later, as her final party, Mary helps her mother entertain at a trousseau tea to show her close friends those lovely linens and other household necessities it is her privilege and right to bring to the new home John will make for her.

Before the wedding reception itself, the gifts friends have sent to the bride have been arranged, without cards, in one of the rooms of the house. So the stage is set for the great day. We come to it on Pages 14 and 15. (Wedding details begin on page 21)





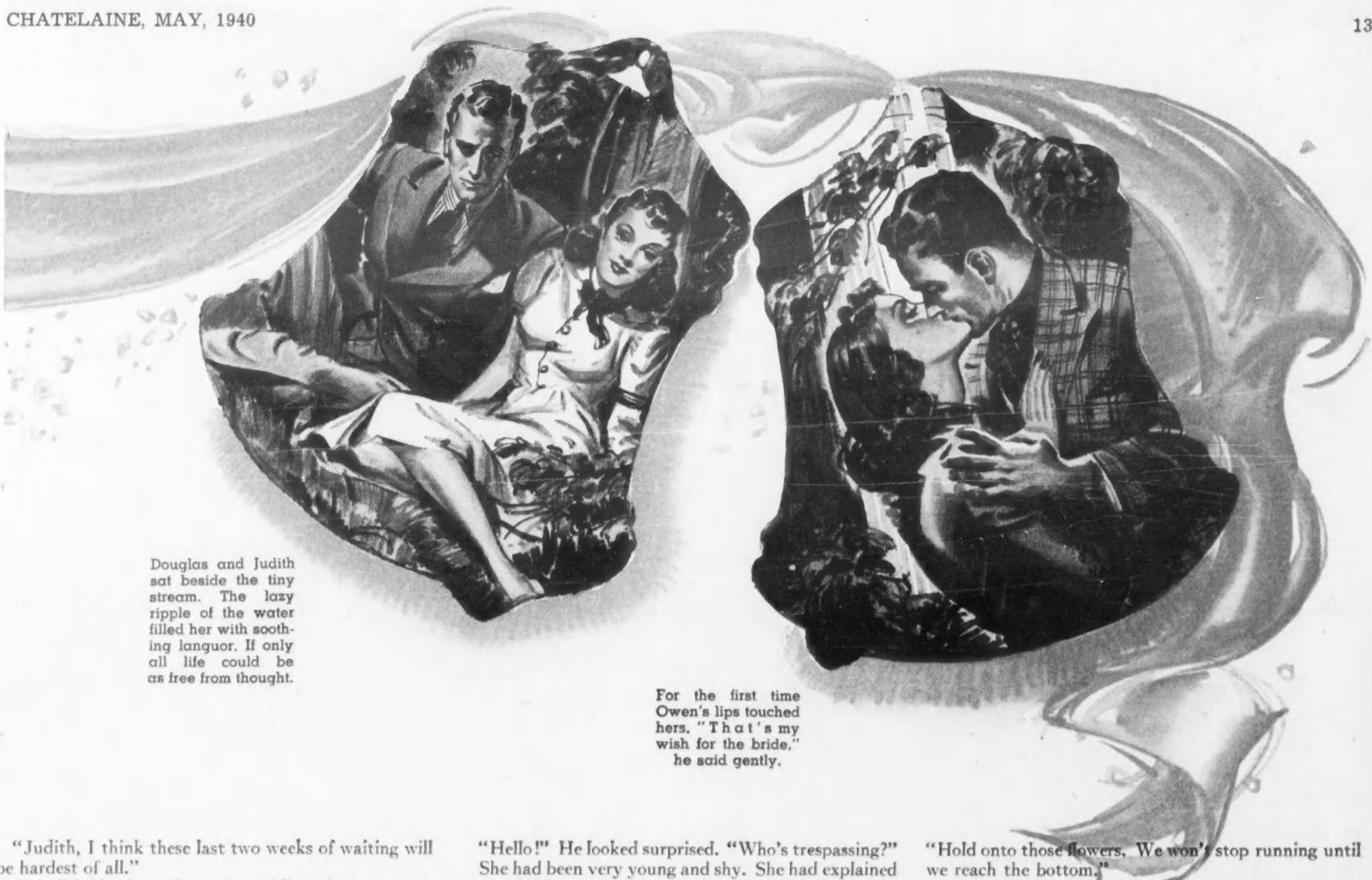
"A Marriage is Arranged"

THIS is the story of a wedding—the happy ending to every lovely fairy tale—the enchanted beginning to brave new worlds for thousands of young Canadians this 1940. For wartime has shot the marriage rate sky high.

The girl? Let's call her Mary. She lives in Saint John and Montreal, and on the prairies and in the Okanagan Valley. The man? He might be John. He's a lawyer, or a doctor, or a farmer, or a chap who goes to business. You may change the veil and the sleeve lengths and the number of bridesmaids and the flowers in the bouquet. And the faces of the principals. But, in essence, we bring you in the following pages the bride's manual, 1940 style. From big church with long gowns and morning coats, as it's done here, to the parson's parlor with the little girl who makes her own way in the world arranging it all by herself . . . as you'll find it on page 33, with a soldier for her bridegroom. Plans for both have been well and carefully laid, so that on the day of days there are no tag ends to distract the families or their guests. This is the story of how it can be done.

This is Florence Watt, the young Canadian girl who posed as the central figure in our story of a wedding. This portrait is by Violet Keene, Eaton's College Street, Toronto. All other photographs in Chatelaine's wedding feature throughout this issue, were taken in co-operation with the T. Eaton Company, Ltd.





Douglas and Judith sat beside the tiny stream. The lazy ripple of the water filled her with sooth- ing languor. If only all life could be as free from thought.

For the first time Owen's lips touched hers. "That's my wish for the bride," he said gently.

"Judith, I think these last two weeks of waiting will be hardest of all."

If Judith also found herself trembling, she knew with a curious sense of detachment, that it was not through proximity. She cared a good deal for Douglas in a calm, almost maternal way. Douglas had a quiet, fair solemnity that was not without appeal. His unwavering belief that she was the most wonderful person in the world, was comforting. After all, a lifetime could not be thrown away for a dream. Douglas would never cause her any real aversion. He was too clean and kind. But he would never set her pulses racing. Until today Judith had been grateful for his love. It was perhaps more than she deserved.

"You're tired," Douglas said suddenly. He removed his arm and took her passive hand between his own. "Too many late nights. Why is there always such a confounded fuss when a girl gets married?"

Judith laughed. "Just the penalty for growing up in a small town, and having so many friends. I think it's nice." Most of Judith's friends were married. She knew that they had watched her from year to year, wondering about Charlie and those others who had come and gone. And never once suspecting . . .

What was there to suspect? Nothing. No more than two chance meetings. Nothing on which to build a hope or dream. Then what was this rising emotion that even now could make the world stand still? She drew a deep breath, and the curve of Douglas' fingers tightened. He said nothing. That was one thing she liked in Douglas—that he had some gift of knowing when to be silent.

Owen Shawn had given no impression of silence. Owen had been filled with the vital surge of youth. In his boyhood days, the house on the hill had been gay with life and laughter. She had not really known him then. She had been so much younger. She did not know him until the summer when she was seventeen.

He was twenty-five that year. For four years he had been away, becoming known as a skillful, ambitious construction engineer. For two years his father had been alone. Now Owen was to be married, and they were going abroad to some tropical land. He had come home first, for one week.

Two meetings. Ridiculous, simple meetings that to him meant nothing. Why would he remember a girl with short fair hair, with brown bare legs and a short blue dress, gathering wildflowers in the woods. His woods. She had not even known he was home until he came through the grassy trail beneath interlocked trees, whistling.

"Hello!" He looked surprised. "Who's trespassing?"

She had been very young and shy. She had explained earnestly that she was not trespassing—that she was gathering flowers and ferns for a church bazaar, and that his father always gave permission. Owen cut into her stumbling words.

"Good heavens, don't think I'm serious. You can have basketfuls of flowers with my blessings; and I'll help you gather them. It may make me feel young and good again." Judith had looked at him still shyly, for despite his abilities Owen had earned the reputation of being quite a venturesome young man. She could not remain shy for long. He had an easy, colorful way of talking. He told her in enthusiastic, vivid pictures, of the work he would be doing—mining construction chiefly, in places like British North Borneo and New Guinea. In her young eager fancy she had seen it all.

"Oh—I'd love it!" Her voice had been touched with wonder. An instant later she had blushed furiously for what might be considered unmaidenly temerity.

But Owen had only laughed. "Don't be too sure. I'm not so sure myself I should have asked any woman to go out there." He broke off, and did not resume the subject. He had been very gay that afternoon. He had even flirted with her mildly, and held her hand as they walked through the woods. The prettiest flower of all, he had called her. Meaningless nonsense, of course. But even while she knew it, his flattery set her pulses racing.

He had only been serious for a moment when they came from the woods to a sunlit clearing. They had looked down on a wide sweep of rolling hills, and the little town tucked in a cradle of trees below. Owen had stood very still.

"I love this," he said slowly. "However restless I am for far places, I'll always remember. I'm going very far away—and my fiancée has never seen the things I know."

The memory of Owen Shawn was as vivid now as then, when he stood on the hillside with the wind stirring his fine black hair, and his grey eyes on some far horizon. Judith felt in that moment that she had come very close to him. And she understood. She felt the poignant loneliness that could come of a lovely memory unshared.

"Wouldn't she come here first?" she asked simply. "Not . . . if you explained?"

Owen shook his head. "It's something . . . I'd find hard to explain." For an instant their eyes met gravely. Then, as if realizing he might have revealed too much, he laughed. "Some day we will come. But just now Anne's too busy. Come on." He caught her hand.

"Hold onto those flowers. We won't stop running until we reach the bottom."

THAT HAD been the first time, ending in a tumbled heap of flowers and laughter. The second time had been one evening, at dusk. Owen had seen her walking home, and had offered her a lift. They had sat in his car and talked until dusk deepened into night. A solitary light shone from the house on the hill. Judith spoke suddenly.

"When I was a little girl I used to watch the lights up there, and think what fun you must be having."

Owen was silent so long she wondered if she had said something wrong. Then again, he answered slowly.

"We did have fun. I wish you'd known us then. It was a different sort of fun to what I've known lately." Once more Judith had the curious feeling of being very close. "I remember my mother used to quote a poem about a house . . . 'a house where lamps are lit and prayers are said.'" He paused, and his voice was low and a trifle embarrassed. "I don't think—that's the modern idea in homes."

Judith wondered, as she had wondered ever since, just what manner of girl Owen Shawn had chosen. But she only said softly, with a resolute courage, "If you wanted—wherever you were you could build another home like that."

"I only could if . . ." He turned to face her, and for an instant Judith was aware of nothing but his quickened breathing and the pounding of her heart. It was another instant when the world stood still. Then, as before, he laughed and the tension was gone.

"Judith, Judith, don't make me feel serious." He spoke almost reprovingly. "Not when I have the whole wide world before me. Now really, I must go. I'm driving some people up for dinner. Wish me good luck, good endeavors—and good-by."

On that somehow slightly wistful note they parted. And somehow the memory of that good-by had lingered through the years. It was with her now, as she sat on the grassy hill slope with her hand in Douglas' firm warm clasp.

The silence was only broken when she looked at Douglas uneasily. "Sometimes I wonder," her voice was low and doubtful, "whether it's right for me to marry you, Douglas. I—I'm not at all sure that I love you the same way that you love me." Her voice died uncertainly, and Douglas spoke with reassurance.

"My dear, you're a woman," he said as if that covered everything. "With women, things are different. I believe you'll understand." *Continued on page 51*



PRELUDE TO A WEDDING

By
**BERYL
GRAY**

"Why is there always such a confounded fuss when a girl gets married?"

To Judith it meant the end of a dream . . . and the understanding of reality

Illustrated by Kay Avery

JUST TWO weeks before Judith was to marry Douglas Craig, Owen Shawn came home. Judith was sitting with Douglas on the lower slope of a green, grass-grown hill, when the peace of the sunlit Sunday afternoon was shattered. With a bark and bound, a young dog raced past.

"Hi, Rover!" came a boy's clear voice. A lad came dashing down the hill. Too late in his mad chase, to avoid collision, he tumbled in a tangle of brown legs and arms at their feet.

"Oh!" said Judith. Quite suddenly her face was white. "It's all right," Douglas spoke reassuringly. "He's not hurt."

"No, I'm not hurt." The boy—he was perhaps eleven—scrambled to his feet. "I'm really very sorry." For an instant he faced them apologetically. He was a slender, handsome child with fine black hair. His smile was shy and charming, and it was reflected in his dark, heavily fringed eyes. "Excuse me," he added. "I must catch my dog." With a shout and whistle he was gone—a strange boy with a strange dog—and the incident was over.

Over—except for the instant in which Judith's heart had stopped, and the whole world had stood still.

"Nice kid," observed Douglas lazily. "I know who he is. He belongs to a chap named Shawn."

"Shawn." Involuntarily Judith's glance went to the big house far up the hill. The house that had stood empty, the grounds choked with tall weeds, ever since old Mr. Shawn had died three years before. The world went on again, so clearly that she could hear sounds of which she previously had been unaware—somewhere a cricket singing in the grass, and the ticking of the watch on Douglas' tanned wrist.

"Yes." Douglas spoke with the knowledge of a man who has engaged in small town legal practice for over two years. "I understand he's come back to close up a sale of the old place. You probably remember him. He married and left here about twelve years ago."

"I remember." Judith spoke steadily. "His wife died four years ago." She did not tell Douglas that she had said no, when she had meant to say yes, to a man called Charlie Prior, on a night four years ago. Charlie was married, with two babies now. "He was left with a boy of seven."

"Good lord. I hope I'm never left with a boy of seven." Douglas looked startled at the very thought. That was so typical of Douglas, translating outside things to terms that had some bearing on himself. Judith laughed a little, thankful that in some ways Douglas was so imperceptive. She laid her hand lightly on his knee.

"I don't think we'll worry about that yet."

Douglas smiled, and drew Judith closely to his side. Then the smile faded.

How to plan the big church affair; the simple home ceremony; the military wedding



on Her Bridal Day

home only those friends who would be invited to the families' homes under ordinary circumstances. "Acquaintances" have been left at the church. Down the line everyone goes, ushers first shaking hands with bride's mother, then groom's, the groom himself and, on his right, the bride and her maid of honor and bridesmaids. The enchanting twin flower girls began to receive at the end of the line, but have wandered off like errant butterflies to look at the blossoms arranged everywhere through the house.

Now the wedding feast is beginning. The ushers are busy among the guests, making everyone comfortable. By the time the cake is ready to be cut, the bride and bridegroom are finished receiving, and she is ready to wield the great knife.

The clergyman or an old friend toasts the bride, and the groom responds, then toasting the bridesmaids, with the best man responding. An old friend proposes, and the bride's father responds to the toast to the bride's mother, and the groom's father responds to a similar toast to his wife.

But time is passing, and the bridegroom whispers to his Mary that they must leave soon, if they are to make the little inn in the mountains by nightfall. So she slips upstairs, her maid of honor following. And while she is changing, the best man is helping the groom from his morning suit to his dark worsted.

The four parents come upstairs for a good-by, away from the merry throng below. The bride's mother lingers for a few moments and now the groom joins his wife. Together they come downstairs, preceded by the parents, then bridesmaids, to the tune of more good wishes.

Mary has chosen to send her bouquet to a dear friend who is in hospital, so she picks the prettiest rose and throws it to the girls. ^{Continued on page 36} (Wedding details begin on page 21)



Wedding Preview



She Walks in Beauty

AND so the world comes to their wedding—her world and his. A church ceremony is never private; you can't close the doors of a House of Worship. And because Mary, our young Canadian bride, has been quite correct in gently declining all invitations in the last few days, she has risen that morning feeling fresh and happy. And has begun to prepare for the Greatest Event of her life. Hers are the hours, now, to make herself lovely for all the world to look at. And radiant in John's eyes. For every other detail of the wedding is taken care of by her family and the attendants. Delicious feeling! She must look after only herself.

Her bridesmaids arrive, as she begins to dress, and help her with her exquisite white net gown over its satin slip, and her filmy net veil. Finally she is ready to the last hair, the last delicate dusting of powder, to go with her father to the church. The others have gone ahead, and are waiting for her. Did she dream the music, the flowers, the kindly faces in the pews, as she walks up the aisle toward the altar and the waiting bridegroom, holding her father's right arm? She is there. Her father steps back and the groom moves up beside her. Slowly, the beautiful ceremony takes place. Then the procession to the vestry to sign the register, followed by the wedding party. And then, with the best man and maid of honor in the car, they are driving home for the reception.

Once inside the familiar door, the tension and the solemnity break. The wedding is a party!

Excited, happy, showered with congratulations (for the groom) and good wishes (for the bride)—the party stands in line to receive the guests, who are old friends of both families, young contemporaries of the bride and bridegroom, important business associates. They have bidden to the reception at the bride's

P. S.—by a mere man



P.P.S.
He got
the soup!
Jean



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VEGETABLE SOUP The soup men take to as boys—and ever after! Campbell's Vegetable Soup has a true homey flavor that is especially tempting to them. With an invigorating beef stock crammed full of 15 garden vegetables, it's almost a meal in itself! Your man will enjoy every delicious spoonful!

CHICKEN NOODLE Hungry men have welcomed this soup since early pioneer days. Campbell's Chicken Noodle is like the old-time kind—with a chicken broth as glistening rich—egg noodles as homey and good—and morsels of chicken as delightfully tender. Truly it's an appetizing hunger-satisfying dish! Have it soon at your house.

BEEF SOUP Hefty and meaty, this is a *man's* dish if there ever was one! Watch a man go for those generous pieces of tender beef. And there are luscious vegetables—lots of them—in a rich, slowly-simmered, deep-brown beef stock. A nourishing soup like this is a big help in holding down the budget. When he is extra hungry, remember Campbell's Beef Soup.



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IVE TRACKED down the "man who wasn't there." I found him and his fellow workers busy day and night doing a lot of things that never happen, in a place that doesn't exist.

This isn't a blast from a mental institution. Just the findings of a reporter fresh out of that strange new Canadian country-of-the-world—"a Port Somewhere on the Canadian Coast."

Believe me, it's the first time I've ever gone fey on an editor who sent me after a story about guns, battleships and coastal defenses. But the things my Department of Defense press pass lifted momentarily from the folds of official secrecy, made me realize that we were at grips with real danger. And out of that danger has grown a Canadian Shangri-la of war.

You have no doubt visited the Canadian coastal cities where those headlines and radio bulletins with the mysterious place lines are born. So have I. I've picnicked on their hills and driven over their highways and watched the little tugboats fuss around their harbors. And the lazy white liners, at anchor, their brasses glittering in the sunshine.

But that was before the war. And when I went back to one of them the other day, I couldn't even find the harbor as the train steamed past it. Because a porter came around and pulled down all the blinds in the car—just as a defense precaution. And that was the first yipping I was to hear of the dogs of war.

In the next few days I visited a minesweeper and examined equipment for clearing a 350-fathom swath of sea as it travels, and saw its barrel-like depth bombs, poised to churn up 500 pounds of ocean each. I slipped swiftly away from sight of land on a 34,000 horsepower destroyer at the tail of a convoy worth many millions. Looked at the great torpedoes waiting to zip out of their jackets, saw the automatic finder focused on a target, and knew a press of the button would send the shells from every gun on board at it. I peered down on the narrow decks of little examination boats that plow sturdily out to meet the big ships coming in, and send their officers up treacherous ladders in tumbling seas to look at papers and cargo. I passed beyond the heavy, diamond-webbed wire netting that stretches across the mouth of the harbor, and saw seamen on the windy decks of the green- and red-lighted patrol boats, guarding the narrow neck of a submarine gate.

These were no figments of imagination. They were the tons of iron and steel and dynamite that would deal very substantially with any enemy looking for trouble.

But what is the business of each of these seagoing forts when it leaves the harbor? Where does it go . . . what does it see . . . what has happened before it comes back? These are the stories that we won't hear "until it can be told." Stories of things that don't happen—as far as the world is concerned—on the Canadian coasts.

The strange illusion began at the very start of that official press tour, when an imposing array of naval officials conducted us ceremoniously to a lookout post. You can see thirty miles out from shore at that point. Convoys are signalled, incoming vessels watched, general activities in the harbor controlled. It was once a cobwebby room. Officially, it doesn't exist at all. And the average citizen walking by in the street doesn't know it's there.

Then there's the control room for co-ordination of defenses in cases of emergency. Maps hang from the walls.

Men move about among tables and switches and controls. It's something like the room in "The Lion Has Wings." Camouflaged anti-aircraft guns can be set into motion by a signal from that room, bombers shot into action, vessels warned, blackouts ordered and the air-raid siren set shrieking. But you won't find it marked on the map you'll get at the corner service station of that city. And you'll search in vain for the intelligence offices where messages are decoded by corps of trained men, where suspicious mail and films and telephone conversations are combed for that "leakage of information which might be of use to the enemy." Where reports are given on people who refuse to heed the signs to be found in public buildings all over the city, warning against dangerous or informative conversation. Nor will the nearest traffic cop direct you to newly established airdromes and barracks and dugouts and

the people of their own military world, nobody must know where they are.

And then there are the men themselves—the new-comers who change the face and tempo and the whole feeling of the city. They're even more officially nonexistent than the places and the things that happen. Today the streets may be crowded with young Australians, their sun helmets tucked under their arms as they battle their way against an icy blast to the friendly Canadian hostel. They didn't know where they were going when they left home. They don't even know where they're going now. Maybe they're waiting for their pals on a sister ship that stopped to deal with an ungentlemanly pirate on the high seas. Tomorrow it will be to shrill banter that a bunch of English sailors will unpack their kit bags in the Y.M.C.A. or the Salvation Army Hostel, and make eagerly for bathtubs. Maybe you'd guess they'd been a long time at sea.

And the next day six hundred young Frenchmen might arrive—as they did one day recently—and in the canteens where Canadian women serve them, and in the shops and on the streets, you'd hear the notes of a strange language. And there'd be lots of laughter over the methods of the ever-useful sign language.

Wherever you looked you'd see uniforms strange to Canadian eyes. Sometimes with enough gold stripes or pips to dazzle you. And at little gatherings in official quarters, or in residences of senior officers, you might meet officers, government officials, writers and experts, whose names are headline news in any country. And they pass as quietly as they came; and no one knows, officially, that they were there.

And then there are our own men. Troops arriving by the trainload, in the deep of night maybe, and marching quietly into the great fleet of ships, to sail off in the dawn before a housewife of the city was astir.

It's like an endless movie, one scene slipping ceaselessly into another, and the next day or week or hour a complete change of program, without notice.

Maybe you think it's all a little silly—the penny-thriller mystery atmosphere. But they tell a story in one port of a certain day when a big and important convoy, laden with men and goods, slipped silently away. Hour after hour, with clocklike precision every so many minutes, the grey ghost ships put out to sea, preceded by minesweepers, guarded by destroyers.

And nobody talked about it. Nobody at all. No letters, no telephone calls, Continued on page 38

gunnery stations. Or a Board of Trade guide take you through the dockyards and the gunnery training quarters, or a taxi man drop you off at one of the new lookouts, or the almost forgotten forts and lighthouses hidden in the creases of the rocky coastline. For there are men on guard there, twenty-four hours a day. And beyond

the neat new wrapper

Now this famous cheese comes from Master Blenders to you in four convenient sizes

Hundreds of homemakers asked Kraft to design this new convenient size. One full pound of this famous process cheese that *always* melts and toasts to perfection! Get this mellow-rich Cheddar for smooth cheese rabbits, casserole combinations, airy soufflés, golden cheese sauce that makes the family demand *second helpings* on vegetables! Remember, Kraft dishes are nutritious, wholesome.



1 POUND



To make satin smooth cheese sauce the easy Kraft way: melt $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of Kraft Cheese in the top of a double boiler; stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk. (Note, it takes genuine, smooth-melting Kraft Canadian to perform this trick.)

HERE is Canadian Cheddar Cheese that *always* has the same full, rich flavor . . . *always* melts smooth and toasts to perfection! That's because it's made by the famous Kraft Method of Master Blending!

Mellow-sharp cheeses that have aged for months are combined with milder ones by Kraft's Master Blenders—to give just the rich flavor most people like best. Then the cheese is *pasteurized* for your protection . . . *sealed* in the transparent wrapper.

This is the method Kraft originated years ago to *take the guess-work out of people's cheese buying*. Always look for the name Kraft on the transparent wrapper to be sure of getting cheese with uniform flavor . . . *dependable* cooking quality!

Your old favourite in a new dress! It's the famous Kraft half-pound, now done up in the same easy-to-open wrapper that's such a hit on the big Kraft loaves. Buy it for snacks and sandwiches . . . big hearty ones and *de luxe* party sandwiches, too. Get it for this easy hit-dish: Just mellow Kraft Canadian, crackers and fresh fruit.



1/2 POUND



Every single time you open Kraft package you can depend on getting cheese with mellow-rich flavor. The famous Kraft method of Master Blending takes the guesswork clear out of cheese buying!

HEAR the Kraft Radio Program! Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, famous guest stars. Thursday nights, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation Network and NBC Stations

or imported by **KRAFT**

More tempting than ever...in the new Kraft transparent wrapper

You can see the mellow, golden Kraft Cheese right through this new transparent wrapper. Look for the five-pound loaf at your food dealer's. From this big loaf your dealer will cut sandwich-size slices or any portion. The Kraft name on the wrapper is your protection against substitution.

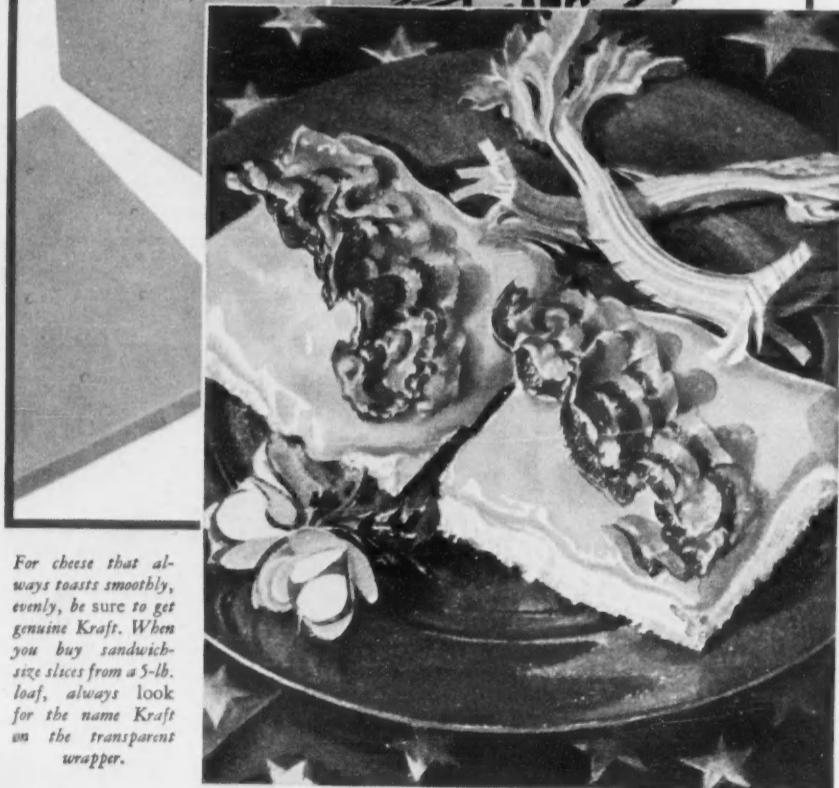


5 POUNDS



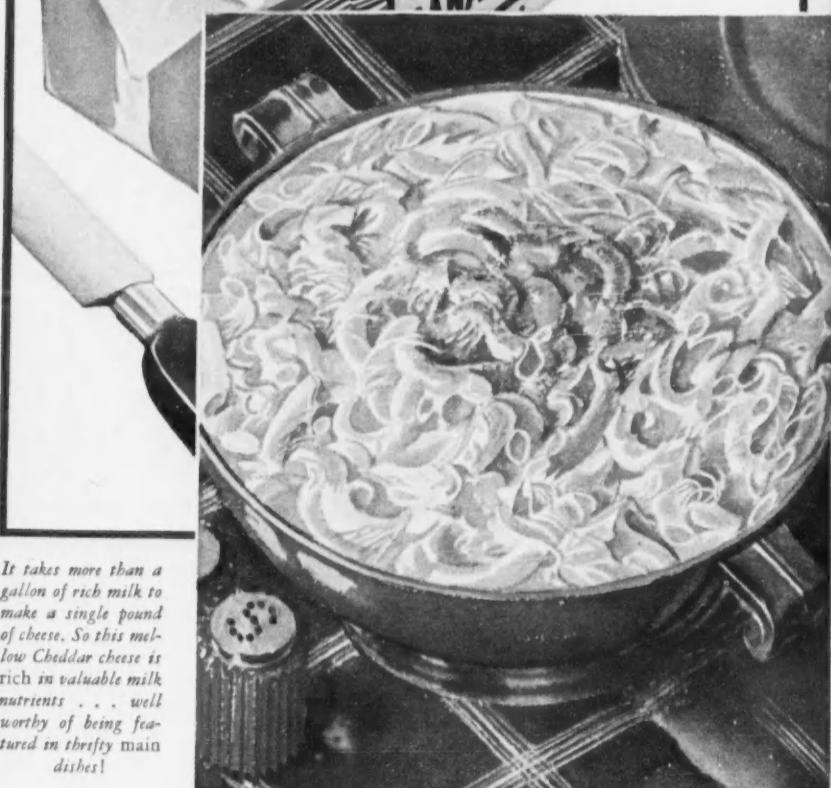
The family-size Kraft loaf . . . big enough to keep you well-stocked for sandwiches and nutritious hot dishes, yet small enough to fit in the refrigerator nicely. The new wrapper easily comes off just the portion you want to use; doesn't wrinkle, doesn't sliver, doesn't tear! And it keeps the loaf neat down to the last slice!

2 POUNDS



For cheese that always toasts smoothly, evenly, be sure to get genuine Kraft. When you buy sandwich-size slices from a 5-lb. loaf, always look for the name Kraft on the transparent wrapper.

It takes more than a gallon of rich milk to make a single pound of cheese. So this mellow Cheddar cheese is rich in valuable milk nutrients . . . well worthy of being featured in thrifty main dishes!



The World's Favorite Cheeses are made or

Thunder Shower

Continued from page 9

any more need of Trena. Force of habit—to keep the house running efficiently.

"No, I don't need no vacation now. I just need a place where things run along smooth, and there ain't no trouble."

"I should think, Trena," Carolyn said coldly, "that this place would be ideal. Things do run along smoothly and—"

"Maybe that's what you think," the girl broke in, and her dark eyes flashed, "but that's not what I think. Things run along here too smooth and too easy. I get the creeps. I had 'em for a long time, but I like Bonnie and I hated to leave her, but Bonnie or no Bonnie I'm leavin' in two weeks. What you and Mr. Grant need is a good fight, a roarin' fight. You need your eyes black and Mr. Grant he needs a good sock on the jaw, a darned good one. It ain't natural for folks to live and do what you and Mr. Grant do. Makes everybody around you get the creeps."

Carolyn took a firm grip on the doorknob. The cool brass felt good to her fingers.

"I'm not interested in what you think about Mr. Grant and myself, Trena. If you'll go back to the kitchen—" She should, of course, have told her to pack her bags immediately and leave the house. She thought of it when Trena first started to speak, but she made a practice of never getting angry in front of domestic help.

"I know you're not interested, but I been wantin' to tell you for a long time, and now I told you and I feel better. And the next place I get I'll be pretty careful about. I'll get a good healthy place where the folks like to fight, and the air clears now and again. There's nothin' like a fight to clear the air when it gets creepy."

Trena turned around and stamped down the hall to the back stairs. Carolyn heard her heavy footsteps and the door slam when she reached the kitchen. There were times when Trena's feet were soft on the stairs and when she could close doors so there wouldn't be a sound from the latch. Later when Carolyn was in the den with Randy's plans scattered on the desk, and she had called the grocery about the tomatoes, she heard the girl singing in the kitchen, not with the crooning sweetness that sometimes came from the back of the house, but with a vociferating triumph. Trena was singing, "Gathering in the Sheaves," as if she were attending a revival meeting.

DINNER WAS the quiet dignified meal Carolyn liked it to be, with an air of formality about it that she thought should belong to all dinners, family or not. Her Minton on the glowing, polished table, and the two candelabra, one before Randy's place at the head of the table, and one at the foot near hers. Bonnie sat at the side, a fresh white bibbed apron over her gingham dress, a little plaid ribbon on top of her head holding her curls away from her face. In the candlelight her hair seemed dull gold, in the sunlight it was pale like honey. The candlelight, too, made her face thinner.

The conversation was dignified and quiet as Carolyn liked it. She didn't mention Miss Marsden and she didn't



He Marries an Angel

as Mary's and John's is, it's usual to ask a corresponding number of ushers and bridesmaids. But you can have one maid of honor and four ushers if you like. If a bridesmaid disappoints you at the last minute, you might borrow her dress (which she provides) for a substitute, or leave a vacancy.

Next, you will plan the wedding details and the reception, and add the groom's invitation list to yours. About this time you might drop into two or three of the leading shops and mention to a trusted clerk the kind of china, silver and linen you are gathering for your new home. It will be helpful information for your friends.

You and your mother will also check the church and house thoroughly and plan decorations—simple or elaborate—in both; where you are going to stand to receive; where guests will remove their wraps—at home—and where the groom will go to change for travel after the reception. You will probably go to your own room. A month before the ceremony you might begin to look for your new home (unless you're lucky enough to be building it) and then come plans for what your bridesmaids and maid of honor will wear and how you will dress. And what your mother and the groom's mother will wear. And here's the most important thing about your wedding outfits. You can wear almost anything within reason . . . provided everyone is dressed in harmony. It's amazing how that heavy black crepe of the groom's mother can spoil the whole lovely airy picture of your wedding, if she insists on wearing it. Plan a general color scheme and see if you can't get the whole party to adhere to it.

Three weeks before the ceremony, publicly announce the engagement, send out invitations and plan your going away outfit. In the fortnight before, engage the photographer, contact the newspapers about reporting the wedding, have fittings, arrange for out-of-town guests, make your beauty appointments, plan the flowers and the cake, get little boxes for pieces to be taken home . . . and enjoy your parties and showers! It's a good idea to refuse all parties in the last four or five days, except the supper after the wedding rehearsal—often given by the bridegroom's parents. You can finish with a trousseau tea which your mother will give—or begin the round of entertaining with it, much earlier, if you like. Get the bridesmaids' presents and give them at a little lunch a few days before the ceremony; or pass them out when the girls are helping you dress that day.

* Continued on page 32

mention Trena's explosion. She spoke instead about the lilacs that were blooming in the back garden and some books a neighbor had found in an old trunk in her basement, and the new kitten the little Cramer children next door had been given. Randy told Bonnie about a monkey he had seen when he was walking to lunch, and he told Carolyn that he had been awarded the contract on the new Hidden Village housing project. They didn't, however, discuss the terms of the contract, because they never discussed business at the table. But this was a big contract, Carolyn knew; two hundred houses that Randy was to design in a new tract. He had been working on the deal for months.

Only Bonnie said nothing. She sat and listened intently when her father spoke, or when her mother spoke. Now and then a smile would pass over her face, leaving almost as quickly as it came. Bonnie didn't say much at meals any more—but there had been a time when her tinkling laugh rang out repeatedly, and her high sweet voice joined in the conversation.

Trena, as she changed the plates or answered Carolyn's bell which buzzed in the kitchen, said nothing either. Carolyn thought her eyes looked even more sullen than they had that afternoon.

AFTER DINNER Bonnie went upstairs to her room and Randy went for a walk by himself. By nine o'clock Bonnie was in bed and Randy was back—in the den looking over the sketches he had been making on Hidden Village.

It wasn't as difficult as Carolyn had thought it would be, for it was as if Randy had made his decision, too, that day, and they were in perfect agreement. The word divorce wasn't shocking to say—she could say it as dispassionately as Miss Marsden had said it, with no inward rush of emotion. Randy accepted it the same way.

"Not only for Bonnie's sake," Carolyn heard herself say as if she were talking about Hidden Village or a coming vacation—any number of things. "But for ours. I can't bear us to be together and not be friends, Randy, and soon we're not going to be friends. We're going to be enemies. Then, if we separate while we're friends, it will be easier for us to arrange about Bonnie—neither of us will feel any resentment. We've lived together in peace for so long, you know."

"I know," he returned quietly. His pipe was between his teeth. Now and then a cloud of bluish smoke came from his lips. He was leaning back in his swivel chair, his broad shoulders relaxed. He ran his left hand swiftly through his straight stiff brown hair. He often did that when he was thinking, or when he agreed with Carolyn. His brown eyes were clear and sombre.

"There seems no need to go to lawyers about the settlement," she continued. "We can arrange things ourselves as we always have done."

Again he nodded, and another cloud of smoke came from his lips. "Bonnie will belong to both of us."

"Yes. I thought that I should have her during school times, say from Monday until Friday and you could have her week-ends. You'll make up the extra time with her in the summer.

* Continued on page 36



Peonies and Iris,—one of a series of flower arrangements illustrated and diagrammed in the book offered on this page. *



The Six-Bottle Carton



There's charm in ice-cold bottles of "Coca-Cola" . . . and it's so easy to serve the bottles ice-cold. Just be sure to pre-cool them in your refrigerator. And remember, it's easy to buy "Coca-Cola,"—in the six-bottle carton, from your dealer.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

Learning to live the modern way ...the brighter way

Even the most modest home can breathe a wholesome atmosphere of brighter living. Flowers have a happy way of making home the welcome place for all the family and its friends. And into this pleasant scheme of things fits ice-cold "Coca-Cola." With ice-cold "Coca-Cola" in the home there's always a moment for *the pause that refreshes*. Guests welcome its life and sparkle...its pure, wholesome, delicious refreshment.



Size of book
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Get this beautiful book

* "Flower Arranging" by Laura Lee Burroughs contains 48 exquisite colour reproductions of flower arrangements and many practical suggestions on this rapidly growing and fascinating art. Send your name and address, clearly printed, enclosing ten cents (coin or stamps) to cover cost of handling and mailing, to The Coca-Cola Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Dept. D.

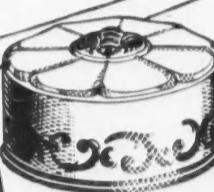
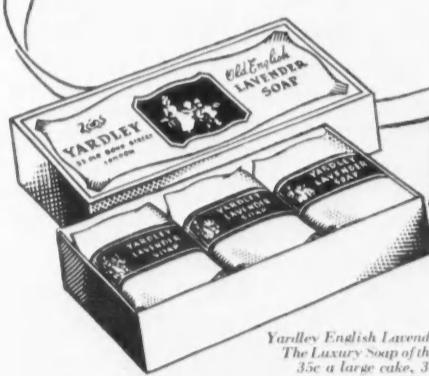
*More Charm
than words can tell...*



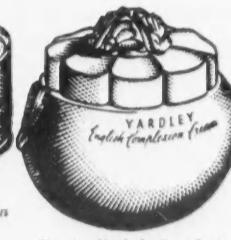
*Yardley English Lavender—
55c to \$12.00*

Lavender AND Loveliness

You step into the social scenes where move names that reach back a thousand years into England's rich history. Instantly you become conscious of a charm you find it difficult to define . . . until you recognize the lovable fragrance of the Yardley Lavender . . . compelling, quiet, yet vigorously young.



*Yardley English Complexion
Pouder—\$1.10*



*Yardley English Complexion
Cream—\$1.10*

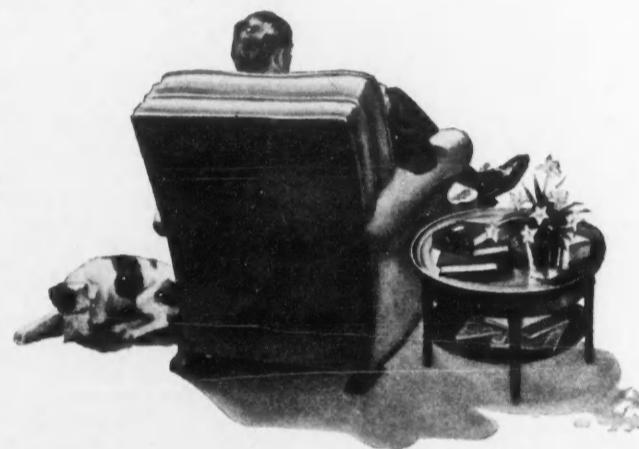
*Yardley English Lavender Soap—
The Luxury Soap of the World—
35c a large cake, 3 for \$1.00*

YARDLEY LAVENDER

Beauty Preparations

THE charm-bestowing care of the Yardley Lavender and Yardley Beauty Preparations is as close to you as your nearest fine drug or department store. There, always ready for you, is the one perfume that stays constant in the affections of Fashion . . . the young, fresh fragrance of the Yardley Lavender. There, too, you will find Yardley Complexion Creams and Powders, Lipsticks and Compacts, Skin Foods and Tonics, created by Yardley of Bond Street to give you the English Complexion. FREE "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street". Write for a copy to Yardley & Co. (Canada) Limited, Toronto.

A healthful exercise you can take sitting down



EXERCISING for good health isn't entirely a matter of using and training your muscles.

► Your mind needs workouts, too. And, agreeably enough, one of the most helpful mental workouts you can choose is perhaps the *easiest exercise and the pleasantest* prescription you ever took!

► It is simply the habit of *reading*—reading for, say, an hour or so each day. And the delightful thing about this habit is that in order for it to do you good it need not necessarily be "heavy" reading or "duty" reading.

► You have all the world—and what a fascinating world!—of books from which to choose. From books on Adventure or Astronomy to books on Zanzibar or Zoology. You can find first-rate reading on practically anything that touches your life—hobbies, babies, sports, your job, movies, our country. And of course there's

no end of rattling good yarns to enjoy.

► So it's easy to select whatever books will be sheer fun for you!

► This habit of reading an hour each day will leave many things of real value in your mind—will widen your horizons, kindle new interest in your fellowmen and the world about you.

► And equally important, the hobby of reading is almost certain to be worth while *alone* for the relaxation it brings your mind and nerves. It gives you release from tenseness and worry, offers you recuperation from the things in your life that are tiresome, perplexing, annoying.

► Your life can be fuller and richer if you begin tonight to make use of the restful, refreshing mental exercise that reading offers you. An active mind is a healthy mind—and a healthy mind tends to stimulate a healthy body.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

NEW YORK

FREDERICK H. ECKER
Chairman of the Board



CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA

LERoy A. LINCOLN
President



This is How it Began

A GLANCE across the table—a handclasp in the hall . . . a favorite waltz in the moonlight . . . Who shall say what led up to this immortal moment? By this token, she is betrothed . . . and earmarked "bride-to-be" by the world at large. It may be an old family heirloom, perhaps reset to fit the modern trend to white gold and platinum, to shoulder diamonds and prong settings. It may be the tradi-

tional solitaire. Or it may be, as this is, a diamond set in emeralds, to mark Mary's birth month, which is May. Set in platinum. Now the old beaux and girls "go by the boards," and John and Mary will be feted by friends, and smiled upon by strangers. They will plan the date of the wedding . . . two or three months ahead, usually, and parties will begin. The bride will choose her attendants and the bridegroom begin to plan the wedding trip. They will be wished well . . . the groom congratulated, the bride wished happiness.

For their romance has become a public bond, with the token of this ring. And it is a solemn thing, not to be treated lightly. *



To Dance at Your Wedding

Remember, a gift is usually indicated. Any stationer or printer who handles invitations can give you the accepted form. It has changed little through the years. Printed on the front page of special wedding invitation notepaper (white or ivory), it reads in the third person. An invitation to the church and reception will usually read: "Mr. and Mrs. William Smith request the honor of Mr. George Johnston's (written) presence at the marriage of their daughter, Mary, to Mr. John Edward Jones, on Friday, the thirty-first of May, at three o'clock in Christ Church, And afterward at Tall Trees, twenty-five Sandy Crescent. R.S.V.P."

If guests are invited to the church only, the last sentence and the R.S.V.P. are omitted. Gifts are not expected.

If a few guests are invited to the ceremony and a lot to the reception, the same form of invitation will be used, except for those invited to the reception *alone* when the invitation will read "Mr. and Mrs. Smith, etc., and 'at the wedding reception of their daughter'" instead of "at the marriage."

Printed announcements are sent out at the time of the wedding to less intimate or far away friends. No gifts are necessary.

Once, engraving only was considered acceptable for wedding invitations. Today, raised printing at half the cost is acceptable but not correct. *

A DEPARTMENT OF
STYLE, HEALTH
AND PERSONALITY

Wedding Preview

BEAUTY CULTURE

• Women in White

by
CAROLYN DAMON



"I NEVER yet saw a woman who wasn't improved by wearing white," a discriminating man remarked to me the other day, "provided she's got the right fixings."

And I agreed. There's nothing that can touch white. But he had something when he talked about the "fixings." For therein lies the secret of every woman's success in it.

Take the bride, for instance. She has no clever use of color with white to give it background. No shadowy grey to make it crisp, or black to sharpen it into radiance. She herself must be the centre of interest to which white will lend a fitting, but not predominating, background.

Did you ever see a bride so completely downed by her wedding white that you sensed there was a face and form somewhere behind that mass of satin, lace and tulle, and that was about all? Or have you, on the other hand, been so startled by the contrast of a sophisticated, overdone get-up on the part of the wearer that you felt she must have stepped into such a gentle and pristine habit quite by mistake?

A poet once suggested that a bride should be so completely in key with her garb that "the bridegroom, coming to meet her, will think he weds the spring." That may be a high standard for the run-of-the-mill of us. But any girl who wears white, unrelieved, must fit into it. And that is a secret she can learn from her make-up.

Our bride, for example, has had long experience with white. For she is dark and vivid in coloring, and has

used it before with touches of red that matched her lipstick and fingernails, and has lit up her black costumes with it, to take away any sense of sallowness there might be in her skin. She has loved it in midsummer, and plans to wear a lot of white on her honeymoon trip, with a make-up that is almost cocoa-colored, and lips colored like the inside of a ripe strawberry.

But for the wedding her white is to be unrelieved. And her make-up must be subdued. So the one danger is that she will appear too dark, almost to sallowness.

Her first trick is to be well rested before the ceremony. For white's the world's prize tattle-tale. It will tell on any skin—paleness or lines or lacklustre look about the eyes. And how it draws out circles underneath!

So our bride rests thoroughly, getting her final permanent a week before the ceremony. She's had an oil one to see her through summer heat and swimming, and has it done simply, and styled so that she herself can curl it into a formal high-sided swirl of curls, or brush it out to little-girl tendrils at her neckline. The day before the ceremony she will go to have it shampooed and set, with a thought to how her veil is fashioned. And she realizes that this is no time to try out some startling new fashion. She wants her hair sweet and simple for the ceremony. She can go haywire on fashions later. A facial, beauty bath, or massage will follow. She goes home to put on a good sustaining night cream, and sleep soundly.

The morning of the wedding she would be wise to

have a facial. It's safer to leave astringent off this day, because under stress of excitement it may give her skin an uneven texture.

An hour and a half before the ceremony she should begin her make-up. Complete cleansing should be followed by a mask, which will give her the final touch of fresh vitality she wants. Then, if she's dark, a dull-toned make-up in a rosy pink shade, rather petal-like. She can leave her cheeks without rouge and use—if any—the faintest of blue-grey eye shadow, and a flicker of navy blue mascara. A carefully blended lipstick in not too deep a tone—more rose than scarlet—and a touch of beige powder at nose and chin will complete her.

If in doubt about nail polish, the answer to bright color is—no. Make it colorless or a faint pink for the church. A bath oil in something lingering but not too strong—such as sandalwood or pine—would be a happy thought for freshness of person. Then a touch of lily of the valley or lilac to wrist and ear-tips before she leaves for the church.

Make your perfume—if any—a flower fragrance. Never mind the heavy sophisticated odors. Have your hair brushed for your veil just before it is put on. See that it's very soft and natural. Personally, I think you'll be wonderful. If you're fair, you may want to add a touch of well-blended rouge—just a blush—and make your foundation a bit paler, as the natural tint of your skin will give it pinkness. A faint rachelle would do it.

If you're going to Continued on page 38



**WHY YOU AND YOUR CHILDREN
WILL LIKE COLGATE'S TOO ...**

Just as the five little Dionne Quins have learned to love brushing their teeth with Colgate's, so every Colgate's user quickly learns to like this pleasant way to keep teeth clean and bright.

Colgate's has a clean, delightful peppermint flavour. And that is an important help in teaching children correct habits of oral hygiene. And Colgate's cleans so gently, yet so thoroughly. Its special *penetrating* foam gets into every hidden crevice between teeth, helps your toothbrush clean out all decaying food particles that dentists blame for most bad breath. And Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent erases stubborn surface-stains . . . cleans tooth enamel to beautiful shining smoothness.

More Canadians use Colgate's than any other tooth paste. No other dentifrice is exactly like it. Get Colgate's Dental Cream for *your* family today.

GIANT
DOUBLE SIZE **35c**

LARGE SIZE **20c**

MEDIUM SIZE **10c**

LITTLE YVONNE, MARIE AND CECILE
ANNETTE AND EMILIE, TOO
KEEP THEIR TEETH CLEAN WITH COLGATE'S SO KEEN
SO THEY CAN SMILE BRIGHTLY AT YOU

- Yvonne
- Marie
- Cecile
- Emilie
- Annette



**WHY DR. DAFOE CHOSE COLGATE'S
DENTAL CREAM FOR THE DIONNE QUINS**

• Dr. Dafoe chose Colgate's Dental Cream for the little Dionnes because it cleans so thoroughly, yet so gently—without the slightest harm to delicate enamel . . . or irritation to tender gums. He says: "Colgate's Dental Cream is the only dentifrice ever used on the teeth of the Dionne Quintuplets. A recent dental examination shows their first set of teeth is in perfect condition." (Signed)

Allen Ray Dafoe

THE QUINS USED COLGATE'S TO-DAY-DID YOU ?



Problem Girls of the Wedding

out her what she

business equipment perhaps

custom, by on her and more husband's. named at cost and should be used linen centre the edge,ograms by brides usseaus o the give

WHAT shall we do about mother?" Believe me, it's the bridal wail . . . and the groom's groan, at many a wedding. And probably the real beginning of all the mother-in-law problems.

It is most certainly the bride's mother's privilege, and pleasure, to provide, help, plan, and be a leading player at her daughter's wedding. But hers is a supporting role, and not the star turn. She should be completely unobtrusive, a charming and thoughtful hostess at the most important affair she has ever given for her child. She can direct and advise . . . but she mustn't command the wedding performance. Her daughter and son-in-

*Continued on page 32



Now That They're Mr. & Mrs.

THERE'S HARDLY time for a "Darling, I Love You," on the way home from church, before the bride and bridegroom are whisked into the reception line. It's usually in the living room, with the buffet refreshments being served in the dining room. The bride's mother is first at hand, then the groom's, the groom and, on his right, the lady of his choice. Next come the maid of honor, bridesmaids and perhaps flower girls.

If the fathers receive, the groom's father will come after the bride's mother, the bride's father after the groom's mother, and the rest of the line-up remains the same. Often as not the fathers prefer to mix with the guests, as the best man and ushers usually do, greeting them less formally.

The receiving line should remain intact until the signal is given to

disperse and go to the dining room. The bride wears no gloves if her sleeves are long. Other members of the party wear gloves—long ones with short sleeves, short ones with long. The bride's mother always leaves her hat on.

Guests will remove their wraps before coming to be received, then go down the line with a word or two for each as they shake hands, taking care not to hold up the line with lengthy conversation. It is nice to announce, to those who don't know you, who you are, if there is no one else to do it. As—"I'm Evelyn Edwards, Mrs. S. I don't believe we've met since that lovely party you had for Mary's schoolmates in our last year at Everglades."

Wish the bride happiness—kiss her if you're an intimate friend—and congratulate the groom. Then go on to the dining room. *

Sure to be "Soul Mates" . . . your Skin and one of Woodbury's 8 Powder Shades!



Send for all 8 skin-blend shades of Woodbury Powder—free. Try them in day and night lights before your mirror. This is the way to judge a powder—not by its looks in the box.

1. Popular Barnard Sophomore: "It's important for a girl who wants to have good dates, to wear a shade of powder that blends with her skin. Among the 8 Woodbury Powder shades, Radiant proved the perfect match for mine, equally becoming by day and night lights. College men never miss a trick, even in a girl's make-up. Since I've worn Radiant I've had the best dates of my college career."

Betty Hanf, Barnard College, New York, '42

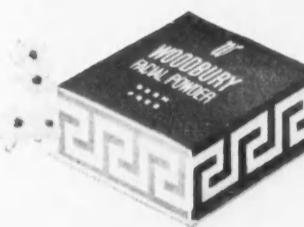


Outfit courtesy Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

2. Attractive Skidmore Senior: "I tried the 8 shades of Woodbury Powder in sunlight and electric light. Brunette is the one that best dramatizes my personality. My skiing companion said, 'If you look like this in sunlight on snow, you'll do!'" Marjory Marschalk, Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, N.Y., '40



3. "Woodbury Powder clings even when I take the ski jumps," adds Marjory Marschalk. "I never get shiny nose!" Of course you don't! Woodbury Powder stays lastingly germ-free, clear of the impurities that may aggravate oiliness, main cause of shiny nose. Woodbury clings even through strenuous sports, gives a velvet-smooth finish for extra long hours.



WOODBURY POWDER

SHADES THAT DRAMATIZE YOUR SKIN

FREE . . . SEND FOR 8 FASHIONABLE SHADES

Try all 8 skin-blending shades of Woodbury Powder—free. Beauty and fashion editors commend their smartness, say they give glamour plus. Among them you'll find your skin's "soul mate". Buy Woodbury Powder for shine-free loveliness. Only \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 15¢.

(PASTE ON PENNY POSTCARD. MAIL NOW!)

John H. Woodbury, Ltd.,
Dept. 8913, Perth, Ont.

Please send me, free and postpaid, all 8 shades of Woodbury Facial Powder . . . approved by leading fashion and beauty authorities for glamorous make-up. Also generous tube of Woodbury Cold Cream.

Name _____

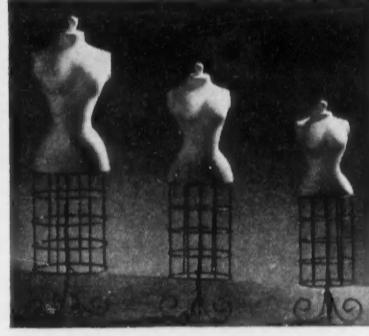
Address _____

(MADE IN CANADA)

25 Yards in this Skirt...

... yet there's not a hint of bunchiness or bulk, because this gown was designed by an expert!

The same applies to Kotex sanitary napkins! Made in soft, smooth folds . . . with more material where you need it . . . less in the non-effective portions of the pad . . . Kotex is *less bulky* than pads made with loose, wadded fillers! Less apt to chafe, too—for it's sheathed in softest cotton, before it's wrapped in gauze!



Don't fear an audience! A moisture-resistant panel is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad—to give extra protection!

And what confidence it brings to know there are no tell-tale bulges to give your secret away! Flat, pressed ends (patented by Kotex) never make revealing outlines...the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!

Kotex* comes in three sizes, too!

Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in *three* different sizes—*Super—Regular—Junior*. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

All 3 sizes have soft, folded centers . . . flat, tapered ends . . . and moisture-resistant "safety panels." *All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*



FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS

PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY

COMPARE ITS NEW, FLATTER ENDS

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

Wedding Preview



A Bride and Her Linens

WHAT THE bride loses today, in years of indeterminate hope-chesting, she makes up by planning. She knows that for each bed she needs three pairs of sheets and pillow cases, a pair or two of blankets, a daytime cover and a top blanket or comforter. For each bathroom she'll aim at eight to twelve bath towels, a dozen or more face towels, half a dozen wash cloths and two bath mats. For the dining room, three or four sets of table doilies and mats, one or two large table cloths and a dozen dinner napkins, two or three luncheon cloths with their half dozen napkins and three tea trays will be a good start.

For the kitchen it's wise to have a dozen dish towels and a dozen glass towels, a half dozen kitchen hand towels and six dish cloths, half a dozen dust cloths, some broom covers and other essentials.

So she goes on, working out her prospective life in terms of what she needs to live graciously. The business bride of today will need less equipment for afternoon entertaining, perhaps more for evening.

It's still an old and accepted custom, to put the bride's initials only on her linens . . . however, more and more moderns prefer to use their husband's. Tablecloths are monogrammed at each end to the right of host and hostess' place, and the initial should be about four inches in size. Bed linen monograms are placed in the centre and about nine inches from the edge, the same size. Two-inch monograms are best for pillow cases. Many brides add colored linen to their trousseaus nowadays, but unless you know the bride's preference, it's wiser to give white.

*Continued on page 28



Say It With Showers

ONLY INTIMATE friends of the bride or her family plan showers. For in arranging to surprise her, you are assuming certain rights as a friend.

Some brides prefer not to have showers . . . so be sure before you begin. There are two dangers to be avoided in choosing your guests. Don't get the same little group that has been invited to several such affairs. The heart may be more than willing . . . but the purse is sometimes weak! You may ask a group of business associates, a club to which the bride belongs, or a circle of old classmates. The bride should be surprised . . . and if she isn't, it's gracious to pretend she is.

This is once when it's all right for the lady to lie a little! Too elaborate or too expensive a set-up is in bad taste when you are inviting others to share your gift-giving.

The hostess may ask guests to contribute toward one large gift, or to bring simple presents. Personal showers of toilet or travel things, cosmetics, silk stockings, hankies, or kitchen showers, or cup and saucer affairs, are among the favorites. These are things the bride is unlikely to get as wedding gifts. Always tell the prospective guest *before* you invite her to your party that it is a shower and a gift is anticipated. Men are never

*Continued on page 28

ands. With
ury-Fox hit,
otion helps



*The Girls
She Left
Behind Her*

YOU WOULDN'T think bridesmaids needed to *do* anything, they always *look* so charming. But they are the bride's last guard as she crosses the border.

Nowadays, bridesmaids provide their own frocks and bonnets. Once upon a time the bride did. They always fit happily, however, into whatever fabric and color scheme the bride desires.

It is quite in order to tell the bride you cannot accept her invitation to support her. As long as you do so promptly. If she is wealthy and you are not, it would be quite all right for her to provide your dress. Also, if you find at the last minute you are unable to serve, it would be gracious to suggest your frock be used by a substitute. Bridesmaids vary from one to eight.

For large weddings, three bridesmaids and a matron, or maid, of honor are usual. The best man and ushers escort them at the wedding and usually look after them at the reception. A sort of noblesse oblige.

They arrive at the bride's house an hour before church time, dressed and ready to assist her in any possible way. They are usually called upon to help at numerous prenuptial parties, by the way. Their bouquets—which have been provided by the bride—are alike. It is likely that they will be wearing her gifts—bracelets, such as the girls have here—or pearls or clips or something such. They follow her to the church and attend her through the ceremony. The maid of honor helps her change before she goes away. *



*The Men
in Her Life*

MAYBE THE bride has an idea the groom is the only man who really matters at the wedding. She's a poor reckoner if she doesn't count in the best man.

To be specific, the best man is "on the job" for two or three days before the ceremony. He often organizes the stag party that marks the end of bachelorhood for the groom, two or three nights before the wedding. He helps the groom get his clothes together, and, on the day of the ceremony, is at the groom's house to help with ties and collars a good hour or

two before church time. It is he who arranges to have the groom's travelling clothes sent to the bride's house for changing, who sees that bags are properly packed and, if necessary, has the bride's and groom's things sent to a certain place where they can be picked up safely, when they're leaving. He gets the wedding ring tucked in his waistcoat pocket, puts on his own white or pink carnation, and the groom's. He dons morning coat, striped trousers and Windsor tie similar to the groom's. At the church he arrives with the groom and goes with him to the altar to await the bride. He must even prompt the groom if it's necessary and oversee the signing of the register. By the way, if the best man is under twenty-one, a substitute will have to be found to sign the register. After the ceremony, he rides home in the car with bride, groom and maid of honor. Helps at the reception, gets the groom dressed and safely off. He also pays the minister and takes care of any tips, for which the groom pays him. He receives a gift of studs, cuff links or such. *

*Guests
APPRECIATE
THE LUXURY..*



**OF
COLONIAL
Sheets & Pillow Slips**



It's a thoughtful hostess who offers her travel-weary guests the sleep-persuading luxury of fine COLONIAL Sheets and Pillow Slips. COLONIAL is not expensive for there's a quality to suit every purse, and the soothing *feel* of this famous Canadian-made product is a coaxing invitation to relax . . . and drift . . . into . . . slumberland.

Look for the "Colonial Girl" trade mark.

A Product of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED

"I told you she was too old to have a baby!"



A new mother at 36 learns some of the new things about baby care



1. 1ST FRIEND: Great heavens! Susie's having trouble again!

2ND FRIEND: Well, what can you expect? Raising a first baby at *her* age! She's too set in her ways, I always said.

2. 1ST FRIEND: Don't be silly! Being up-to-date is not a question of age! It's a state of mind. And I'm going to tip her off right now.

2ND FRIEND: She'll never listen.



3. AT SUSIE'S HOUSE.

1ST FRIEND: Susie darling, we heard you were upset about your baby. And we thought we'd show you some of the new things we learned raising our babies.

SUSIE: New things? Name one!



4. 1ST FRIEND: Well, for instance, there's all this *special* care the doctor has been talking about lately. He says a baby's system is too delicate to experiment with. So *everything* he gets should be made *especially* for him . . . from special baby food all the way to a *special baby laxative!*



5. SUSIE: A special babies' laxative!!!

1ST FRIEND: Sure! It's CASTORIA! And it's designed *especially* for a baby's needs. There are no harsh "adult" drugs in it, so it just can't cramp or gripe. And believe me, it's SAFE!



6. SUSIE: But what about the taste? My little Indian fights any medicine that comes near him.

1ST FRIEND: Don't you worry about Castoria. Even the *taste* is made especially for children . . . Try it. You'll wonder how you ever got along without it!

CASTORIA

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children

Say it with Showers

Continued from page 26

invited to showers . . . unless the groom's friends have a sock shower or something of the sort for fun.

From the guest's point of view . . . a gift is expected even if you are unable to attend. You should be meticulous about being on time and having your gift ready when the hostess wishes it. The surprise depends on every guest.

Mary's prospective mother-in-law has planned this stocking shower. By borrowing a pair of "legs" from a stocking department she has found it very simple to arrange her table, with the help of a little crepe paper. And it's novel and grand fun.

This might be one of the earliest showers, because it's always wise to let some member of the family or very intimate friend start the parties. A well-meaning acquaintance may embarrass the bride by entertaining before she wishes to make public announcement of the nuptials. And don't invite the bride to parties in the last few days before the ceremony. Allow her to get rested and refreshed. You could use glove dryers and stocking stretchers for some simpler arrangements following these two shower suggestions.

A cup and saucer shower, like the kitchen shower, is a favorite. A group of hands can be borrowed from a department store window, and amusingly arranged with gift boxes. Such table arrangements are different, and simplicity itself to prepare. *



A Bride and Her Linens

Continued from page 26

It's quite in order for the bride's mother (or some close relative) to give a trousseau tea. Such teas are never given away from the bride's home. No gifts are brought by guests. The linens, blankets, etc., are usually shown together. The bride's clothes . . . which may or may not be shown . . . will be arranged separately. Usually her clothes are shown only to intimate friends . . . while the linen trousseau may be shown to a large group.

One close friend usually shows the things . . . as in Mary's case here, where her maid of honor shows the linens to a guest. The trousseau is usually shown upstairs while the tea is served down, and neither the bride nor her mother show the trousseau. They entertain guests in the tea room.

It is usually considered the bride's estate to provide linens, china and silver for the new home. Nowadays however, bride and groom often plan and get such things together. Or many of them may be gifts.

The bride usually provides her own clothes of sufficient number to last out the season. The old suggestion that every bride see her dentist, check on her appendix and get a fur coat before marriage has considerable wisdom in it! A spring bride should have her summer clothes and probably her winter coat on hand. *

NOTE BRENDA JOYCE'S lovely hands. With RICHARD GREENE in 20th Century-Fox hit, "Little Old New York". Jergens Lotion helps you have lovable, soft hands.



BRENDA JOYCE*

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

says:

**"Only
SOFT HANDS
are worthy of
LOVE"**

YOU'RE FOOLISH if you let work, or use Y of water, or cold, chap and roughen your hands. Exposure robs your hand skin of its natural moisture. But Jergens Lotion supplies new beautifying moisture to help keep your hands adorable.

In Jergens, you apply 2 fine ingredients many doctors use to help soften harsh, rough skin. The first application helps you. Easy; never sticky. More women use Jergens than any other lotion. For hands a man dreams of, start now to use Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00, at beauty counters. Get Jergens today, sure.



FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. Mail this coupon today to:

The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd.,
4315 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Street _____

City _____ Prov. _____

(MADE IN CANADA)

AT NO EXTRA COST! AMAZING IMPROVEMENT NOW BRINGS YOU —



SO GENTLE! Miss Peggy Tippett (above) says: "My sweaters fit nicely, colours look lovely, after a dip in new, quick Lux."

NEW QUICK LUX
IS SO WONDERFULLY GENTLE...
AND IT SUDS IN A SEC! LEAVES MY
SWEATERS LOVELY!

"We didn't think Lux
COULD be improved—
but they've done it,"

women are saying

No wonder new, quick Lux is thrilling women everywhere!

Years of research... a new ingredient added at great expense... bring you these wonderfully delicate, new flakes.

They bubble into suds at the touch of water—actually dissolving up to 3 times faster than any of 10 other leading Canadian soaps tested (flakes, chips, beads, bars).

And a little goes so far—new, quick Lux is thrifty! It gives more suds (ounce for ounce), even in hardest Canadian waters, than any of these other soaps tested. It's pure soap—has no builders or fillers.

You have the same famous Lux safety you've always depended on—anything safe in water is safe in new, quick Lux! It contains no harmful alkali—keeps nice things new looking longer. Get a big box today—you'll love it!

SO THRIFTY! It costs almost nothing to wash stockings with new, quick Lux and you save by cutting down on runs, too!

New Quick
LUX

suds in a sec



SO FAST! It's so easy to avoid undie odour now! New, quick Lux suds so fast—does underthings in almost no time. Keeps colours and fabrics new-looking longer, too!

In the same familiar box—the Lux your dealer has is the New Quick LUX



The Lady Patricia de Bendern is keenly interested in art and studied at the Slade in London. Since then she has gone on with her painting, now does portraits in oils, and is also interested in interior decoration.



← REVEALS MAKE-UP SECRET!

QUESTION: Lady Patricia, do you find that your beauty care must be elaborate or costly?

ANSWER: "No—regular use of Pond's Creams seems to be all that my complexion needs! However late it may be before going to bed, I never fail to cleanse my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. I smooth on the first application of cream, wipe it off, and put on a second application."

QUESTION: Lady Patricia, what is the secret of your soft, fresh-looking make-up?

ANSWER: "In the first place, I'd never dream of putting new make-up over the old without first cleansing my face with Pond's Cold Cream. Then I use Pond's Vanishing Cream as my powder base. It smooths little roughnesses that might spoil that flower-petal look I like. And the powder stays looking perfect for hours."

BUT BOTH FOLLOW THE SAME FAMOUS SKIN CARE

← "GIVE IT CLEAR, 'GLOWY' LOOK!"

QUESTION: When a girl works all day, Bette, is it hard for her to find time to take good care of her skin?

ANSWER: "Not if she follows my system. It's quick, thorough—and economical! I just use the two Pond's Creams. First Pond's Cold Cream to get my skin really clean—give it the clear, glowy look that I like. And then I never fail to smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder foundation—it seems to make make-up so much more attractive!"

QUESTION: When you're outdoors for hours at a time, don't you worry about sun and wind roughening your skin?

ANSWER: "No—why should I? Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths away little skin roughnesses in only one application. I usually spread on a light film of Vanishing Cream before I go outdoors, too. Just for protection."



After graduation from high school, Miss Bette Miller got a secretarial job in a large railroad freight office. She helped found the local chapter of Railway Business Women, whose annual club dance is a gala function.

Bette and her companion share the youthful enthusiasm for bicycling. So popular is this sport in her home town that bicycle traffic regulations became necessary.



POND'S EXTRACT CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED,
Dept. C, 5, 92 Brock Ave., Toronto

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. Enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

PROV.

(This offer expires August 1, 1940)

Fashion Shorts

Kay Murphy brings the latest style tidings from New York's Fifth Avenue

PIQUE! When in doubt, pick piqué! For piqué has caught spring's fancy in no uncertain way. White is the leading color, then pale pink, blue or yellow follow fast. Some ways the smarter are adopting this little-girl fabric . . .

Collars and cuffs on dark dresses. (Remember to keep your collars *big* this year.)

Revers on spring suits and coats . . . Pipings and ribbons on spring's straw and felt hats . . .

Boleros for dark spring dresses . . .

Funny little pinafores for afternoon dresses . . . (some are bibbed, others are just little front overskirts).

Evening dresses, with plenty of this crisp, washable fabric in the skirt . . . Tailored blouses and vestees for suits . . .

Detachable bows for gloves and pumps. (In New York Fifth Avenue is selling little bowed piqué bracelets to slip over plain gloves, and bows to match for slippers. Some come in sets—white, blue, pink and yellow—so you can change your piqué bows to match your costume as well as your moods . . .)

sory color for beige, brown and grey outfits.

STRIPED TERRY . . . in turbans and handbags. Very vividly striped . . . to liven up dark spring outfits now, and just what I order for your summer whites later on.



SHAWLS! Maggy Rouff (oh, she's one of the big Paris names) dug out a deeply fringed rayon shawl and now we're seeing it being worn pretty well everywhere. Thrown over the head and shoulders, in the casual Spanish manner—alluring for evening. Crossed over the shoulders and tied behind the back, peasant fashion—devastating for sports or afternoon wear. Worn as an apron—a lovely little trick . . .

BIG POCKETS! On coats, on dresses, on suits, on housecoats. Now they've popped up on blouses. They call 'em the Cash-and-Carry Blouse . . .

TWO SKIRTS for one blouse! The thrifty-minded are proclaiming the Schiaparelli idea of a long and a short skirt, to be worn with the same blouse. Saw such a pet t'other day—the silk jersey blouse had a deeply embroidered neckline and short-sleeved cuffs of seed pearls and vivid metal embroidery. The daytime skirt was widely flared, the ankle-length skirt was slim fitting. You'll see two skirts for one all through the summer scheme, too . . .

GREY with yellow . . . one of those great color combinations that save a gal's spring life!



POLKA DOTS to the fore! A regular splurge of polka dots on pretty well everything. Even corsets have sprung forth all dotted up in white dots on pink or blue grounds. And panties, slips and bras polka-dotted in cottons, rayons and silks. (Something very tricky for those June bridal fixin's.)

And here are some more polka-dotish items: Negligees, with hoods; raincoats and umbrellas; polka-dotted bows for coat and suit lapels and earrings of those tiny bows, too! Then there are polka-dotted dresses, blouses, turbans, scarves and hankies. Fling a few handfuls of these stylish dots around, and see the fashion dividends they'll bring in . . .

THE RED COATS are coming! I've warned you before about red! A very friendly warning, of course. Those who travelled down South of the Border to sunny climes the past winter all return with red news—a grand accessory color for grey and blue and, later on, for white. But, at the moment, listen well! A swagger, knee-length red coat will be a grand and glorious pick-up for casual spring and summer wear. A hand-knitted one dodged the perils of the Atlantic to come to us from Paris. But, said Kay to herself, I wouldn't be at all surprised my Shorters couldn't purr up such a coat in a few shakes of a lamb's tail . . . Am I right?

MALE MUTTERINGS! Now so many of us are wearing those huge pockets on our coats and dresses, or encircling our waists with those delightful saddlebag belts, we can do very well without a handbag, or a small one will suffice. But the men are hollering. They say we wear those cash-and-carry pockets, yet also carry a bag the size of a portmanteau as well. It's clumsy, m'dears, and unnecessary . . .

BROWN STUDY! Brown is a color that is well to the fore these days. In suits, coats and dresses . . . a warm shade that suits most complexions. Lends itself to lovely accessory colors, including yellows, blues, pinks, reds and greys . . .

LONGER LINES! Not only are our dresses and suits going in for the "longer torso" silhouette, but also the newest bathing suits. And the fancy-priced suits are showing longer and decidedly grace-giving overskirts. Three excellent bathing suit colors are white, melon and turquoise . . . just in case you are planning your vacation clothes now. Why not? *



HOT COFFEE . . . not a drink, but a new color. It's a deep, rich brown with an undertone of red that gives it plenty of oomph . . . a serene acces-



*In Step
With
Lohengrin*

*Words
Without
Music*



YOU DREAMED it this way, didn't you? The swelling organ music, the blossom-fragrant church, the witchery of satin gown and filmy veil—and then, all the people.

Every girl does, some time. And the secret of making the big church wedding really beautiful and memorable, is careful planning. The church must be an exquisite background. It may be banked with luxurious flowers; or piled high with spruce boughs or wild blossoms the bride's friends have found themselves. The pews may be flower festooned; or marked with a single blossom and bit of ribbon. Or with the regimental colors, if it's a military wedding.

Church, minister, music, will all have been arranged weeks before. Guests will have arrived before the appointed hour, and been shown to their marked pews—the bride's friends on the left of the church, the groom's on the right. The groom's parents will sit in the front row on the right, and the bride's mother, arriving down the aisle last before the wedding party, in the left-hand front row. Doors will be closed at the hour of the ceremony.

Ushers will have seated everyone by taking ladies up on their right arm, letting gentlemen follow. Otherwise, they remain at the back of the church, dressed in morning clothes as the groom is. They may be wearing his gifts—studs, cigarette cases, or something of that sort. He may also supply their gloves.

The groom and best man will walk to the chancel steps before the bride approaches. To the strains of the wedding music—usually "Lohengrin" or Mendelssohn—the wedding procession comes down the aisle. First the ushers. Next the bridesmaids, then the maid of honor. At a fitting distance, then comes the bride on her father's right arm. Ushers and bridesmaids to right and left, respectively, in pairs.

The father brings the bride to the

* Continued on next page

CANADA HAS doubled its marriage rate since war began. And that is due, in no small measure, to the presence of the soldier groom. Often as not, too, the wedding is quiet, simple, arranged in hours instead of weeks, if his regiment is leaving. And yet it can be sweet and lovely, as all weddings—whatever their size—should be.

Here our bride is an orphan. So she arranges her wedding by herself. A dear friend has suggested that the ceremony be held quietly at her house. The bride chooses her going-away suit with great care, since it is to serve as the chief item in her wardrobe afterward. Her fur is the one real extravagance—and it will be a lovely item in her trousseau for years to come. She wears a corsage instead of carrying a bouquet. It would be in very bad taste for her to carry a large bouquet, but if she chose, she might carry a very small one in her hands. If she had an attendant—which she prefers not to do—she would also be in a suit, with a corsage. The bridegroom is also unattended. Their friends, at whose home the ceremony takes place, will

* Continued on page 36

*Debutante Charmer of 1940 says
"Skin Looks More Glamorous
with Pond's New Rose Shades"*

Hard and Shiny

Under harsh lights with an old-fashioned pale powder, even Miss Ridgeley Vermilye's fresh loveliness would harden . . . she'd have to take more time out for "shiny nose."



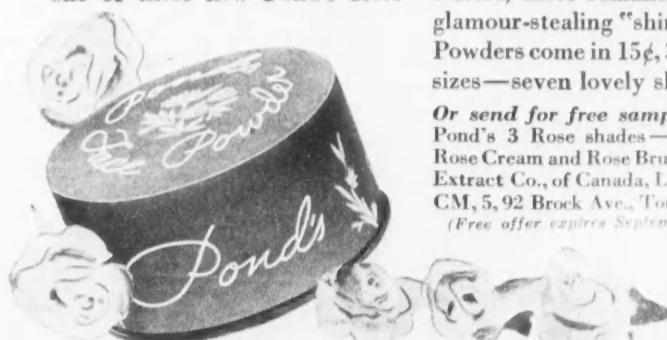
*Soft
Romantic*

With Pond's Rosy "Anti-Shine" Powder, Miss Vermilye's skin stays heartbreakingly soft and glamorous under bright lights. And "shiny nose" isn't always spoiling her fun.

New Rose shades reflect softer, more flattering light . . . are "Anti-Shine"

GLAMOROUS DEBS, who have to be long on "oomph" even in the wee hours under bright night-club lights, are handing out bouquets to Pond's new Rosy Powders. For the lovely new Rose Powders are helping them captivate the stag line.

They have discovered that with one of these new Pond's Rose



shades which reflect a softer light, harsh evening lighting won't harden their lovely young faces. And they're not forever dabbing at an unromantically "shiny nose."

Emphasize your natural charm—create your own private "sensation." Decide which Pond's Rose shade makes your skin look softest, most romantic! Combat glamour-stealing "shine"! Pond's Powders come in 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢ sizes—seven lovely shades.

Or send for free samples today of Pond's 3 Rose shades—Rose Dawn, Rose Cream and Rose Brunette. Pond's Extract Co., of Canada, Limited, Dept. CM, 5, 92 Brock Ave., Toronto.

(Free offer expires September 1, 1940)



"I'd love to meet her after the show."
"No chance — I've just sent her 100 Sweet Caps."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."



DIMINISHING WAISTLINE

A MODERN
NOTE FOR
loveliness



GOTHIC BREATHING WAIST

Made by the makers of Nu-Back, Ligne Lalong, D & A, Goddess and Practical Front Corsets

DOMINION CORSET COMPANY LIMITED - QUEBEC, P.Q.

You can eliminate "guesswork" in buying and ensure the smart streamlined effect that today's fashion demands, by asking for a Gothic. The Cordtex Arch supports firmly from beneath and the "Breathing Waist" gives utmost comfort. At all smart shops

\$1.00 will send 300 Sweet Caps or 1 lb. Old Virginia pipe tobacco to Canadians serving in United Kingdom and France only.
Address—"Sweet Caps"
P.O. Box 6000, Montreal, Que.

Problem Girls of the Wedding

Continued from page 27

wedding scheme, even if it isn't her best color, and her corsage will be provided by her son-in-law to be, as is his own mother's. And if they're alike, both mothers should be delighted. It suggests that they're on an equal footing now in the young couple's eyes.

At the church, the bride's mother will come in on the right arm of the usher, the last "guest" before the wedding party. She will sit in the front pew on the left hand side, so that her husband can step back beside her after giving his daughter in marriage. She and her husband will be the first to leave the church after the bridal party, followed by the groom's parents.

If it's a home wedding, the mother won't appear to welcome the guests, but will come out just before the wedding party. Then she will be ready to receive after the service.

And here's a plea to the mother of the bride; please, if the groom's mother is just the tiniest bit difficult, be a good sport and help to placate rather than antagonize her. The young couple will tag you as "a good sport" and you'll be in the charmed inner circle of their affections for life.

To the mother of the bridegroom . . . you'll call on the bride or write to her as soon as your son tells you of their engagement. And it will be nice for you to entertain, say at a shower for your daughter-in-law to be, or to entertain the wedding party after the rehearsal, at a big affair. However you feel about the engagement beforehand, once it's made public, you'll be wise to step in line, and take your part in the affair.

It's a grand idea to ask your daughter-in-law-to-be, if you can help, and to consult her when you're choosing your dress and hat for the ceremony, and adhere to her wishes. You'll stand second in line in the receiving party after the ceremony and assist in entertaining the guests after that. And let the bride's mother have the last few minutes with her daughter before they leave.

Remember, you are the guest of your son's mother-in-law. Be a good guest. *

He Marries an Angel

Continued from page 21

Arrange a room for wedding presents to be shown in. See that your parents look after any possible traffic trouble at the church by notifying the police about the time and place of the wedding. See about a marriage license (together). Begin to send out notes for your wedding gifts. You'll have to do the ones you don't get off now on your honeymoon. Pack your luggage. Have your hair done the day before and fixed at the last minute.

For her church wedding Mary has chosen the all-white color scheme, a favorite this season. Another choice of 1940 brides is the all-pink or all-blue wedding. Other colors than white are quite acceptable, if they are soft and pastel. There are three occasions on which she will not wear the traditional gown and veil. * Continued on page 41

Mrs. Flynn
seems all in

—so she's still in bed though a busy day is ahead.
She has been feeling this way so often lately you would think she would do something about it.

Maybe some good friend will tell her it may be faulty kidneys that make her feel so tired all the time.

Mrs. Flynn probably hadn't thought of her kidneys. If she only knew how Dodd's Kidney Pills might help her she wouldn't be lying in bed now wishing for her usual pep and energy. She would likely be enjoying it as usual.

New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

More than 25 MILLION
jars of Arrid have been
sold... Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 15 cent and 59 cent jars)



Take Off to Happiness



out for her. To give her make-up and her hair a quick re-doing. To pack the last things in the overnight bag. The rest of her luggage is all ready to go.

When she is dressed, the groom's parents come to say good-by. Then the bride's. And her mother lingers for a few moments. Then the groom joins her, and together they come down the stairs. She may have chosen to send her bouquet to a sick friend rather than throw it to the girls. In any event, she disposes of it as she leaves on the arm of her groom. Together they go out to the car, and pack themselves in for the wedding trip.

Sometimes the bridegroom has his car left at a special place and takes a taxi to it. This, presumably, in case he fears sabotage by pranksters! But the rough-and-tumble school of wedding jokers has practically died a well-deserved death, and bride and groom are usually followed by nothing weightier than confetti, rose leaves and good wishes.

From now on, it is the bridegroom's story. He has arranged the wedding trip—he takes over. And so, rightly, our story of a wedding finishes. *

WHO WILL deny that the bride and groom have been looking forward to this moment, in spite of the gaiety and happiness of the wedding reception? Ahead of them lies the honeymoon path; behind, a successful and long-to-be-remembered wedding.

After the toasts the bride may slip quietly away. The cake has been cut, the guests are merry, and now is the time to change into her travel clothes. Upstairs with her maid of honor she goes, to slip into the clothes all laid

Family Album—Modern Style

Continued from page 2

The wedding announcement is flashed on the screen—wedding gifts and church bells ringing. The camera catches a close-up of the bride arranging her veil. Here is tense excitement which the groom would miss entirely if it weren't for the home movie. Those final touches—the "something borrowed, something blue" last-minute scramble. There will be dozens of eyes fastened on the bride. Everything must be perfect down to the smallest detail.

The bride leaves for the church. Wait! Don't forget the groom. There's a glimpse of him leaving his house with the best man.

The ceremony is over. Then comes the reception. The bride receives the guests with a charming smile. The groom stands proudly beside her. The bridesmaids look pretty devastating in their lacy frocks and picture hats.

What opportunities the ardent photographer will have if he wanders among the guests! He can get candid camera shots, which later will cause as much amusement to those who have been caught unawares as an evening with the Marx Brothers. Memory sometimes plays strange tricks, but with a movie camera every episode is faithfully recorded.

In all these shots it's best to strive for an attractive background. Avoid,

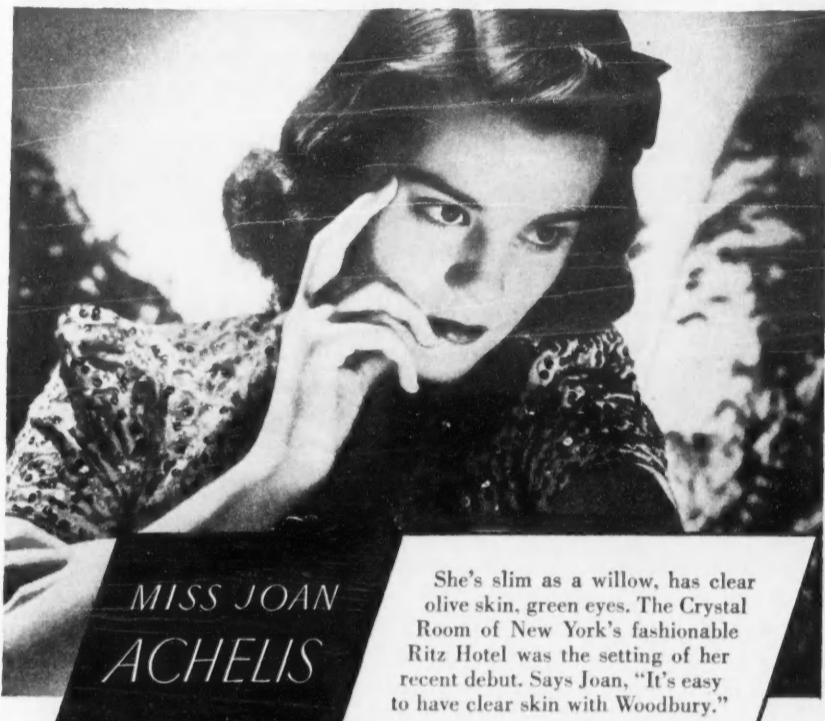
if possible, catching fragments of arms and legs, or the feather in Aunt Emma's hat—these will not enhance the final effect. The more pictures you take, the more excited you'll become about unusual arrangements, composition and the use of symbols to bridge the gaps in the story.

The moment comes for the bride and groom to depart. Perhaps, tucked away in the glove pocket of the car is a movie camera. It may be a wedding present; it may be borrowed or rented. The newlyweds take pictures of their trip. How different this living, moving story will be from the honeymoon pictures of fifty years ago, where grandmamma and grandpapa were impaled upon Niagara Falls in rigid splendor!

How often have you heard a bride sigh wistfully and say, "I was so excited I scarcely remember a thing about my wedding." There are so many parties, such a frenzy of gaiety, that when the day arrives she's like a "dream walking." What fun, months later, for the married pair to relax in their living room and see themselves as stars in their own personal movie!

After the wedding pictures have been run through with living reality, the family album, modern style, is only one third full. How many anniversaries and celebrations still wait to be filmed! *

Hearts and Flowers for Debs who take this Woodbury Facial Cocktail



MISS JOAN
ACHELIS

She's slim as a willow, has clear olive skin, green eyes. The Crystal Room of New York's fashionable Ritz Hotel was the setting of her recent debut. Says Joan, "It's easy to have clear skin with Woodbury."

says

Cholly Knickerbocker

NOTED SOCIETY COMMENTATOR

"Whenever lovely debutantes enter a room, you'll hear men breathe 'ohs' and 'ahs'! How do the debs rate it? I think I know! They give their skins a beauty-arousing Facial Cocktail with Woodbury before every social engagement."



Life's a whirl for lovely Joan. But before every date she revives her tired skin with a refreshing Woodbury Facial Cocktail.



"A shabby skin is a menace to any girl's popularity. A brisk beauty cocktail with Woodbury chases away skin fatigue."



"I'm not one to let men's flattery turn my head. But when I get compliments, I can thank Woodbury Facial Soap!"



LOVELY debs are never guilty of dingy, fatigue-worn skin. Each day at 5 P. M. they take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail.

This thorough skin-cleansing with Woodbury Facial Soap leaves behind no trace of dirt or weariness. This beauty soap now brings a skin-invigorating Vitamin to help lift up your skin's vitality. Gladden your complexion with a Woodbury Facial Cocktail. Start today!

"FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH"

(MADE IN CANADA)



A night silhouette of Ottawa, Canada's beautiful capital city

"Knocking Holes in the Darkness..."

WHEN TWILIGHT CAME Robert Louis Stevenson loved to stand at the window and watch the lamplighter. "What are you doing, Robert?" his nurse asked one evening. "I'm watching that man knock holes in the darkness," the boy called back.

That was many years ago. Today it takes but a throw of a switch—and a whole city springs into light.

Yet there are still—and always will be—men and women who "knock holes in the darkness" wherever they go . . . with a happy smile, a warm handclasp, friendly words of encouragement and cheer.

Get the Most Out of Life by Giving the Most to Life

Friendliness is such a little effort. Do you make it? Or are you—like many others—so worn out and t-i-r-e-d, in both mind and body, that you miss this happiness.

Help You May Need . . . Actually, many tired, worn people are finding

new enjoyment in life in a very simple way. It's this. They add one tonic food supplement to their diet twice each day.

This helpful food supplement is Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast. It is rich in 4 vitamins everyone needs—the vitamins A, B₁, D and G. Eaten this way—in fresh yeast—these vitamins can give you more effective help, because the yeast stimulates digestion—helps you assimilate the vitamins better.

Start today to eat Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast. Eat 2 cakes daily—one cake $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before any two meals, plain or in a little water.

See if your friendships don't seem warmer, your whole outlook happier just because you feel so much better.

FREE BOOKLET — "Getting More From Life" a sheaf of happy thoughts you'll like to read. Send for copy to Fleischmann's Yeast, Dominion Square Building, Montreal, Que.

MADE IN CANADA

groom, and then steps back. The groom steps to the right of his bride and, if necessary, they step forward a few steps to the altar. The bride does not take the groom's arm.

The service follows, with everyone standing except the bride and groom, who will probably kneel—depending on the form of service. It is a wise thought for the best man to have an extra wedding ring in his pocket, in case anything happens to the one he has carefully tucked in the groom's waistcoat pocket at the last minute. The second ring can be returned to the jeweller after. If the bride is wearing gloves, she usually has the "ring" finger slit, so she can slip it back, or takes it off entirely. When the father has made his responses, he moves back beside his wife on the left.

At the close of the service after they have finished registering, bride and groom lead the way down the aisle to the sound of the organ. They are followed by maid of honor on the best man's right, and ushers and bridesmaids paired off. The bride need not have "downcast" eyes, but will do well not to focus on friends in the pews. Best man and maid of honor will drive back to the house in the car with bride and groom.

Organ, and any other music, is arranged for by the bride and her family. So are the floral decorations at the church, and any other arrangements made—such as a doorman to open cars for guests, etc. Also for the carpet, if one is laid at the church door for the bride, and the canopy. If the bridegroom is an officer, and is having a guard of honor from his regiment, he will, of course, look after that. It's important to have a room at the house where they may go afterward to remove belts. Privates do not have guards of honor.

Usually, large weddings take place in the afternoon, and often on Saturday, because that is the most satisfactory day for guests. Also, three o'clock has been a favorite hour. However, wartime makes new rules, and breaks old ones. And the earlier wedding—at two o'clock or at high noon—has become more popular.

It was once considered "bad form" to have a large wedding in the evening. However, that, too, no longer holds. And for the evening wedding, the groom and his attendants are in full evening attire. Earlier in the day they will wear morning coats and striped trousers.

The one occasion—at the formal wedding—when the groom may wear informal attire is at the garden wedding, when he may be in white or cream flannels. His attendants will follow suit.

At the early morning wedding—such as Roman Catholics usually have—morning coat is in order.

Where the bride does not wear formal garb, of course, the dark suit is in order. If the groom is a military man, others in the party will still follow regular precedent, while he wears his uniform. He may have men in uniform among his attendants. No difference is made in the attire of other members of the party for this.



USE MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM to help you obtain a fresher, smoother, lovelier complexion. It flakes off the duller, darker, older superficial skin in tiny, invisible particles. You will be thrilled with the wonderful improvement in your appearance. Try Mercolized Wax Cream today.

Use Phelacine Depilatory
REMOVES superfluous facial hair quickly and easily. Skin appears more attractive.
Try Saxolite Astringent
SAXOLITE Astringent refreshes the skin. Delightfully pleasant to use. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint with hazel and pat briskly on the skin several times a day.
Sold at all Cosmetic Counters

**NO
DULL
DRAB
HAIR**

after you use this amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

- 1. Gives lustrous highlights.
- 2. Rinses away shampoo film.
- 3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
- 4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

Lovalon does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try Lovalon.

At stores which sell toilet goods
5 rinses 35¢
2 rinses 15¢

LOVALON



QUICK! UNGUENTINE* Helps Relieve the Pain

UNGUENTINE doesn't add to the pain of an injury when you apply it—but actually soothes, helps relieve the pain, instead!

And Unguentine helps prevent infection—without staining or discoloring the skin.

Be Modern! Use Unguentine for cuts and scrapes as well as burns—and to relieve the itching and soreness of skin irritations.

Large Tube, 50¢.
Economical Family Jar, \$1.

Norwich

That is the bride and family formed, side and less may receive es. The is quite uncheon age table, wedding the cake follow the side and

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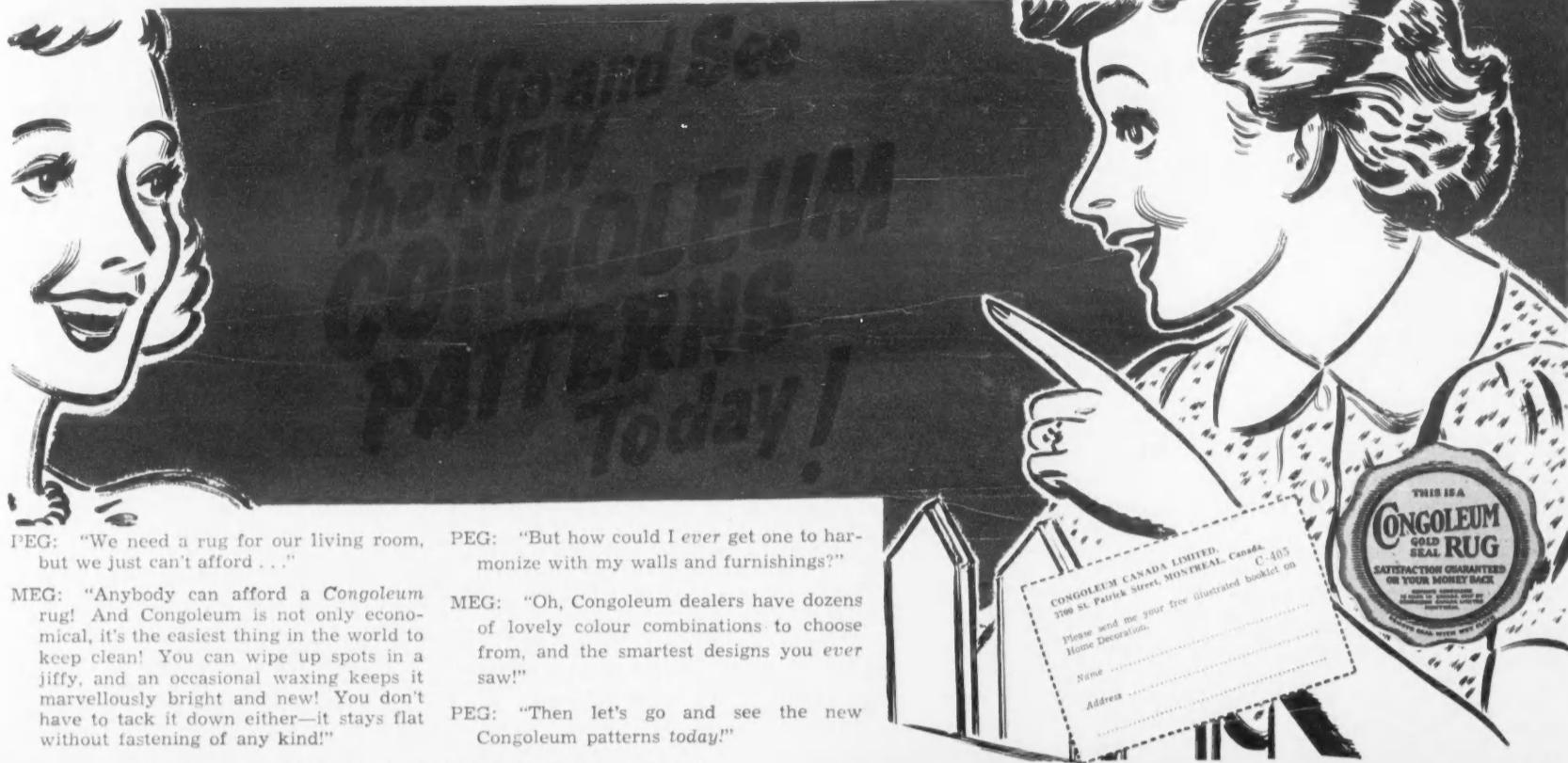
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PEG: "We need a rug for our living room, but we just can't afford . . ."

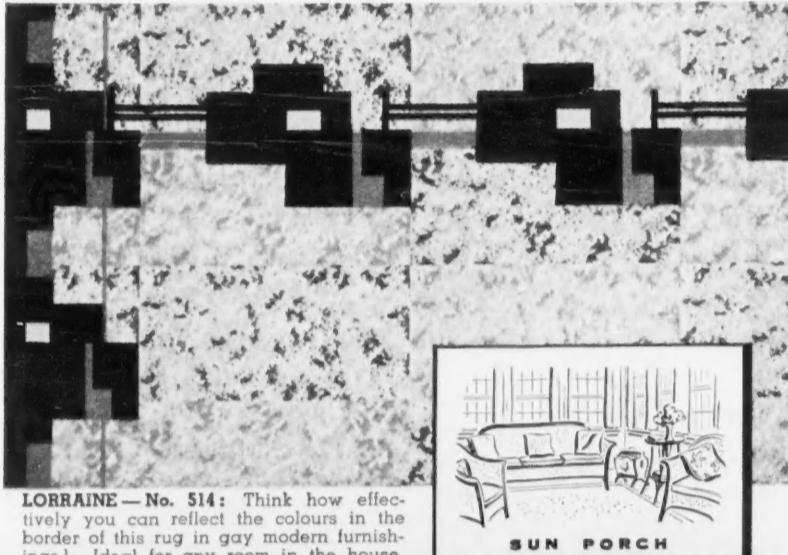
MEG: "Anybody can afford a Congoleum rug! And Congoleum is not only economical, it's the easiest thing in the world to keep clean! You can wipe up spots in a jiffy, and an occasional waxing keeps it marvellously bright and new! You don't have to tack it down either—it stays flat without fastening of any kind!"

PEG: "But how could I ever get one to harmonize with my walls and furnishings?"

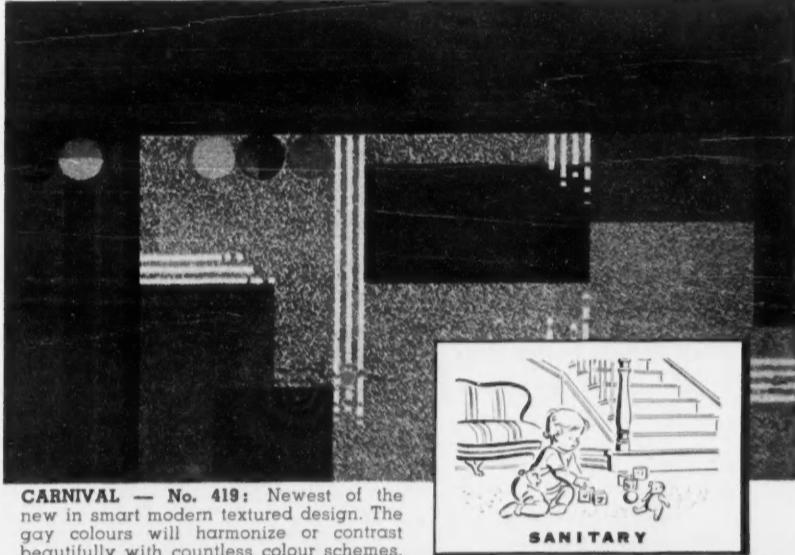
MEG: "Oh, Congoleum dealers have dozens of lovely colour combinations to choose from, and the smartest designs you ever saw!"

PEG: "Then let's go and see the new Congoleum patterns today!"

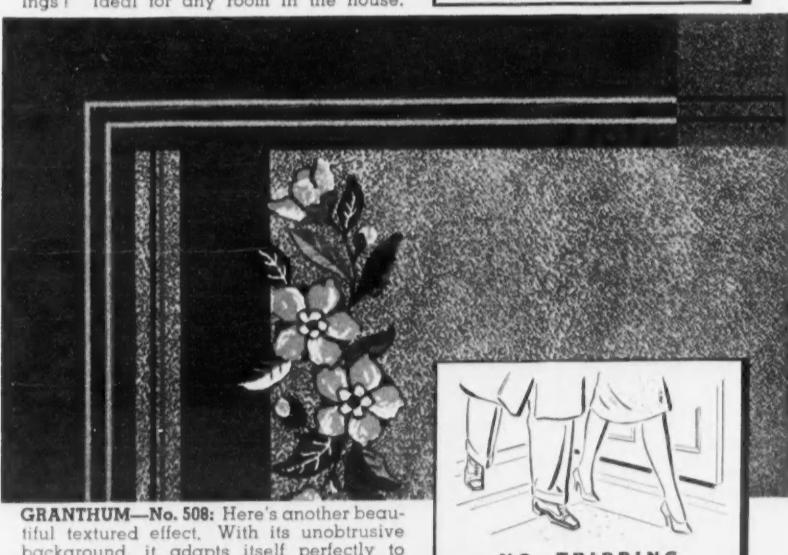
N.B. Remember, Ladies, to look for the Gold Seal for lasting satisfaction!



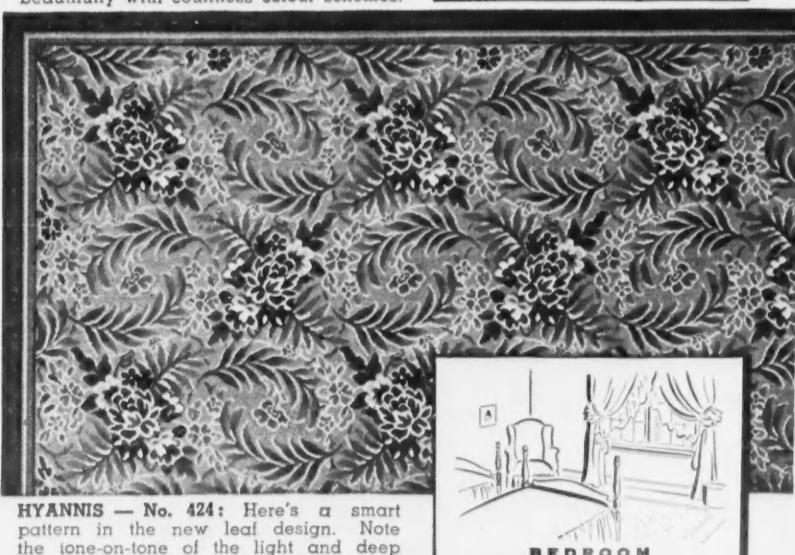
LORRAINE — No. 514: Think how effectively you can reflect the colours in the border of this rug in gay modern furnishings! Ideal for any room in the house.



CARNIVAL — No. 419: Newest of the new in smart modern textured design. The gay colours will harmonize or contrast beautifully with countless colour schemes.



GRANTHUM — No. 508: Here's another beautiful textured effect. With its unobtrusive background, it adapts itself perfectly to almost any furniture or decorative scheme.



HYANNIS — No. 424: Here's a smart pattern in the new leaf design. Note the tone-on-tone of the light and deep rose and the "richness" this creates.

CONGOLEUM Gold Seal RUGS



EVEN to one who is used to thrills there's still another in the way the Parker Vacumatic speeds across paper. Efficient and dependable as a pilot's own instruments, it smooths the way for quick, decisive thought. It is the only pen of its kind in the world!

For here is an utterly different and basically better filling principle—a simple Diaphragm, sealed in the top. This abolishes the rubber ink sac and other old-time parts inside the barrel . . . makes room for nearly twice as much ink without increasing size or bulk!

The full Television Ink Supply lets you SEE the ink level at all times . . . SEE when to refill before it runs dry. The 14K Gold Point, tipped with costly Osmiridium, is silken-smooth . . . a flawless writer. It gives you a live, luxurious writing sensation—a complete release from drag that cramps your style.

Go to the nearest pen retailer and try this streamlined beauty. It's styled in circlets of luminous, laminated Pearl, yet built to stand up to the most rigorous service. . . . Whether for use in the "Services" or in civilian life it's the pen for winners. Pens with the BLUE DIAMOND mark on the ARROW Clip are Guaranteed for Life. The Parker Fountain Pen Co., Limited, Toronto.

Parker
VACUMATIC

Pens marked with the Blue Diamond are guaranteed for the life of the owner against everything except loss or intentional damage, subject only to a charge of 35¢ for postage, insurance, and handling, provided complete pen is returned for service.



Pens
all 14K Gold
\$500 to \$1000
Pencils to Match
\$350 to \$500

Words Without Music

Continued from page 33

sign the register. The bride will arrive and probably dress at her friend's home. Her trousseau is simple, for she is to live in a small flat, and her husband may be called overseas at any time. Half a dozen sheets and pillow-cases, a dozen face towels, half a dozen bath towels, a "breakfast set" of dishes, half a dozen of a set of silver, will be the mainstay of her equipment. Three or four luncheon cloths, one big tablecloth and some gay mats for breakfast. She will have four changes of lingerie, two dresses, her suit, two or three blouses, a dressing gown and a light coat.

She will arrive early at the home of her friend and dress there. If she were being married at the parsonage, she and her groom and their witnesses would go together, and return to her friend's home for the informal reception. However, a few wreaths and two baskets of flowers have been used to festoon the fireplace, before which the ceremony will be held. A few friends are gathered around. At the given hour the minister comes out, and the

groom stands in front of him. That is the signal for quiet, and the bride comes in on the arm of an old family friend. The ceremony is performed, and after it is over, the bride and groom and their host and hostess may simply stand together to receive congratulations and good wishes. The hostess will wear her hat. It is quite possible that the wedding luncheon will be served sitting at one large table, or at small ones, with the wedding party at the head table, and the cake in the centre. Toasts will follow the ceremony and later the bride and groom will slip away.

If the wedding was to have been a large one, and orders have made it necessary for the groom to leave with his regiment, word will be sent to all those who have received invitations, and only a few friends invited. For the informal wedding, it is quite in order for the bride to invite her friends by telephone, or by a little note. It is nice to send out announcements at the time of the wedding, however. *

She Walks in Beauty on Her Wedding Day

Continued from page 15

The little bridesmaid who caught it—the fair one next to the end in the receiving line—tucks it in her frock, because she thinks it is a good luck omen for the marriage she is already planning, with her soldier fiance. You'll find the quiet ceremony described on page 33.

While the bridesmaids are still admiring the pretty bracelets the bride has given them as a token of their attendance on her, Mary and John slip out the door to get in their car. As a change from her delicate and fragile loveliness for the ceremony, Mary has chosen to be simply and smartly tailored in her new suit and hat because she knows John—like many

another man—likes smart things for the street. With the help of the best man he packs the luggage in, if it hasn't already been tucked away, and they are off.

Off on the great adventure.

And as the party picks up the threads for another hour as guests of the bride's parents, and enjoy the wedding all over in retrospect, you will hear a voice here and there all over the gathering comment . . .

Wasn't it the loveliest wedding you ever saw?"

As you turn over the pages ahead to read the story of how all the details were worked out, you'll discover why. *

Thunder Shower

Continued from page 21

We'll divide it evenly, day for day."

"That's fair. You'll keep the house, and I'll move out."

She took a long breath. "But I don't want the house, Randy. I won't live here. Bonnie and I will get an apartment or a small house somewhere else."

"I don't want the house either."

"We can rent it, then." She never argued with Randy and he never argued with her. "Rent it furnished, since neither of us wants it. I see you feel the same way I do about it. I imagine, though, I'll have to take Bonnie's room furniture with me—she likes it so well; but that's all. Nothing else. And about money; I'll need about two hundred and fifty dollars a month at first, and only that until I get established again. I'm going to see Mr. Hale at Corbit's tomorrow, and see if he won't take me back." Before her marriage and after her graduation from college, Carolyn had worked at Corbit's Department Store as a copy

writer in the advertising department. Robert Hale, who had been the advertising manager, was now merchandising manager of the store. "I have a hunch he will, because he always liked me and thought I did good work. If there isn't a place in the ad department, I can probably get a job selling until there is."

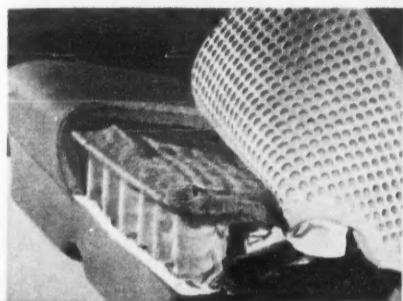
"I don't like to think of you working again when there's no need for it, Carolyn."

"I want to, Randy. Bonnie will be in school all day, you'll have her weekends and summers. I can get reliable help to manage the apartment and cook the meals—and we're only going to have a small place, you see."

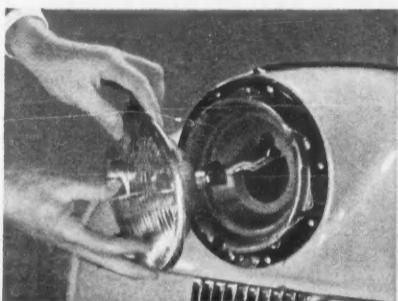
"Two hundred and fifty is too little—you know I can afford to give you more. Now that I've got Hidden Village we'll have a great deal of money; it's a ten per cent deal, and besides I may get the development of two other adjoining tracts—that's on the fire now." * Continued on page 41

SPARKLING WITH NEW IDEAS

in Comfort... Safety... Style!



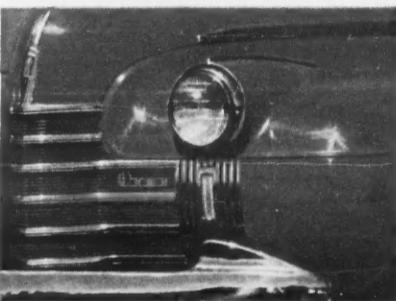
FOAM-RUBBER CUSHIONS*



SEALED BEAM HEADLAMPS



CLEAR-VISION SAFETY GLASS



WING-TYPE FENDER DESIGN



YOU find the new things first in Oldsmobile. And that's true this year more than ever! Look at the Style! You'll find youth and smartness in every line—true individuality from every viewpoint. Look for Comfort! Oldsmobile gives you the exclusive Rhythmic Ride, with modern coil springs all around. Olds offers Foam-Rubber cushions*—developed for airplanes and extra-fare trains. Look for Safety! Olds gives you Sealed Beam headlamps, Hydraulic Brakes and clear-vision Safety Glass for all-round protection.

Look into Performance. You'll find flash and dash—smoothness and stability—plus amazing handling ease. Take a ride today. Learn what a world of difference new ideas make!

Longer and Roomier Bodies by Fisher... New Styleader Styling... Improved Rhythmic Ride, embodying Quadri-Coil Springing, Four-Way Stabilization and Knee-Action Front Wheels... New "Sealed Beam" Headlights... Super-Hydraulic Brakes... Performance with Economy.

*On Olds Custom 8 Cruiser

Bigger and Better in Everything!

OLDSMOBILE



"BEST LOOKING CAR
ON THE ROAD!"

**ONLY CAR OFFERING
HYDRA-MATIC
DRIVE !**

Optional at extra cost on Olds Custom 8 Cruiser



Here's the newest of the new! The most important development in years! A totally new method of driving that cuts your work in half. An exclusive feature perfected by Oldsmobile—and backed by General Motors. Try it!



Style at the Beach

ASCOT You'll saunter smartly down the beach wearing this rope sandal with its braided and napped cloth upper and popular wedge heel. Choice of white, blue or canary.



Style for Daytime Wear

HIGHLAND Whether shopping, at business or play, the "Highland" will take you through the day in cool, summertime comfort. A woven tie-oxford, with contrasting trim. Similar models in various shades.



Style for the Evening

LINDA An inexpensive way to accent summer evening costumes. This open-toe, gabardine sandal is available in white, blue or red, and features the smooth Lacor (leather-like) sole for dancing.

\$1.95
TO
\$2.25
PAIR

Goodrich has good news for the style-minded misses and women who have to make every dollar count in their summer clothing budgets! This year, Sun-togs set the style pace! New colour appeal! New fabrics! Styles that have already gained the preference in Southern resorts! The models shown above are only a few of the many Sun-togs in the 1940 line-up. Why not go to your nearest Goodrich dealer today and find out how attractively you can be fitted out for summer wear on all occasions...at moderate cost. And Sun-togs cost so little...\$1.95 to \$2.25 per pair.

© 1940 GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
MANUFACTURERS OF CANADA LIMITED, ONTARIO

Women in White

Continued from page 25

be one of those very modern brides and wear pale blue or pink, you'll adjust your make-up accordingly. That is, get blue tones in your rouge and use a faint blue eye shadow. Or get cream in your powder base—for the pink—and see that your lipstick doesn't clash.

And do—if you have a tendency to sallowness or a slight yellow tinge to your skin that white doesn't seem to flatter—choose one of the lovely off-white shades—oyster, cream, old ivory.

For going away, our bride will change her face as well as her outfit. Point up rouge, lipstick and pep up the hair style to a more sophisticated mood. If there's time, do your nails in one of the new hot pink or vivid red shades. And be sure you have your favorite beauty aids gathered together in a kit. It will save cluttering, and the best known cosmetic firms make them in various prices and sizes. It's wise to have a size that will at least see you nicely through your wedding trip.

Later the bride, even as you and I, will do all sorts of exciting things with white this summer. Deep, deep tan make-up for the beaches, creamy pink and white for fragile midsummer evening finery.

The designers seem to have delighted in presenting a whole new white setup this year.

White flowers and feathers to heighten a new black hat; tiny white bows to give a piquant touch to the tail of a navy suit coat, demure white lace collars on black crepe frocks; big clouds of white chiffon ruffled around the throat of a black lace dress, to make it look old-world. White buttons right down the front of a dark suit for the new long look; white birds winging across a Paris hat; a white belt holding in the gathers of a new white jersey evening gown. White pockets marking out generous areas on the front of an Air Force blue frock. Immaculate white blouses with dark suits; white and grey stripes for the coolest of afternoon dresses. A white flower poised on a turban. White scroll in Chinese effect to give meaning to a black bolero on somebody's smart mother.

White will be everywhere . . . in large or small amounts. It is the smart accent of the year.

And every woman, to a larger or smaller degree, can feel as young and lovely as a bride in it! *

The City That Wasn't There

Continued from page 16

no messages or codes or vessels or men carried the word of that departure out of port. Yet before the last ship had disappeared through the submarine gates and over the edge of the horizon, a German radio station was sending word of its going, over the short waves. Of course it's just a story. Officials, tracking it down, say recordings of the German broadcasts have failed to substantiate it and nobody has been found who actually heard it. But I give you the tales that reach a visitor's ears.

And they tell, too, how you can go into one of the little cafés that are favorites of the sailors, and how the waiters will be whistling as they dust off extra tables and get out extra chairs, because they're expecting a rush of business. And, sure enough, in a few hours a big ship will come in, and begin spilling its crowd of sailors into port. Spies?

An officer put it this way to me.

"This war is so much more deliberate, so much more cautious in its pace, the enemy has time to come over and fight in our own yard."

At the gate of that yard, though, they'll find that the Navy and the Army and the Air Force have moved in. Gay young wives of strapping young officers, older and wiser wives of senior men of the forces, taking up their quarters in hotels and apartments. Moving in their flowering plants and dogs, and their favorite footstool and some books and sewing baskets and a vase or two. The little things women take whenever the march of their men leads them away from home. And there are children too—up to see their fathers, waiting while less temporary homes can be found. All of them living the strange new military life that exists in that strange new city.

I began to think it was pretty much of a dream, as I came back on the

train. Back to ordinary Canadian cities with a Navy, an Army or an Air Force uniform still something to be looked at, instead of part of a great pattern. And a Navy officer's wife on the train told me she felt the same way. She'd been there six weeks, this time. She'd become accustomed to seeing the bombers and the airplanes overhead, to watching the men of the forces everywhere. She'd learned to pull her black blinds during an air-raid warning, and watch the strange wonder of a city grow dark, and then be born out of darkness again, as patches of lights blocked on, one after another, all over. She'd seen piles and piles of supplies waiting in a depot in case of a disaster. She'd been to tea in the postage size cabin of the captain of one of the fleet of strange ships one day. And the next morning looked out to find no sign of them at all, at all, and the harbor still and shipless as a forest pool.

She'd dined with a group of flying men—one in from the Rockies, another from Bermuda, and a third from Hendon. And when they finished she'd listened to the orchestra of that little Canadian hotel play "Poland Shall Not Be Enslaved Forever." And knew that the Polish flag flew always at half-mast from its tower.

She told me, too, about plans for the evacuation of women and children in a near-by town. And what a strange feeling it gave you to hear a droning voice break into radio programs, at intervals, with something like "Code A as in Apple is now in force for all lighthouse keepers along the coast."

And she said, "You know, when I leave this 'Port Somewhere on the Canadian Coast', I really can't believe it exists at all."

And I agreed with her. I mean, that it really doesn't. *

He Marries an Angel

Continued from page 32

1. If she is being married for a second time.

2. If she is no longer young—say over thirty-five.

3. If she is being married very quietly because of mourning, illness in the family, or for some other reason.

The veil is just as acceptable at a house wedding as in the church today. Just as the long dress with sleeves or gloves, or the simple suit go to church for the less formal wedding, quite correctly.

Mary has chosen to have her maid of honor, bridesmaids and flower girls dressed in frocks patterned after her own in every detail except that under her marquisette she wears satin, while

they wear taffeta. Her lace for trimming is Alençon, and her veil of pleated marquisette is of the shorter halo length and caught at the back with real valley lilies. She might have used the traditional orange blossoms, but lily of the valley is this season's favorite wedding flower. The veil would have been more expensive in lace. Her bouquet, provided by the groom but chosen by the bride . . . is of white orchids and valley lilies. The bride never wears a corsage with a veil. With long sleeves she wears no gloves. If her sleeves were short, she would have long white gloves. The important thing is that her arms must be covered. *

Thunder Shower

Continued from page 36

"Well, whatever extra money you give, you give for Bonnie after I get settled. We've both got to realize that we have to make new lives. I'm thirty-three, and you're thirty-seven. You're going to marry again, and I'm going to marry again. We can't kid ourselves and say we're not."

"No, we can't—but the agreement about Bonnie goes even if we do marry again, either of us. I'll look around for a two-bedroom apartment tomorrow. It'll have to be close to a park on account of Bonnie. Perhaps by next week I'll be out of here."

THERE SEEMED to be nothing more to say after that, so Carolyn said good night. Everything was settled amicably and pleasantly as she knew it would be. Randy wanted the divorce as much as she did—while they were still friends and sane and able to reason intelligently. Tomorrow, like Randy, she'd start out and find some place for Bonnie and herself—in another district, away from the Lorimer School so she wouldn't have Miss Dickens to contend with. Or perhaps she could put Bonnie in a private school as a day pupil—give up the public school idea that had always seemed so sound to Randy and to her. That way she could get free of Miss Marsden, too. Yes, that was better.

She walked through the house to see that all the screens were locked, because Randy sometimes forgot. Through the rooms she had furnished with such care and thought. Some of them were still incomplete as she had planned them, although to any eye but hers they would have seemed finished. Eight years ago when Randy had designed the house, she knew just what she wanted in the large graceful rooms. For those years she had been gathering what the house needed, sometimes slowly because of finances, sometimes swiftly. Last year had been a good year. She had finished the guest room, she had finished Bonnie's room and bought the big square piano for the living room.

Now she was leaving it behind, because she didn't want it. The only way to do—cut yourself away from memories. Begin again new, fresh, as she had begun with Randy and with Bonnie when Bonnie came. She had thought that Randy would feel the

same, and he had. He wanted a fresh start too, uncluttered by any memories.

She walked up the broad curving staircase, her hand on the smooth rounded rail. At the landing she pulled up the weights of the mahogany grandfather cloth which she had seen in its place even when Randy had drawn the plans for the staircase and the landing. The clock had a wheezy tick, like an old man breathing. Its slender hands were the color Bonnie's hair had been in the candlelight.

In Randy's room, she took the spread off one of the twin beds, and turned back the covers, filled up a little water bottle and put it on his night table. His pyjamas she laid out at the foot of the bed. She could still do these things for him, she still wanted to, because they were friends, even if they weren't lovers any more.

IN HER own room, she heard him come upstairs, stop at the clock on the landing and come on. She heard him moving about the room which had been her room, too, for so long, and then he came to the door and called, "Good night."

"Good night," she answered softly. His light went out and his door closed.

Carolyn sat by the window looking out on the quiet tree-shaded street. At night the trees were cool and black, and in the daylight they were cool and green. Now and then a car came down the street and swept the darkness back against the houses, but after the car had gone it settled again quickly where it belonged.

Naturally she'd miss the house, and the street, which she and Randy had chosen so carefully for Bonnie. Both she and Randy were honest enough to admit that.

She thought she heard Bonnie tossing in her room across the hall, so she got up and listened outside the door of the child's room. Bonnie was turning restlessly.

She went to the bed and looked down.

"Asleep, dear?" she asked in a whisper.

"No," came a whisper from Bonnie, and a hand groped for hers.

"A drink of water?"

"No, mamma. Would you stay for a little while?"

Carolyn sat down on the bed. Her



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Wedding Preview

Bride Lore

LITTLE FLOWER toques are a lovely thought for bridesmaids. As long as their heads are covered, you don't need anything approaching a real hat. One of the new hoods, fastened to the frock, would be another interesting idea.

☆☆

One Canadian mother treated the choirboys who sang at her daughter's wedding to a movie and ice cream to mark the festivities.

☆☆

Canadian brides marrying officers are noted buying practical trousseaus with plenty of woollens . . . and London in mind.

☆☆

If your husband is an officer, don't count on a sword arch by the guard of honor. Swagger sticks are used in wartime. You might tie regimental colors to the church pews, instead of the usual white ones, and have them on the cake, instead of flowers. It's quite fitting, too, to drink a toast to the King at a military wedding . . . not otherwise.

☆☆

If you can afford few decorations, concentrate rather than scatter them. You'll get a better, more dignified effect. And if your trousseau is perforce small, see that everything is matched and keyed to one leading shade.

☆☆

A recent London bride wore a fine white wool jersey wedding gown, and had a long-sleeved, high-necked dinner dress made of the same fabric. A square-cut neckline across the back is a new note in wedding gowns.

☆☆

Photographs are usually taken after the bridal party leaves the church, before the reception.

☆☆

It isn't customary to invite the press to the wedding unless it's very large. They are usually glad to send forms and have you fill them in. Don't send pictures to the press without having arranged that they will be run beforehand. The engagement announcement usually costs a dollar or a dollar and a half in Canada.



A new way for wearing a corsage—as the bride's mother does in our photograph—is at the V neckline of the dress. Little lace mitts for the bridesmaids, white sandals for the bride, are 1940 touches.

☆☆

The clergyman's fee is usually five to twenty-five dollars. The organist is similarly reimbursed. The soloist—unless a friend who receives a gift—receives about five dollars. It is a pleasant gesture for the clergyman—if he is an old friend—to present the prayer book he used for the service to the bride.

☆☆

It costs from sixty cents to a dollar, on an average, per person for wedding refreshments. The average corsage runs from two to five dollars. The bridesmaids' bouquets from two to thirty dollars. The bride's from five to fifty. Average, seven-fifty to nine dollars.

Two urns filled with flowers at either side of the fireplace make the simplest of temporary altars.

Flowers at the church will cost from fifteen to five hundred dollars, usually.

☆☆

In sending invitations to sisters, you may address the outer envelope "The Misses," but there must be a card for each one inside. Mother and daughter, or mother and son, never receive invitations together.

☆☆

Six shirts, a dozen pair of socks, and four or five sets of undies, are suggested as a minimum trousseau for the groom. His Majesty has stopped wearing tails since the advent of the war, and now wears a dinner jacket to formal affairs. So the bridegroom will be well advised to carry that item of wear for formal occasions.

The King's is midnight blue and he wears a blue Homburg.

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"THERE ARE MELTONIAN DRESSINGS FOR EVERY TYPE OF SHOE."



hand closed over the little one. "It's late, Bonnie."

Bonnie's eyes were open.

"Why couldn't you get to sleep?"

"I was thinking."

"About what?"

"Nothing, mamma. Is daddy here?"

"Daddy's asleep."

"You're sure he's here?"

"Sure—" Carolyn was frightened.

The child couldn't know. She had been upstairs in her room. The door of the den was closed. They had spoken about the divorce quietly.

"He's not going to go away, is he?"

"Whatever made you think of that?"

"Every morning when I get up, I think he's going to be gone, and we're going to be alone. I couldn't get to sleep tonight because I was thinking what I'd do if he was gone in the morning." She was still whispering. The hand Carolyn held was quivering.

"Trena said I'd have you, but I wouldn't have daddy."

"Trena?" Carolyn asked, alarmed.

"Yes, Trena. She told me you were going to get a divorce, and I know what divorce is, mamma. Mary Lou's mother got a divorce last year, and Peter's mother, and neither of them have any daddy any more, not any real daddy, although Peter's got a second daddy, but he doesn't like him. He hates him. Trena says it'll be like that with me, that I'm not going to like a new daddy. She says children seldom do."

"When did Trena tell you this?"

"Oh, long ago."

"When, Bonnie?"

"Oh, before my birthday, I think it was."

Bonnie's ninth birthday had been in March. It was May now. Two months ago. That was when Miss Dickens had sent for Carolyn the first time. Miss Marsden had said, too, this afternoon, that the change in Bonnie's attitude was two months old.

Trena, the cause of everything . . .

"What else did Trena tell you?"

"That was all, that you were going to get a divorce from my daddy, and that some day I'd have a new daddy, one I wouldn't want. And that daddy would have a new wife and I wouldn't like her either."

Carolyn's hand was quivering now, too. She felt chilled and then hot and then chilled again. In her was rising the same anger that had risen when Miss Marsden was talking.

"Did Trena tell you not to tell me what she said?"

"No, she didn't say anything about not telling."

"Why didn't you come to me and ask me, then?"

"I didn't—want—to—" The little hand pulled away, and tucked itself under the covers.

Carolyn waited, the surge of rage against Trena growing within her. She waited for Bonnie to ask her whether it was true or not, but the child didn't ask. She doesn't want me to tell her, Carolyn said to herself. She doesn't want to know the truth because her heart knows it.

IN A LITTLE while Bonnie's eyes closed, and Carolyn brushed her forehead with her lips and left the room.

Trena had to go right away. Tonight. She couldn't stay in the house

* Continued on page 44

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Bonnie snuggled closer to Trena. Tears were rolling down her cheeks.

There was another mighty crash. Trena's arm tightened around Bonnie's thin shoulders. "Lor', that was either the table or the window! This is good—just like the ones my old man and my ma used to have. What you doin' there, cryin'?" Her ear left the door, and she stooped and with her apron wiped Bonnie's eyes and her nose and then kissed her lips.

"There, now, there ain't no need to cry, it's all right now. Nothin' the matter. Your ma and pa are going to be fine. You just listen to Trena. There ain't going to be no divorce now."

"No divorce?" Bonnie choked back a sob.

"Naw, not now. People what fight like that never get no divorce. Didn't my ma and pa fight and ain't they been married thirty-five years? Happy as two larks yet."

"You're sure, Trena?"

"Sure! I could swear to it on the Bible. Wow! That's sure the table this time!"

THEY LISTENED together at the door, Bonnie as eagerly now as Trena. There were no more tears, and her eyes were as bright as Trena's.

"That'd be your pa leavin'," Trena giggled after a door banged loudly. "And that's your ma runnin' upstairs—she musta stumbled over a chair in the dinin' room. That's your pa getting his car out of the garage. He's so mad he musta broke the doors of the garage." They flew to the back porch and watched the master of the house leave. Trena nodded wisely when he was finally out of the drive after having given the porte-cochere a smart smack that echoed through the house.

"Mamma's crying," Bonnie whispered as she followed Trena to the breakfast room door. Carolyn's sobs could be heard even in the kitchen.

"Good for her. Won't be nothin' better. She's needed to cry like that, I guess, for years. Look at this mess!" But Trena didn't speak angrily, she spoke approvingly as if the breakfast room were a work of art. "Window smashed, table smashed, all the dishes broken! You keep out of here, I don't want you to get glass in your bare feet. Tell you what, you sneak upstairs as soft as you can, get your clothes on and come down again when you're dressed."

Carolyn's sobs had stopped when Bonnie came downstairs. Trena with a big broom had most of the glass swept up.

"Eat your breakfast there, while I finish."

Bonnie sat down in the kitchen. "Mamma's stopped crying."

"You can't cry forever. I'm expectin' your pa back any minute now," Trena dropped to her knees and started wiping up the floor in the breakfast room.

"Back?"

"Sure, he'll come back, and he'll go up to your ma, and they'll make up, and like as not they'll go away some place tonight—maybe they'll stay until tomorrow night, but you'll stay here with me. What's that, a car?" Trena jumped up from her knees and ran to the kitchen window. A car was driving under the porte-cochere.

"Daddy's car!" Bonnie cried happily. "Didn't I tell you?"

"But I can't explain!"

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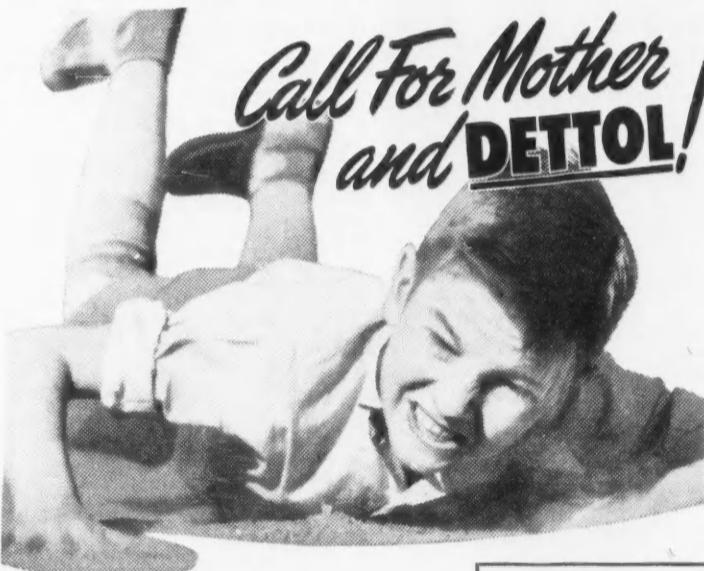
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Thunder Shower Continued from page 42

any longer! Half sobbing Carolyn ran down the hall and started down the stairs. The long skirts of her kimono billowed out after her. The heels of her mules stamped heavily into the stair carpet.

"I'll take her bags," she muttered as she flew into the kitchen, "and throw them into the street! In ten minutes she'll be out of the house and I'll be free of her as I'm going to be free of Miss Marsden and Miss Dickens!"

In the dark kitchen she stumbled against a stool, and for a moment in her rage she couldn't remember where the light was, although countless thousands of times she had turned it on and off.

"Who is it?" a voice called from the top of the back stairs. Randy's voice.

Her hand found the switch, and the kitchen was lighted.

"It's — I—" she managed to say, and her teeth sank into her lower lip.

"It didn't sound like you—I thought it might be a burglar—" There was the pad, pad, pad of his soft slippers coming down the stairs.

Carolyn was opening one of the north cupboards when he came in. Her back was to the door, for she didn't want him to see her face. It was hard enough to control her voice.

"I — just wanted something to eat—" she murmured. "Would you like something, too?"

"No, thanks—I'm off to sleep again." Pad, pad, pad again, all the way up the stairs, then no sound at all as he went down the carpeted hall to his room.

"In the morning I'll tell Trena," Carolyn whispered. "When I've got hold of myself." She shut the cupboard doors quietly. When she went up the stairs she was thankful and grateful for Randy's interference, because if he hadn't come down when he had, she would have made a fool of herself.

But she didn't sleep that night. Neither did she toss. She lay, her body almost rigid, thinking of what Trena had done to Bonnie, repeating the child's words to herself, over and over again. Tomorrow after breakfast she would go in quietly to Trena, tell her to pack her bags and go. There would be no hysteria, no scene. Bonnie would still be asleep; tomorrow was Saturday, and on Saturdays Bonnie didn't get up until she was awakened.

TOMORROW became today, and the dawn came through Carolyn's open windows, a May dawn. She watched the sun sift like bright sand through the mauve sky, and when her room was strong with light, she got up and went into the garden to cut some flowers.

She heard Randy taking his shower later as she brushed her hair that was like Bonnie's and twisted the curls of it in a loop high on her head. Bonnie was asleep when she went into her room, her face buried in her pillow, and one hand loose and relaxed on the pale blue quilt.

Carolyn closed the door quietly.

The breakfast room was like a garden—the way Carolyn had planned it on paper before the house was built.

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The wallpaper was white like the bricks of a wall, with dark green ivy trailing up the bricks. To the east there was a great window so the outside garden seemed part of the room. In the warm summer the window slid back and the Grants truly breakfasted in their garden.

The sun shone on the glass table with its cool green wrought-iron base, on the cluster of hyacinths still touched with dew in a crystal bowl in the centre, and on the five little glass jam pots with their colored glass berry knobs, and the smooth silver and the Minton china.

From the kitchen came the fine smell of bacon broiling, and another smell which meant the date muffins were baking in the oven.

"Good morning," Randy said formally as he came in and took his place.

"Good morning," Carolyn returned as she unfolded her napkin.

"Where's Bonnie?"

"It's Saturday. Certainly you know by this time that Bonnie sleeps on Saturday mornings!" Her voice rang out sharply. For a moment Carolyn was aghast, for she hadn't meant to speak that way, nor those words. She had meant to reply as she always did, politely.

The hyacinths started to dance before her eyes, blue spots, mauve spots, white spots. Mingled with them were the colors of the jams, the strawberry and the blueberry, the marmalade. Red spots, blue spots, orange spots. The whole table was weaving, moving with the colors.

All the moving dancing patterns merged into a hot violent anger against Randy, worse than she had felt toward Miss Marsden, worse, infinitely, than she had felt toward Trena last night. She saw him staring at her, a puzzled look in his eyes, then something replaced the puzzlement. Anger. Hot sparks of it were in his eyes.

"Don't stare at me like that!" she screamed, and as she rose suddenly from the iron chair, her glass of orange juice tipped and fell over the table.

Randy was on his feet, too.

"Don't shriek at me!" he shouted.

Carolyn picked up the bowl of hyacinths and threw it at him. The crystal grazed the side of his head and dropped with a splintering crash to the floor. He grabbed the service plate in front of him, and the china hit Carolyn's right shoulder and went on to Trena who was opening the door. She backed out immediately, but not quickly enough to miss the plate against her chest.

In the kitchen, she put down what was left of the platter of bacon and eggs and leaned her ear against the door so she could hear better. Her dark eyes were sparkling and her strong white teeth showed in a smile.

"Trena! Trena!" she heard a voice behind her. There was a pull at her apron. Bonnie, in her nightgown, was standing beside her, her face as pale as the broken plate on the floor.

Trena put an arm around the child's shoulder, but didn't give up her place by the door.

"It's your ma and pa. They're at it. At it good. Can't you hear 'em? He just called her a snob and she just called him a conceited fool. Hear that? That was another plate! It must have hit the wall!"

"WOMAN AT WORK"

By THELMA LE COCQ

WHEN THE Association of Junior Leagues of America met in Seattle this month, it installed as its president, Mrs. G. V. Ferguson of Winnipeg. The Junior League is primarily an American organization. Mrs. Ferguson is a Canadian, born in Banff, and has lived most of her life in Winnipeg.

It is an unusual honor that the Junior League has paid Mrs. Ferguson, but it surprised no one who knew her. When her nomination was announced in New York in February, her friends called each other up and said, "So Mary's done it. Wouldn't you know?"

She's a young woman in her early thirties; tall, good-looking, smartly



Mrs. G. V. Ferguson

dressed. When you meet her you notice first the bright keenness of her hazel eyes, her rich laugh, her genuine interest in people and what they're doing. When you talk to her you're likely to get involved in a spirited discussion on any subject from the education of the pre-school child, to the economics of the post-war world. She reads like a student, has a memory that enables her to quote whole paragraphs verbatim, and says exactly what she thinks.

She is blessed with a rare vitality that demands constant activity. As a child she was put out to run behind the horse and carriage, to work off her surplus energy. At the University of Manitoba, she crammed a four-year course into three. At Wellesley, she rounded out the curriculum by frequent sessions at the New York theatres. At Glens Falls, New York, where she taught physical training, she spent her spare time collecting Early American furniture.

When she came back to Winnipeg to marry G. V. Ferguson, now managing editor of the Winnipeg *Free Press*, it took her no time to get housekeeping down to a science. Carrying on with the type of work she was experienced in, she volunteered for physiotherapy at the Children's Hospital. This brought her into contact with the Winnipeg Junior League.

She headed various committees; became president; attended conventions all the way from San Francisco to Richmond, Virginia. For three years she travelled as National Secretary of the League. This month she was installed formally as its president.

In these years Mary Ferguson has had time for other interests, too. She has a charming house. She entertains delightfully. She is active in welfare work. She expressed socialist leanings by joining the League for Social Reconstruction. She supported the Winnipeg Little Theatre, and taught rhythms in the Summer School of the Drama at Banff.

While all this was going on, Mary Ferguson was proving the case for the modern mother. She has two sons, a baby of six months, who is considered a "jool" even by his overcritical parents; and another son of six years who is as bright and charming a small boy as you could meet.

Sometimes Mary Ferguson has a dreadful suspicion that she is neglecting her husband and children. None of them show any signs of it. When she telephoned her husband from New York, to ask what he thought of his wife being president of the Junior Leagues of America, Editor Ferguson replied:

"Go right ahead, I'm proud of you."

What Price Glamour?

Continued from page 46

So he called his Aunt Joanna, whose real estate he would one day inherit. She knew the looniest people by virtue of the personal supervision she exercised over her vast properties.

Clyde didn't tell Leda where they were going on Friday of that week. She had not yet found a way of approaching Mark Corby which would assure victory, and she wanted that more than any mysterious amusement Clyde might provide.

"Do you want me to come blindfolded, so I won't peek?" was the full extent of her curiosity.

Continued on page 50

PERSONAL INTERVIEWS WITH THE BEAUTIFUL



CLAIRE TREVOR'S BEAUTY CAPTIVATES IN REPUBLIC'S PRODUCTION, "THE DARK COMMAND"



1. I dropped in recently at the atelier of one of Hollywood's leading dress designers. Claire Trevor was having a new gown fitted. I overheard her sigh that a star's complexion needs everlasting care.



3. So then this famous dress designer explained. First slather on a liberal coating of this germ-free cream. Blot off with tissues. Then smooth on an extra light film of Woodbury. Let it stay on all night.

CLAIRE TREVOR discovers the Woodbury Beauty Nightcap

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Louella Parsons
Famous Movie Columnist



2. Then Madame E., who "dresses" Claire, chimed in. "The perfect care for your skin is a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap. You know, Woodbury Cold Cream acts three ways—cleans, softens and pep's up your skin."



4. Next time I saw Claire Trevor was at the Charity Benefit. She looked a dream in her new gown. And she whispered that her Woodbury Beauty Nightcaps seemed to have kindled new loveliness in her skin.

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Neither of them saw him enter the house, but they heard him open the front door and go upstairs. Trena nodded emphatically to Bonnie, who nodded back as emphatically, and Bonnie drank another big glass of milk. She was hungry all of a sudden.

"Nothing like a thunder shower to clear the air. You remember that now, Bonnie, when you get big and get married. Sometimes things you're taught ain't just right, you got to use a little common sense. Not bottle everything up in you like your ma and pa."

AN HOUR later Bonnie knew that Trena was right about everything, because her father came to her in the garden where she was swinging and singing.

He told her that he and her mother were packing to take a little trip. She was to be a good girl for Trena. They didn't know when they'd be back, Monday or Tuesday he thought. They were sorry, of course, that she couldn't go along, but it was impossible this time. There was a strip of adhesive plaster over his right eye, but he looked very happy.

Bonnie understood. She understood so many things now.

"Didn't I tell you?" Trena repeated when the Grants were gone and the glazier was putting a new window in the breakfast room. What she didn't tell Bonnie was that she wouldn't have to go, either. She was going to stay, as she had wanted to stay in the beginning. *

What Price Glamour?

Continued from page 7

TEN YEARS before, when Grant Kimberly had married Alice Hobart, Leda's mother, he had discovered a too simple way of dealing with this high-spirited stepchild he had been happy to accept along with the ethereal Alice. Psychologists would not have approved of his method, but it worked. He merely urged her not to do the thing he thought best for her.

Accordingly, Leda and Clyde arrived at the Kimberly Fifth Avenue house a full two hours before the deadline Grant had set. The Kimbervilles were among the few important people to maintain a home on Fifth Avenue. Both financially and in prestige, they could afford to do so. Leda had her key and Clyde always followed her into the semi-circular foyer, but tonight she couldn't let him linger. She was going to write a letter to Mark Corby before she shut her eyes. No secretary would dare interfere with the mails! When Clyde kissed her, sharply stamping her lips with his, she broke away and tossed back over her shoulder, "Don't believe everything Buff Beverly says!"

Whether the family was in or out, Craig, the butler, locked the automatic lift before he retired. Leda followed the trail of lights left burning at various turns of the impressive stairway, up to her room on the third floor. She had told Trudy, once her nurse, now her maid and companion, not to wait up for her. She was, however, greeted by Prince and Princess, her two old Boston bulls, who leaped out of their baskets to nuzzle her velvet purse. For years she had brought them each a bonbon from her parties. Tonight she had been so enraged that she had forgotten. The two dogs looked puzzled when she fed them candy out of a crystal dish.

Without removing her cape, she sat down at her desk. Leda thought she wrote a clever note, explaining about her birthday party scheduled for June at Southampton, asking him to play "at his customary fee," even describing the garden where the party would be held. Somewhere she had read that old violins were sensitive to the weather, so she suggested that an indoor arrangement might be made if he desired. Then, on an impulse, she enclosed the letter in a mailing folder with one of her photographs. She had

no idea why she wanted to send him a picture.

The answer came within two days—an autographed picture of Mark Corby and a typewritten letter signed by Peter Nelson. Mr. Corby was pleased to exchange photographs with her, but the press of engagements, arranged many months in advance, made it impossible for him to play at her party. Mr. Corby did not appear at such functions. He was an artist, not a performer. Whereas he had the highest respect for musicians working in any of the various branches, he scarcely considered it appropriate to share applause with Pinkie Krimmer and his Hot Charioteers. With kindest wishes for the success of your party—

Leda had to admit it was a suave note, but the insolence was not lost on her. How could he have known that she had hired Pinkie Krimmer? Her suspicions were directed at Clyde. An artist, not a performer—that was what Clyde had said. Reason told her that Clyde would not bother to call Corby's secretary just to turn the tables on her. Her disappointment and pique, by mysterious and dark ways, irrelevantly blamed Clyde for the rebuff. The more she thought of it, the more obvious it became to her that Clyde's resistance had from the beginning interfered, and for a week she pouted, breaking dates, eluding him, taking not the slightest interest in anything which interested him.

Clyde had no clue to her petulance until, at the end of that week, he asked casually and wearily if she'd managed to hire Mark Corby, or had she given up the idea. The prolonged indifference of her glance, as if she had no idea what he was talking about, then the sudden, "Oh—there's plenty of time for that!" slapped him with the realization that her impatience had something to do with the violinist.

He decided there was only one thing to be done to dispose of her childishness. Always when she got what she wanted, she didn't want it, or she had no use for it, or it wasn't what she had expected. He felt quite certain she had not met Mark Corby. When she did, she would find him impossible. Yokel boy with a talent. Self-centred, prissy and unworldly, in all probability. Those fellows weren't quite human, anyway. * *Continued on next page*



NO WONDER Tampax is traveling fast and Tampax users growing. In addition to the new converts to Tampax, many part-time users have now become whole-time users, in view of the new Super Tampax size, 50% more absorbent than Regular Tampax.

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GET YOUR TRIBE READY FOR THE SUMMER SUN

Put them in cool crisp frocks, in gay flowered smocks and jaunty overalls and slacks made especially to fit their own needs. With school's end just over the edge of the calendar, get them clothes for dress-up and for play. These patterns will cover all their needs.

Pattern descriptions on page 50.



TO LOOK young and lovely needn't be the prerogative of the bride alone, this summer. Here, for instance, is a smart and feminine wardrobe of four outfits that will make brides of yesterday and tomorrow feel as attractive as today's new wife.

You might plan the basic dress, No. 3401, in navy blue in a sheer or crepe. It's simple and well-bred enough to take all sorts of interesting accessory ideas, and the soft swing to the skirt is very flattering. Then comes a check for informal times, No. 3387, made for the girl who likes to swing a market basket over her arm of a Saturday morning. Have it in blue and white, or red and white. The print for more dress-up times, No. 3402, has the long and feminine look of 1940, and No. 3411 is sporty and gay without being tailored. Do one in a sheer, the other in crepe.

Pattern descriptions on page 50

WARDROBE WITH A TROUSSEAU LOOK

Prelude to a Wedding

Continued from page 13

better a little later." Douglas had the simple belief that a woman's affections miraculously blossomed after marriage. "It's not as if there were anyone else."

"No." Judith spoke quickly. She wondered, oddly enough, if there had been just a hint of questioning inflection in Douglas' quiet statement. Of course there was no one else. Why, after twelve years absence, Owen Shawn would not even remember.

Then why, that night, did she turn so restlessly in her tumbled bed? Why must this happen to shatter her careful peace of mind. She had lived through this same torment after Owen's wife had died. She had never been able to tell Charlie why she could not say yes. For her only excuse, locked deep in her heart, was that Owen might come home.

Owen had not come home. He had remained . . . where was it now . . . in Australia. His father had lived another year, and then the old house had stood desolate and empty.

Judith knew she was considered fortunate when Douglas fell in love with her so completely. She couldn't, for the sake of the impossible, destroy the happiness of a good man now. This must stop. She had said good-by to a dream years before; and it must not be awakened. Or . . . would it be? All next morning she plunged feverishly into work, as if afraid even to pause. In the afternoon she walked restlessly across the fields. She must not think!

SHE DID not even glance up the hill, and the boy's gay shout came as a surprise. This time he came running across the fields. "Hi, Rover, come here!" He halted, recognizing her.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello." Judith met his smile spontaneously. "Haven't you caught up with that dog yet?"

"Oh, yes, I'm getting him trained. Rover, here!" A young brown spaniel dashed up. "Isn't he a beauty? Dad said the first thing I could have when I got back to this country was a dog. I'm staying in the big house up there, and my name's David Shawn."

"He's a beauty," Judith stooped to stroke the silky hair. David chatted companionably. "I'm going to live with my aunt and uncle in the country, and go to school. They have horses, and I'll be able to do a lot of riding."

"You must be fond of animals." Judith wondered why David was going to live with an aunt and uncle—and where would Owen be? The boy nodded.

"I am. And do you know—we've got a goat up there. She just wandered in, and we haven't found who she belongs to. Dad christened her Maisie. She's funny, and she eats the most amazing things. I say"—he looked at Judith eagerly, with an air of conferring a great honor—"if you're not busy, and would like to climb up, I'll show her to you."

"Oh—I don't think I could!" Judith's heart skipped a beat, and her throat felt dry. The lad looked disappointed.

"Oh, all right then. I just thought you might like it. Dad's out, and I'm on my own."

In the face of that, and in the spell of a boy who looked so like an older boy she once had known, Judith gave in. For what was wrong in climbing a hill with a boy to see a goat?

And what was wrong in looking at a goat, even when the boy's father unexpectedly returned? Maisie was tethered behind the house, chewing contentedly upon their proffered weeds, when they heard a whistle. David glanced up.

"There's dad. You wait—I'll go and fetch him." He ran off before she could protest. After one wild thought of flight, Judith stood still. Her eyes were dark and wide. She had brought this moment on herself—and now, how could she face it?

She heard a deep voice, strange and yet familiar over a span of years. "A lady? Well, you do do things quickly." A man strode around the corner, smiling.

"Good afternoon. My son tells me—" He stopped short. "Judith!" Judith felt the pressure of a firm brown



"I'm sorry, but 'maybe' won't do, you've got to say 'I will'!"

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What Price Glamour?
 Continued from page 47

"You must be Alice Norton's daughter," she said, offering her two hands. "Anywhere would I know you. Your mother too was the beautiful girl. And you, Clyde. It is so long since you have done me the honor to come. I am so afraid there are no young people here for you—except, of course—our remarkable Mark Corby. You must meet him at once, a so charming boy. The simpleness of a real artist."

"Mark Corby?" echoed Leda, smiling joyously and secretly. A joke, was it?

Marcia del-Raimond had been an opera singer two generations back. Married into the old Del-Raimond family, she had wisely retired at the crest of her career, but had continued to run a musical salon of the old school. She rustled ahead of them now, a Brunhilde without a horse, a Valkyrie gentled by the years.

They came together like a pair of cymbals in the hands of a master tympanist, softly, so that the impact was not noticed, only the resonance and the overtones of resonance.

"Hello!" Mark Corby said, before Madame del-Raimond could mention either name. There was a certain glad surprise in his voice, as if he had known this girl years before but had not expected to see her again. "Did they call you Biscuit when you were a kid?"

"No. Bamboo. Did they call you Cat's-eye?"

"Owl-eye."

"That's because you don't blink."

Somebody coughed at Leda's elbow. "My name's Dunning—Clyde Dunning—"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Clyde!" She introduced the two men. Clyde didn't offer his hand. Neither did Mark. They didn't like each other at first sight.

The hostess had caught some by-play, perhaps the sweet echo of cymbals. She summoned Clyde to her side at the other end of the room, and of course he had to go. Mark and Leda sat down on a gilded love seat.

His eyes swept the length of her figure, taking her in at a glance as he had taken in the audience. The way he did it, there was no impudence, no invasion of privacy, just a personalized look of admiration. His shoulder was close, and he was broader than she had remembered, strong with power unrealized and unreleased. The planes of his face under the light, his eyes not as glittering as hers, but yellow and clear and unblinking, hiding nothing—

Her heart stumbled and balanced itself, and before she could speak, he smiled, a little ashamed, she thought, and said, "I don't even know your name. I didn't listen when Madame introduced us. I only looked."

Not accustomed to anonymity, Leda thrust aside her momentary shock. "Leda Hobart."

His eyes never wavered, either with recognition or surprise. "Leda—Leda—" he repeated. "You can pluck that on the strings."

So Peter Nelson hadn't told him. Maybe he hadn't even seen the letter. His innocence reminded her of the purpose of this meeting, which she had forgotten in the pleasure of finding him to be human. Very human. A little in love with her already. He couldn't refuse now. She'd parade her victory before Clyde.

"I heard you at your last concert."

"Did you like it?"

"Do you really care?"

"Why should I ask you if I didn't?"

She liked the way he spoke his mind out in one piece. At times it would be difficult to answer him. She felt abashed now before his direct question, so she looked across the room and smiled at Clyde, listening in boredom to a tall, bearded man who was making large gestures. Clyde was seething. He wondered if it had been such a good idea to bring her here.

He came strolling over. His thin lips were set in an arrogant line. "You are, my darling, keeping other people away from meeting Mr. Corby."

"They have all met me many times," said Mark. "I guess they can get along without me."

A quartet was tuning up to play. Groups of men and women argued, laughed, drank pale innocuous liquids out of cut crystal glasses, hummed snatches of song, and fingered tunes on vacant air. Truly nobody seemed to be desolate because Mark Corby had cornered a girl, a young and lovely one, in an ivory gown sculptured in deep folds close to her figure.

Clyde stood his ground. "They're going to play a Beethoven quartet. You don't want to hear it, do you? Let's go."

"Not before the music, Clyde. We can't offend Madame."

Clyde felt dismissed. He lingered, making small talk until the hostess again came to the rescue, Mark's rescue, she hoped—and Clyde was carried off, pleasantly but firmly.

"We won't be able to talk if there's music, will we?" said Mark. "I want

Continued on page 74

Descriptions of Simplicity Patterns on pages 48 and 49

No. 3387—Sizes 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 16 requires, 4 yards 35-inch; 3½ yards 39-inch fabric for dress; ¼ yard 35-inch lace or eyelet fabric for contrast. Price 15 cents.

No. 3402—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 requires, 4½ yards 35-inch; 4½ yards 39-inch; 2½ yards 34-inch fabric for dress; ½ yard 35- or 39-inch fabric for contrast. Price 20 cents.

No. 3411—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires, 4 yards 35-inch; 3½ yards 39-inch fabric for dress. Price 25 cents.

No. 3385—Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 12 requires, 2½ yards 35-inch; 2½ yards 39-inch fabric for dress with beading; 1½ yards ½-inch width beading; 2½ yards ½-inch ribbon; 2½ yards 35-inch; 2½ yards 39-inch; 2 yards 54-inch fabric for dress without beading. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3396—Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 12 requires, 3½ yards 35-inch; 2½ yards 39-inch fabric; 2½ yards 1-inch purchased pleating for dress with pleating; 3½ yards 35-inch; 2½ yards 39-inch fabric for dress with hood; ½ yards 35-inch; 3 yards 39-inch for dress; 9½ yards ¼-inch braid to trim. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3398—Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 requires, 2½ yards 32-inch; 2 yards 35-inch fabric for bonnet and smock; 2½ yards 32-inch; 2½ yards 35-inch fabric; 3½ yards 35-inch or 39-inch fabric; ½ yard 35-inch; ½ yard 39-inch for contrasting bodice and sleeves; ¾ yard 35-inch, ½ yard 39-inch for panties. Price, 15 cents.

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It lay closer when, a little later, he said thoughtfully, "Quite suddenly, Judith—I feel uncertain."

She looked at him, not quite understanding. "Uncertain—of what?"

"Uncertain whether I'm doing the best thing. And—and a little envious of those who have a home, and are about to have one." They had reached her gate, and he held out his hand. "If I don't see you again before the wedding—all the best!" Unexpectedly, his fingers tightened. "Judith—" his voice was low—"suppose I had come back earlier?" His eyes met hers with sober question. Judith could only face him, wide-eyed. For . . . supposing he had come back earlier . . .

"But then, I didn't." He finished his own question decisively. Then he hesitated. "Judith, you did something for me years ago that I never forgot. Some day—I'd like to tell you." He held her hand an instant longer. "I will try and see you before I go. Thanks for this afternoon—and good-by." She stood, with one hand on the gate, watching him go.

"Hello, Judith. Who was that?" She turned, startled. She should not have been startled, for Douglas often ran in on his way home from work. He rose from a verandah seat. But for a space of seconds, Judith could not speak.

THEN SHE ran lightly up the steps. "Hello, Douglas." Her voice was bright. "That was Owen Shaw. I told you I once knew him."

"Yes, I remember. Did you meet him downtown?" Douglas' voice was casual. In his hand he swung a paper parcel on a string. Judith put a swift hand to her hair. Douglas was imperceptible; without a hat, and in those shoes, she would scarcely have been downtown.

"No, I met David—the boy—in the fields." She met any possible doubt in Douglas' mind with disarming honesty. "We talked, and he asked me to go up and see a goat." Judith hoped her laugh would cover her sudden trembling.

"Then Owen Shaw came home, and we had some tea. It was informal, and nice—and it was interesting up there. I do like David. He's such a natural, friendly child!" She stopped through sheer lack of breath.

"Yes, he seemed a decent youngster." Douglas went on to talk about something else—something to do with painters in his office.

"What's in there, Douglas?" In the middle, Judith motioned to the parcel. If Douglas were so disinterested, when she had made an effort to tell him, why should she display interest in his painters? For an instant Douglas stared blankly.

"Oh—that." He tore off the wrapping. "It's just a potato masher I picked up. The sales chap told me it was something new and efficient."

"Oh, Douglas." Judith laughed, and found to her horror that tears were not far away. Douglas was always bringing things like this. And only a second before she had been fighting a desire to tell him she could not go through with it. Dear God—why couldn't she walk into marriage peacefully, thankful for security. With desperate gaiety, Judith plunged into admiration of the potato masher. She thrust from her mind the insistent thought that perhaps they



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hand. Two grey eyes shone with welcome. "How splendid to see you."

The moment of panic passed. Judith found herself easily answering that cordiality. For this Owen Shawn was so like the boy who had gone away. She hardly knew what she had expected—weariness, cynicism, the depression of a lonely man—anything but this. He seemed as vibrant with glowing life as on the day that he had left.

He took her presence quite as a matter of course. "Come and have a look at the ruins." They went through the overgrown gardens, and he told her of the approaching sale. "An elderly couple with plenty of money and grandchildren. I think the view really settled it. I hope they make the place beautiful again."

He spoke lightly, but Judith was quick to sense a deeper note beneath. "It is still beautiful—in a wild, forgotten way. But I know what you mean. It must have been rather hard, coming back to this."

"A little," he admitted. "But then we learn to know that we can never quite come back to the things we leave. We can only remember. And I wanted David just once to see my old home. Would you like to see inside?"

They went in. "What a lovely, gracious home it has been." Judith spoke softly. Ever since she was a child, she had dreamed of coming to this house. It was lovely, even with the dust and cobwebs. There were tall, graceful windows, floors that would shine again with polish, and furniture so fine that even disuse had not destroyed it.

He smiled. "I'm sorry this has to be your first glimpse." They sat on a wide window seat, looking down into the valley. "David, be a good chap and go make some toast and tea. Of course you'll have tea." He silenced her. "We've come from a country where everyone drinks tea. I'd be lost without it. And you may be my only visitor. It's a pleasure we mustn't end too soon."

For a moment they sat in silence. "It's a long time since we looked down at that valley together," Owen said suddenly. Judith's heart stirred.

"You remember?" She tried to say it lightly.

"I remember." Now he did not smile. In that moment she saw he was not so like the boy who had gone. There was maturity and lingering sadness in his face. Owen's life abroad had perhaps not been an easy one.

"Tell me, did you do the things you planned in your tropical isles?" she asked.

He was briefly silent. "You remember that, too. I think we both remember a lot. No, Judith, not for long. My wife was never strong, and David was delicate. That country doesn't do for delicate people. The sun doesn't turn the children brown. Their skins remain colorless, or turn yellow. We went to Sydney, and I found work in the city." He said no more than that, but Judith's heart ached with sudden pity. Pity for a man who had been harnessed to domesticity when his soul had wings. She knew so little of Owen's wife—and yet she saw her as a woman who could not endure, and so had made him suffer. He spoke again, slowly.



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"I think I'd forgotten until I came back—how far away I'd been."

Judith spoke carefully. "Now that you have come—you've no desire to re-create this place yourself?"

He shook his head. "No desire—when I have no incentive. A man and a boy can't make a real home." His eyes met Judith's gravely. "That's why I want David to go to my sister. You see, I'm going very far away again."

And so once more Owen told Judith of his future plans. This time it was oil—work of real meaning in the Near East. Once more his face was alight. This time Judith listened gravely. "That's splendid!" she said, but she said it only with her lips. This time, twelve years later, it did not come from a young, unthinkingly enthusiastic heart.

But presently Owen's glance came back to her.

"I'm doing a lot of talking." He looked at the solitary diamond on her hand. "Tell me, what does life hold for you now, Judith?"

Judith told him. She was to be married in less than two weeks to a capable young lawyer. They were to have a new home on the edge of the valley. She gave a glowing account of the little trees they had already planted. She talked swiftly, in an effort to convince them both of something she felt did not exist. Owen watched her closely.

"You should be very happy."

Judith was not looking at him now. She was staring at her fingers, twisting and untwisting on her knees.

"I know I should be. But"—the words seemed forced out—"I don't feel certain."

There was such a long silence that she looked up. She saw a curious stillness in Owen's face—the stillness of discovery. But when he spoke, his voice was calm.

"I think that's only natural. It must be hard for any young woman, just before her marriage, to feel altogether easy. You'll feel all right later." Judith drew a slightly shaken breath. Were all men simple creatures who believed in that, inevitably? Or was Owen being—too reassuring?

David came bounding back. "I'm bringing tea now." That, of course, brought them to the present. Owen looked with obvious pride at the boy's crisp, buttered toast and well-made tea. "Dad's a marvellous cook," David observed in response to Judith's praise. Owen laughed outright.

"We've learned to be resourceful, that's all."

They shared a happy hour, and Judith thought she had rarely seen a more delightful child. She said as much, when presently Owen walked with her down the hill.

"You've done a marvellous job with that boy. It must have been hard, when he was so young."

For a moment Owen was silent. "I'm glad you like him. I've tried to do my best. But I believe there's a saying that starts 'Give me a child . . .'" He broke off, and Judith wondered if he had unwittingly touched the chord of some unhappy memory. Then he smiled again. "I always seem to be quoting things, don't I?" So—that was one more thing he remembered. And danger lay in such remembrance.

NADA
S P E R
W A Y

Judith stopped with her hand on the gate. "But—Douglas!" There was torment in her voice. He shook his head.

"Don't argue now, please. Just go in and think it over—and know that whatever decision you come to, I'll accept it. And I'll try to make it easy. I'll go through with it, Judith, if things don't turn out as you'd like them to—because I care too much for you to want to see you hurt. Only—" He looked at her squarely, and she had never felt Douglas so completely a stranger. His voice was low, but it was definite. "Don't underestimate me too much, Judith. We'll do our best to make it seem successful, but if it is a marriage of two locked hearts instead of one—you'll know why." Without another word he turned and left her. And Judith stared after him, motionless.

THE WHITE strained look still lingered when the doorbell rang much later. She hurried to the hall. If it were Douglas!

It was not Douglas. Owen Shawn stood in the doorway.

"Hello, Judith. I was wondering if that young man of yours was anywhere around."

"Why, not just now." Judith struggled to sound natural. She stepped into the warm summer night. "Won't you sit down, here on the verandah? I hope you haven't a complaint to register against Douglas?" Her voice was hesitant, and she looked up anxiously from her chair, to where Owen leaned against the railing.

"Good lord, no," Owen's voice was reassuring. "As a matter of fact when my son knew I had a few calls to make this evening, he asked me to bring this." From his pocket Owen produced a clean white handkerchief. "And to say—he hopes that the tree won't come to any real harm."

Judith held the handkerchief between her palms, and looked at him gravely.

"He told you?"

"From what he told me I gather it was about time someone gave him a lecture." Owen spoke quite frankly. "I'm afraid a father at times is apt to take a little too much pride in a boy's good qualities, and not give enough attention to his bad ones."

"He just didn't understand," Judith said quickly. "And . . . I think you've a lot of cause for pride."

"Thank you, Judith." He paused. Then he leaned forward a little. She could have reached out with her hand and touched his thick, black hair. "I've no real illusions. Men are rather helpless when it comes to supplying children with all the things they need. That's why I want him to go to my sister. That's why I wish—" He broke off, and straightened, to draw his pipe from his pocket. "Do you mind if I smoke?"

"Of course not." She added quickly. "Why you wish—"

"Why I wish—but that isn't the only reason why I wish—I'd come home long before your wedding day." His voice dropped. "You see, I never forgot you, Judith."

Her face was a pale glow in the darkness.

Owen went on slowly. "And, sitting alone up there in the evenings, I think about the house as it was. I picture it

again, warm and glowing, filled with laughter and kindness—and knowing the touch of a woman's hand."

"What woman, Owen?" Her voice was quiet.

The question took him by obvious surprise. "Why—why—" But Judith asked another equally quiet question.

"Owen, when you said once that I did something for you years ago that you always remembered—would you tell me now what it was?"

Owen's glance came back to her slowly. "The things you did for me, Judith? They were wise words chiefly, from a child of seventeen to a man who was afraid."

Her eyes did not leave his face. "Afraid?"

"Yes, afraid. You see, Judith, I was young and restless. My engagement was a short, whirlwind affair. Anne was extremely lovely, and lived in a gay social whirl. She was thrilled about going with me. I think her idea of Borneo consisted chiefly of what she had read about the White Rajah of Sarawak. I began to get nervous about it before I left—for I knew I was going into a strange country with a girl who, in all the things that mattered, was a stranger to me."

SO—SHE had not been wrong on a sunlit day twelve years ago. "I remember," she said very quietly.

Owen spoke, even more slowly. "We had a bitterly hard first year, Judith. Anne suffered terribly with the heat. In addition to being ill, she was homesick. I felt I'd been a fool, and that she cared nothing for me or my plans. We were both young and intolerant, and refused to discuss things; and I think we both quite overlooked the fact that we felt helpless and frightened. Then David came, and not long afterward the doctor told me I'd have to get them both away, or I'd have no wife or son. That was when we went down to Sydney. I was desperately worried about them, of course—but all the time I had a little sneaking resentment. I felt that I'd wanted to do things to build my own adventurous future, and I'd been carried into the relentless wheel of marriage." He drew a deep breath. "Frankly, I wasn't a very fine young chap in those days, Judith. My only excuse, and it's a poor one, was that I felt lonely and misunderstood, and far from home."

"And then one day I thought of Judith standing on the hilltop in the wind." His voice was low. "I heard Judith saying, 'If you explained to her—wouldn't she understand?' And I remembered something else, when I had spoken of a verse my mother used to quote, about a 'home where lamps are lit and prayers are said.' And Judith had said to me, 'You could have a home like that—if you wanted to.'"

For another minute he was silent.

"Judith, I went to Anne that very day, and I think it was the hardest thing I ever did. For I had so little hope that she would understand. And I found that she'd built barriers herself, because she had thought I didn't care, or want her. I found, whatever it meant, she would willingly have gone back to the wilds with me again. I found, though, that was impossible, that even in the city we could build the sort of home we wanted—because we both wanted it. It didn't come all in a minute, Judith. But for nearly

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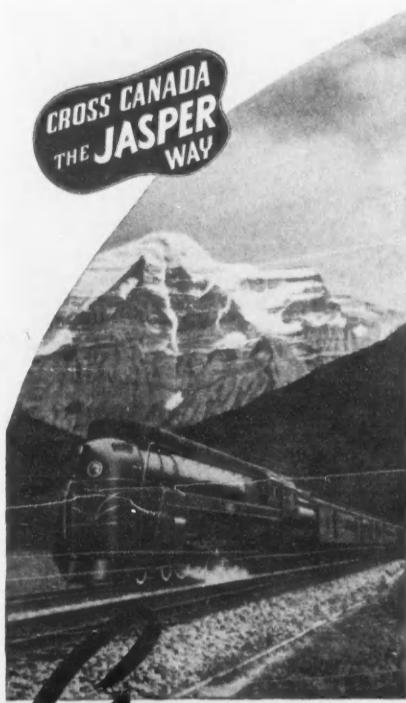


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never would use that potato masher— together.

THE WEEK slipped by into another Sunday. In the afternoon Judith and Douglas went for a walk. This time they did not pause until they reached a small wooded grove. They sat beside a tiny stream, in cool shadow. Neither talked much. Judith was glad to lean against a log and relax, watching Douglas idly throw pebbles at an upturned root in the water. Somewhere she heard the shouts of children at play. The patches of sunlight through the leaves, and the lazy ripple of the stream filled her with soothing languor. If only all life could be as free from thought.

She must have dozed, for she opened her eyes at Douglas' abrupt question.

"What do you think you're doing with that hatchet?"

Two boys were standing closely by. One of them was David Shawn. They were barefooted and untidy, and in his hand David grasped a small axe.

"We're looking for wood to build a fort," David smiled agreeably. "I'm Red Tiger, chief scalper of the plains. Hello, Miss Linden. We've built a tepee out of branches. Would you like to see it? It's not far."

Judith looked at the eager young face. "Why yes," she began. Douglas spoke up, quite definitely.

"Not just now, there's a good chap. Miss Linden is tired."

"Douglas, I'm not." Her protest was silenced by something unfathomable in his glance. Douglas had always seemed so mild and yielding. His opposition in such simple thing, gave her a real sense of shock. David turned back to Judith.

"Are you tired, Miss Linden? You weren't the day you climbed our hill."

"I said, don't worry just now." Douglas was firm. David looked dubious, and just a trifle hostile.

"Hey, David, here's a good one!" called the other boy, and put his hand on a young, graceful sapling. David wheeled about.

"All right, Miss Linden, watch how I can chop a tree." His voice held a clear, almost defiant ring. He swung his blade sharply into the stem. In another instant Douglas sprang forward and seized the hatchet. She had never seen Douglas look like that before.

"You little vandal, if I see you do a thing like that again I'll wring your neck! What right have you, a useless destructive boy, to destroy a young beautiful tree, in a place protected for those who care for trees!"

David stared, astounded. Quite plainly he had had no thought of wrongdoing. The other boy spoke up in self-defense.

"He hasn't destroyed it. Not with those few blows."

"If that tree bleeds to death, he will have destroyed it." Douglas handed

back the axe. "Take your confounded weapon and learn to use it constructively, and clear out of my sight."

The boys stood still. "Go on." Douglas took a step forward. At once Judith sprang to action. She caught his arm. "Don't you dare touch him!" Her voice was low and urgent. Douglas flung off her arm. He did not even look at her as he strode away. Judith held her breath.

But Douglas did not go near the boys. He bent to scoop up a handful of soft greyish mud from the bed of the stream. He thrust the mass against the gash the boy's blows had caused in the little tree. For a few moments he held it there, while from a little distance the boys stared, fascinated. Then he raised his eyes to meet Judith's gaze. Her eyes were wide, and in all that time she had not stirred.

"This may be a crazy stunt," he said levelly. "I don't know any more about trees than I know about boys." He took a clean white handkerchief from his pocket, and tied it around the stem. "Perhaps I am a fool and go entirely the wrong way about things. But perhaps I'm not as unobservant as you think, and I know I'm planning to marry a woman who never has cared a darn for me. But at the same time I hope—" He tied the last knot neatly, "I hope the tree lives." He concluded abruptly, "Shall we go?"

He did not speak again until they were well on their way across the fields. "To add to it all, you think I'm brutal," he said curtly then. "Well—that's almost a relief. It's a new way for you to have to think."

Judith drew a deep breath, and began rather desperately, "Douglas, you don't understand."

"Why don't I understand?" he asked levelly. "Because I wasn't here twelve years ago?"

"Oh." Judith caught her breath—for in one revealing moment Douglas had shattered twelve years of dreams. "How can you say that?"

"I can say it, because you've wanted to tell me something for a long time now, and I wouldn't listen. For a long time I was helpless, because I knew so little. Then I saw you look at that boy last Sunday—and I heard you when you thought I was going to touch him today. That made me see things very clearly, Judith."

They had almost reached her gate. "What do you mean?" Her voice was breathless.

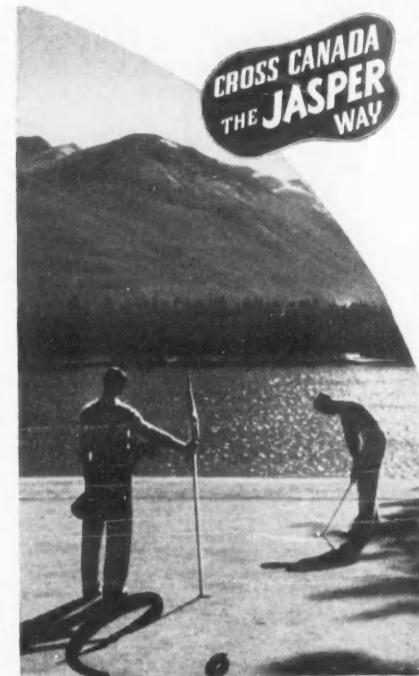
"I mean," Douglas spoke very slowly and distinctly, "I can see myself very clearly as a poor fool who'd live always in the background of his wife's affections, and the more he struggled to try and make her care, the more deep in her heart, she'd despise him. For that's what happens when a woman lets herself be loved, and doesn't love in return." He added evenly, "If you'll excuse me, I won't come in for supper tonight."

WEDDING ETIQUETTE

Here's a helpful little pamphlet for the "Bride of 1940" which will supplement the material contained in this issue of Chatelaine.

Write for Bulletin No. 400, price 5 cents. Service Bulletin Department, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

**CROSS CANADA
THE JASPER WAY**



Enjoy
THIS UNMATCHED
MOUNTAIN PLAYGROUND

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CANADIAN ROCKIES

• This year—treat yourself to the holiday you've always wanted—a Jasper vacation! Enjoy the trip across Canada by fast, air-conditioned Continental Limited . . . and at Jasper, find everything you could desire in a holiday! Days of Canadian Rocky Mountain sunshine. Thrilling scenery, where towering peaks, glaciers, waterfalls and deep forests make a superb vacationland. Here you'll golf . . . swim . . . ride. You'll motor through gorgeous settings to Mount Edith Cavell, the Columbia Icefield and other unforgettable spots. You'll fish for trout . . . laze as much as you want. Here under blue skies you'll discover Jasper Park Lodge, with its individual log bungalows where rates are as low as \$8 a day, including meals.

Enquire about a Jasper vacation now—and plan the perfect holiday!



Full information and descriptive booklets from any C.N.R. Agent.

**CANADIAN
NATIONAL**

Wedding Breakfast



She who receives the bride's bouquet will next be happily wed, they say.

Lovely Orange Blossoms, age old symbol of tender sentiment and devotion are also the mark of quality in Engagement and Wedding Rings by Traub.

Long known for their beauty, quality and value, these beautiful creations are recommended by dependable jewelers everywhere.

Ask them for "Orange Blossom," Traub's helpful book for Brides

Genuine Orange Blossom
ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS

TRAUB MFG. CO. OF CANADA Limited
ONTARIO

WALKERVILLE

seven years it was the sort of home one never will forget. And for seven years David had his mother."

Judith spoke slowly. "Owen, when you said 'Give me a child,' you meant—?"

"I meant—I can't exactly remember the words, but the meaning is—give me a child for the first seven years of his life, and I will give you—the man."

"And that was—his mother."

Owen nodded. Judith spoke again, very softly.

"Then I think you both have something that no one can ever take from you." Her voice was steady, even though in the speaking she must have known that she was saying good-by to a dream.

"Owen, I think you're doing the right thing in going."

"You do?" At once she caught a note of eagerness in his deep voice,

"I do." How easy, after all, it was to say it. "You don't even want to settle down just yet. Not deep in your heart. Don't worry about David. He'll be well looked after, and if you ever want me to do anything, don't hesitate to let me know. Just remember that you're going into a new endeavor with a free heart and a glad one, and with memories that will always live when you most want them."

His other hand closed over hers. "Judith, you too will always be one of my very precious memories."

She smiled, and rose. "Then I'm glad."

He rose too. For an instant his hands pressed down upon her shoulders. "Do you know, you've given me just the confidence I once again needed." He bent his head and, for the first time, his lips touched hers. "That's my wish for the bride," he said gently. "And—be happy."

EXACTLY TWENTY minutes later Douglas hurried up the garden path.

"You wanted me."

"Yes, Douglas, I wanted to tell you that Owen Shawn came here this evening."

"Yes." Douglas stood very still.

"He had a message for you—from David."

"Yes." Douglas stared at the white handkerchief that Judith laid in his hand. He said no more—and waited.

"Sit down, Douglas." Judith touched the top step lightly. After a moment's hesitation, he sat stiffly at her side. She went on slowly, "Just a little later, I'm going to tell you everything he said to me. And I want you to believe me when I say I think you'll understand. Just now I want to tell you that I've made my decision." "I see." His voice was low.

"I made it definitely this afternoon." She laid her hand lightly on his arm. "Douglas, perhaps I always did take your love for granted. I did think, perhaps, that there was little excitement in it. But today, when you pushed me aside as if I meant nothing at all—and gave your whole attention to an injured tree—I suddenly knew what you did mean. It's hard to explain. It was pride and resentment, and love and anger mixed together in a way I couldn't sort out in a minute. And then when you showed me what a selfish, unfair woman I was, and always had been—"

His fingers closed over hers, so tightly that she caught her breath. "Don't, Judith. I had no right!"

"You had every right." She spoke a little unsteadily. "Because now I know how much the things that you and I have built up day by day really mean. I think perhaps that's the real basis for happiness—little things shared, laughed at and endured. Reality, and the chance to build a future together, is so much more than a dream. And Douglas"—her own voice dropped almost to a whisper—"from now on, my heart won't be locked."

"Judith!" She found herself held closely in his arms. He drew a deep, shaken breath and said no more. But Judith knew then, the depths of his devotion. No. Perhaps her heart would never wildly quicken. That was a lingering echo of her youth. But Douglas, too, would always remember the touch of a woman's hand. After all—what was a mere quickening heart beside a peace and contentment that would grow and deepen through the years. *

The Wedding Breakfast

SET FOR the Bride, and of course the less important, but very essential bridegroom, as well as the wedding guests.

The table is shown at the dessert stage—coffee service at once end, pistachio ice cream in a sparkling ice bowl at the other with the bride's cake in the spotlight.

A satin damask cloth, two toned in effect and palest peach in color is used for the background echoing the pastels beloved of brides since time immemorial. Cake, candles and blush-pink roses repeat the theme with violets to provide the other half of one of the seasons smartest color combinations.

Buffet tables besides their decorative value offer the practical advantage of serving a larger number than could be accommodated at a sit-down meal.

By reason of the handsome effect produced and the convenience of the self service they have become high style for weddings as well as other formal and informal functions.

Afternoon or Evening Refreshments—Buffet Style

Ham and Chicken Molds
Fresh Asparagus Salad Mayonnaise
Gherkins Green and Ripe Olives
Celery Curls
Hot Cheese Biscuits
Cress and Cucumber Rolls
Pistachio Ice Cream (from ice bowl)
Petit Fours
Chocolate Pinwheels Swedish Drops
Fruit Rolls Tartlets
Wedding Cake
Mints Salted Nuts
Fruit Punch Coffee
* More Menus on page 76

(The Wedding Breakfast photographed in natural color on the opposite page, was set under the direction of the Chatelaine Institute, in co-operation with The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.)

the Bride Entertains

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

The First Dinner Party:

BETTER MAKE it a small one until you get your hand in as cook and hostess. How about asking the two mothers and dads to be your first guests?

MENU

Rhubarb and Apple Juice Cocktail (served in the living room)	
Asparagus Soup	Crisp Biscuits
Broiled Lamb Chops	Mushrooms
(centre loin—have them rolled and wrapped in bacon)	
New Potatoes	Parsley Butter
Buttered Sliced Beets	Broccoli
Mock Hollandaise Sauce	
Celery	Radishes
Lemon Cocoanut Cream	Crushed Strawberry Sauce
Mints	Almond-Stuffed Candied Cherries
	Coffee

Here's your system.

The day before:

Get all your recipes together, write out a list of necessities, check your staples and order the groceries.

Cook the rhubarb, sweeten to taste and strain. Store in the refrigerator until tomorrow.

In the morning—the day of the dinner:

Make the dessert. Hull the berries, crush slightly, and add sugar to sweeten. Cover and chill.

Blanch almonds and stuff the cherries.

Continued on page 82



The First Toaster Snack:

PRELIMINARY PREPARATION consists of keeping your emergency shelf well stocked with an array of ready-to-serve products of zestful flavor. Then you'll feel like giving droppers-in a warm welcome and be able to set out a real spread in next-to-no-time. Bring out your toaster and let your guests cluster round it helping themselves to whatever takes their fancy.

MENU

Toast	Chopped Meat and Pickle Spread
Cheese Slices	Sliced Hard-cooked Eggs
Chocolate Nut Bread (canned)	Coffee

Sardines
Relishes
Ginger Ale



The First Tea:

AN INFORMAL get-together of your best girl friends.

Cress Rolls	Small Lobster Sandwiches
Burr Gherkins	Stuffed Celery
Vinegar Ice Cream	Filbert Balls

The day before: See that necessary linen is fresh, crisp and spotless. And silver gleaming. List required groceries and order them.

In the morning: Make the ice cream and filbert balls.

Wash the celery and cress and put to crisp in your refrigerator.

In the afternoon: Make the sandwiches, wrap in waxed paper and keep covered until teatime.

Stuff the celery and wrap in waxed paper or a damp cloth.

Fill the sugar bowl and cream pitcher and slice a lemon for the dieters.

Set up your tray with tea service, cups, saucers and teaspoons.

After the guests arrive:

Arrange the first course on serving plates. Make fresh hot tea and serve it piping.



Photographs taken by the Chatelaine Institute in co-operation with The T. Eaton Co. More tables on page 68



"There goes my heart!"
sighs PAULETTE GODDARD

Beautiful Paulette Goddard, soon to be seen in the Paramount-Cecil B. DeMille production, "Northwest Mounted Police," pauses for a moment to tell you about a new-found love. Listen:

"I think any woman's heart will skip and jump when she sees your exquisite silverware pattern, 'First Love.'

"I've seen a number of 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns—I think all of them are lovely. But this pattern—it's really a raving beauty!"

"I love it! Picture a whole table-setting in this gorgeous design! So rich, yet so simple, too! It is my choice of all the lovely patterns I have seen."

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"CANADA'S FINEST SILVERPLATE"



This new brides' chest is a beauty! Wafer-thin, streamlined, it holds 60 gleaming pieces—a complete service for eight—in 1847 Rogers Bros.' incomparable silverplate. And each piece bears the famous year-mark 1847 to prove it authentic. In any 1847 Rogers Bros. pattern, this chest costs but \$69.75 and may be bought on easy terms. And two other brides' chests—a 52-piece set at \$59.75 and a 34-piece set at \$42.75.

TUNE IN EVERY SUNDAY—Leading dramatic stars in "THE SILVER THEATRE." 6 P.M., E.D.S.T.; 5 P.M., C.S.T.; 4 P.M., M.S.T.; 3 P.M., P.S.T.; Coast-to-coast network.



Decide for yourself—which for you. "First Love," Miss Goddard's choice among all 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns, has a motif so deeply contoured, it required new inventions, new skills, to achieve its like-sterling richness. "Adoration," newer still, has even greater height of ornamentation. While "Marquise" has the detailed loveliness of a fine old brooch. See these and other 1847 Rogers Bros. beauties at your dealer's. International Silver Company of Canada Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

CHATELAINE

BETTER
How about

Here
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The First Quarrel Maybe!

by Kathleen
Krafft



IT SEEMED such a good idea when your husband called up to say he was bringing the boss home to dinner. But now you're not so sure. Of course it would have to be tonight, when you're having the simplest meal so far—hamburgers, mashed potatoes and carrots, with canned pears and cake for dessert. The more you think of it, the more you'd like to tell him a thing or two.

Oh, well, you can't change them; husbands have been doing this for generations, and all that time wives have been taking their heads off for it. Right now is when the first quarrel sometimes happens, so don't, for heaven's sake, dissolve in tears or have hysterics. Hold everything; you know very well he wants to show you off and prove what a grand little cook he married.

Just you show them! This way.

Hamburgers

Wrap each cake in a strip of bacon and fasten with a toothpick. Cook and garnish for serving with a slice of tomato, a cooked mushroom, or a few onion rings. Or if you haven't anything better on hand, three little slices of stuffed olives.

The First Catastrophe



ACCIDENTS happen in the best of families. The cake burns while you try to convince someone that you don't want any today, thank you; the sauce gets lumpy while you answer the telephone; or the custard curdles while the delivery boy takes his own sweet time about making change. Never mind, every little mishap is not neces-

Mashed Potatoes

Rub individual ring molds generously with butter (every bride seems to have a set of ring molds in her kitchen), roll some corn flakes, put a tablespoonful in each mold and swish them around so that the crumbs adhere to the butter. Fill carefully with the seasoned mashed potatoes, reheat in the oven, turn out and fill the centres with green peas. Very tricky and very tasty.

Carrots

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one-half teaspoonful of powdered ginger. Add the cooked, strained carrots and cook in the mixture until nicely glazed. Gives a novel and interesting flavor, and you can see how easy it is to do.

Pears

Serve with a chocolate syrup made by melting three squares (three ounces) of sweet chocolate in one and one-half cupfuls of the pear syrup. Beat until well blended, pour over six pear halves and serve chilled.

There, you see, maybe the idea wasn't so bad after all! ☆

**LOOK FOLKS... NOW
THERE ARE**

TWO KINDS OF CREAM of WHEAT



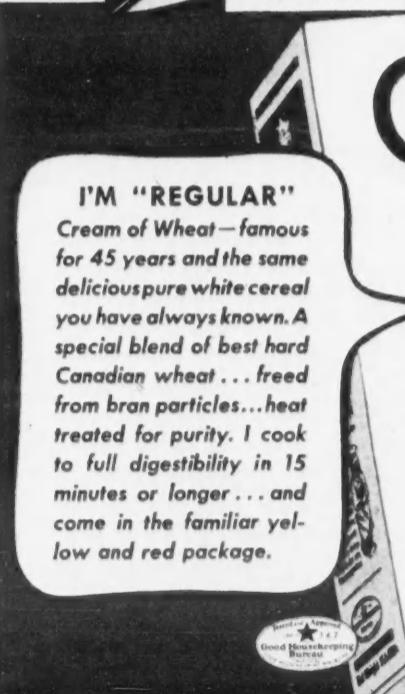
New!.. 5 Minute

CREAM OF WHEAT

I'M "NEW 5-MINUTE"

Cream of Wheat. I cook to full digestibility—even for infants—in only FIVE MINUTES. I taste and look wheatier—contain added Phosphorus, Calcium, Iron and Vitamin B. Look for me in the package with the blue band. No increase in price.

Cream of Wheat is made in Canada from Canadian wheat by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg, Canada.



I'M "REGULAR"

Cream of Wheat—famous for 45 years and the same delicious pure white cereal you have always known. A special blend of best hard Canadian wheat... freed from bran particles... heat treated for purity. I cook to full digestibility in 15 minutes or longer... and come in the familiar yellow and red package.

**YOUR GROCER HAS BOTH—
Take your choice!**

CREAM OF WHEAT® REGISTERED TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

☆ Continued on page 67



☆☆ The First Week's Menus ☆☆

SUNDAY

A Two-Meal Arrangement
 Apple Juice
 Waffles or Pancakes
 Crisp Bacon Maple Syrup
 Coffee Tea

Clear Soup
 Grilled Sirloin Steak
 Broiled Tomato Halves
 Parsley Potatoes Peas
 Ice Cream with Strawberry
 Sauce
 Coffee Tea

MONDAY

Tomato Juice
 Hot Cereal with Dates
 Toast Jam
 Coffee Tea

Liver and Onions
 Pan-fried Potatoes
 Lettuce Salad
 Cheese and Crackers
 Tea Coffee

Lamb Stew with Mushroom
 Dumplings
 New Cabbage
 Cherry Bread Mold
 Coffee Tea

TUESDAY

Chilled Cherries
 Scrambled Eggs
 Toast Jelly
 Coffee Tea

Cream of Celery Soup
 Mixed Vegetable and Nut
 Salad
 Brown Bread
 Fresh Pineapple
 Tea Coffee

Baked Ham Slice
 Scalloped Potatoes
 Asparagus
 Jellied Pears
 Fresh Hot Gingerbread
 Coffee Tea

WEDNESDAY

Canned Grapefruit Juice
 Cereal
 French Toast Syrup
 Coffee Tea

Grilled Sausages
 Fried Tomatoes Cole Slaw
 Gingerbread (reheated)
 Lemon Sauce
 Tea Milk

Meat Soup (canned)
 Vegetable Plate
 Baked Potatoes, Spinach,
 Scalloped Onions with Cheese,
 Harvard Beets
 Individual Sponge Cakes with Crushed Strawberries
 Coffee Tea

A large and leisurely meal late in the morning, and a substantial dinner around five, allows you a comparatively free day and is a popular Sunday arrangement. But if you're hungry after coming home from church or doing a spot of putting round the garden, have a light lunch and put your dinner hour back a bit. Or when you're up and have an early breakfast, you might like dinner at noon and a soup or salad supper.

Your workaday week is off to a flying start with a trio of tasty and economical meals. All hot dishes call for top-stove cooking. Use Sunday's left-over potatoes for Monday's lunch. Make the dessert ahead of time and, while you're about it, sweeten enough cherries to provide an appetizer for tomorrow. They'll keep in the refrigerator, and a cold first course is hot stuff. Drop the dumplings into your lamb stew about fifteen minutes before serving. Don't peek as they cook.

Here's a breakfast that takes only a few minutes to prepare, a lunch that's simplified by the use of canned soup, and a dinner that makes good use of the oven. Set the control at "350" and give the potatoes a head start; then, later, put the ham and gingerbread in together. Fifteen minutes before they're done, start the asparagus cooking and everything will be ready at the same time; you know, don't you, about standing the bunch upright with its feet in boiling water and the heads in steam?

Would you like a vegetable dinner? Introduce it with a hearty soup and plan it carefully to provide attractive color combination, harmonizing flavor and texture contrasts. While your onions and potatoes are cooking in the oven, the top of the stove accommodates the soup and two vegetables, leaving you one free element for making the sauce. Lower the temperature of your oven before putting in the sponge cakes, and if you have a well-insulated oven you can turn it "off" before they're done, finishing them by retained heat. The onion dish could be prepared early. Beets might also be cooked beforehand and reheated in their sauce. Or use canned beets, slice or cube and add to the hot sauce.

Don't think because you're eating a lot of odds and ends that today's lunch won't be so hot. Cheer up, a little ingenuity and the artistic touch can make the second appearance as delicious as the first. Of course, if there aren't enough vegetables left over, you can add some freshly cooked or canned ones. Or when there's none at all, you can start from scratch. Tomato juice left over from Monday may be used for the meat sauce. The dessert lends itself to advance preparation.

Prepare your jellies after breakfast, to give them time to "set." Mushroom soup takes next-to-no-time; simply open a can and add the water a little at a time, stirring to keep the mixture smooth. Meantime, mix the dough for scones and slip them in a hot oven fifteen minutes before they're needed for dessert. Of course the greens for your salad are washed in the morning and given a few hours in the refrigerator to be at their very perkiest.

For your pudding accompaniment, use shredded and sweetened pineapple and a garnish of whipped cream.

When Saturday comes round, you end up the week without a lot of left-overs in the refrigerator or in the garbage can. And with your budget in good shape. And you've put good meals on the table without fluster and flurry. Keep it up today by preparing your luncheon main dish ahead of time, and using up the remains of pudding and fruit for a delicious dessert. Freshly cooked rice will keep its shape if packed in heated custard cups and turned out at once. Do this at the last minute, so they'll be hot for serving. Trifle, on the other hand, needs thorough chilling—so make it early.

THURSDAY

Prepared Cereal with Sliced
 Bananas Bacon
 Toast Marmalade
 Coffee Tea

Creamed Vegetables (left-over,
 if any) and Hard-cooked Egg
 on Toast
 Canned Pears (from Tuesday)
 Sponge Cakes (from
 Wednesday)
 Tea Fruit Juice Drink

Baked Meat and Liver Loaf
 Tomato Sauce, if desired
 Mashed Potatoes
 Buttered Carrots
 Rhubarb Crisp
 Coffee Tea

FRIDAY

Fresh Strawberries
 Cereal
 Plain Omelet
 Toast
 Coffee Tea

Cream of Mushroom Soup
 Tomato Jelly Salad with
 Cottage Cheese
 Scones Honey or Syrup
 Tea Coffee

Fresh Salmon Steaks
 Creamed Potatoes
 Salad of Crisp Greens
 French Dressing
 Simple Steamed Pudding
 with Fresh Pineapple (from
 Tuesday)
 Coffee Tea

SATURDAY
 Stewed Prunes with Lemon
 Cereal
 Toasted Scones (from Friday)
 Jam
 Coffee Tea

Corn and Onion Casserole or
 Cheese Fondue (if there's a lot
 of left-over bread)
 Brown Bread
 Fresh or Canned Fruit
 Tea Wafers Coffee

Pork Chops
 Rice Molds with Tomato or
 Mushroom Sauce
 Green Beans
 Fruit Trifle (with left-over
 pudding and remnants of
 fruits)
 Coffee Tea

For delicious and well balanced meals plan them ahead for two or three days or more at a time. Use at least a pint of milk between the two of you each day . . . Serve meat, fish or other protein foods such as cheese, eggs, dried peas and beans each day . . . Include an egg three or four times a week at least . . . Go strong on vegetables — two varieties besides potatoes every day. Use one raw . . . Have two daily servings of fruit, fresh canned or dried . . . Use some form of fat in the day's meals and enough bread, cereals and other starchy food to help meet the energy needs. Avoid monotony and repetition of flavors in the same meal . . . Provide contrasting textures, harmonizing flavors, and attractive color effects . . . Try to have one hot dish at each meal . . . Serve hot foods hot, cold ones cold . . . Garnish discreetly. Above all cook to retain food values and bring out fine natural flavors.

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Add the Magic of Heinz Vinegar TO YOUR SALAD DRESSINGS!

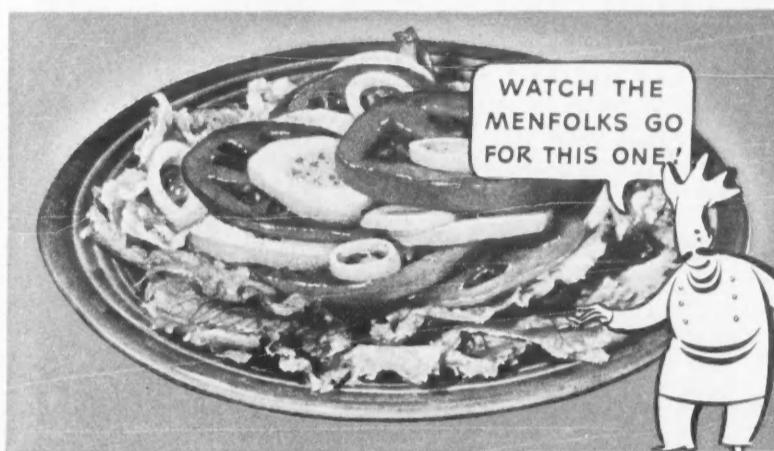
**It Pays To Use The Best Aged-In-Wood Vinegar:
It Is Full Strength—Goes Further—Gives A
Lot Of Extra Sparkle To Your Salads**

ANY woman who's mastered the subtle art of saladry can tell you a thing or two about *vinegar*! To bring out the full, rich flavour of fruits and vegetables, it must have all that bewitching lure and fragrance you find in Heinz Vinegar!

All three kinds are mellowed in wood to full strength with such amber clarity, such winy sparkle they honestly go further. Try Heinz Cider Vinegar for sprightly fruit salads—Malt for heartier salads—Distilled White Vinegar for boiled dressings. Watch your salads hit a new high for *flavour*!

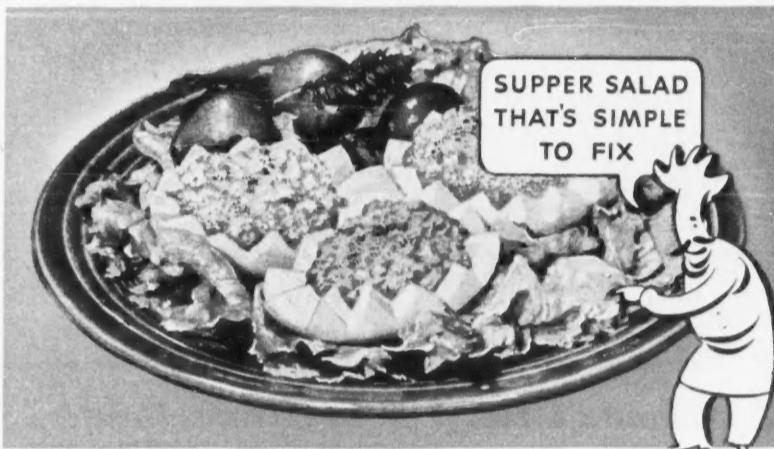
57

Heinz
pure
Vinegars



OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN SALAD

● Skin 3 large tomatoes, then cut in thick slices. Peel and slice 1 cucumber and 1 Bermuda onion. Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper, then pour over vegetables. Let stand 30 minutes or so. Serve on lettuce as illustrated.



DEVILED EGG SALAD

● Cut 6 hard-cooked eggs in halves, lengthwise. Mash yolks, then season with salt, pepper, Heinz Prepared Brown or Yellow Mustard and Heinz Malt Vinegar. Refill whites. Serve on lettuce as illustrated.



PARTY FRUIT SALAD

● Marinate cubed avocado, orange and grapefruit sections in Mellow French Dressing prepared as follows:—Combine 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons Heinz Pure Cider or Distilled White Vinegar, 1 tablespoon each orange and grapefruit juice, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad oil. Beat thoroughly. Cut one well-ripened pineapple into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices, then peel. Remove core, then cut each slice into 12 wedges. Slide ring onto salad plate, using a broad spatula, then top with marinated fruit. Surround with endive as illustrated.



Orchids for Your Cooking

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

WHILE former generations of housekeepers tearfully won their way to proficiency, today's young brides can step into the kitchen and, with the help of modern equipment, standardized utensils and definite recipes, be a success right off the bat.

No longer do you have to suffer those old jokes about the first biscuits, pie crust, or what have you. Not if you're willing to get down to the fundamentals of good plain cooking and let the frills come later. Don't think you deserve an orchid just because you can make a perfectly scrumptious chocolate cake, if you haven't mastered a smooth white sauce. Or because you know everything about some airy dessert—and nothing at all about a baked custard. Man does not live by whipped cream alone, nor will a fussy garnish atone for a failure underneath.

So start where all good cooking begins—with the simple things, then when you can unfailingly turn them out to a king's taste, proceed to the more intricate dishes. Many of these are merely elaborations of the basic recipes, and surprisingly easy of accomplishment once you have the A B C's down pat.

Here's some help for the inexperienced, to get you off on the right track and to have your husband boasting that he married a born cook.

Tea Biscuits

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

One of the simplest flour mixtures, yet the stumbling block of the careless. The important things are to collect all the ingredients before you begin, measure them accurately, avoid both under-

mixing and over-working the dough, and have your oven at the right temperature when you put the biscuits in. The dough should be just barely stiff enough to handle without sticking to the fingers.

2 Cupfuls of pastry flour
4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
2 to 3 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
 $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of milk (approximately)

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together, cut in the fat evenly with a pastry blender or two knives—used crisscross. Or use the tips of the fingers, working quickly and as deftly as you can. Add the milk to form a soft dough, then turn onto a lightly floured board and knead vigorously for twenty seconds, no more. Roll out lightly to three quarters of an inch thickness and cut with a floured biscuit cutter. Place on a greased or floured pan and bake in a hot oven—425 deg. Fahr.—for fifteen to twenty minutes.

Variations—For cheese biscuits, add one-half cupful of grated cheese to the dry ingredients before combining with the liquid.

For fruit biscuits, add three quarters of a cupful of currants, raisins, chopped figs, candied cherries, or one-half cupful of preserved ginger.

For pin-wheel biscuits, roll the biscuit dough into a rectangular shape, one quarter of an inch thick, brush with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, sprinkle with one quarter of a cupful of brown sugar, mixed with half to one and a half teaspoonfuls of cinnamon; roll up like a jelly roll, cut in three-quarter-inch slices and bake cut side down.



Those old jokes about a bride's first biscuits are out, these days. In these photographs our bride triumphs with tea biscuits and strawberry shortcake.

For shortcake, increase shortening to one-quarter or one-third cupfuls. Bake in one thick layer or two thin ones; set one on top of the other before baking. Split, butter and fill with crushed or sliced sweetened fruit. Cover the top with the fruit, spread with whipped cream, and garnish with whole or sliced fruit.

Standard Cake

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Once you have the proper knack with this one and can produce a fine-textured, even, delicious cake, you can vary it no end. Thorough creaming of shortening and sugar, then thorough mixing with the egg are essential. But when the moist and dry ingredients are combined, beat only enough to blend them well.

$\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of butter
1 Cupful of sugar
1 Egg
2 Cupfuls of flour
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
 $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of milk
1 Teaspoonful of flavoring

★ Continued on page 65

ANY
fruits and
you find
All three
clarity, s
Vinegar
Vinegar

Orchids for Your Cooking

Continued from page 62

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming. Add the egg and beat well. Sift the flour, measure and sift two or three times with the baking powder and salt. Add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Add the flavoring and bake in greased layer cake tins, in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for thirty to thirty-five minutes.

Variations—For chocolate cake, add one-half cupful of cocoa sifted with the dry ingredients. Or instead add two to two and a half squares of melted chocolate.

For spice cake, omit vanilla and add one teaspoonful of cinnamon and quarter teaspoonful each of nutmeg, ginger and allspice.

For fruit or nut cake, add three-quarters cupful of raisins, currants, sliced dates, shaved citron peel or chopped nuts, dusted with an extra quarter cupful of sifted flour, to the standard cake recipe.

For cocoanut cake, add half cupful of fresh grated cocoanut, or half to one cupful of packaged cocoanut. If fresh cocoanut is used, use the cocoanut milk as part of the liquid.

For caramel cake, add three tablespoonfuls of caramel syrup to the standard cake.

For cup cakes, bake in individual tins. Top with a variety of icings.

Blancmange

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

An economical nutritious dessert, simple to make and very good to eat when properly made. Capable, too, of endless adaptations. Be sure to blend the ingredients well; stir constantly until the mixture thickens and give it a thorough cooking.

1 1/2 Cupfuls of milk
2 1/2 Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
Salt
1/2 Teaspoonful of true vanilla

Scald one cupful of the milk. Mix cornstarch, sugar and salt together and moisten this with the remaining half cupful of milk. Stir this into the hot liquid and cook in a double boiler for fifteen minutes at least, stirring constantly until thickened, then occasionally. Add the flavoring and pour into molds which have been rinsed with cold water to prevent sticking.

Variations—For a richer mixture, omit one tablespoonful of cornstarch and add a beaten egg yolk just two or three minutes before removing the mixture from the heat. Stir constantly after the egg is added.

If you want it lighter and fluffier, when done, fold in a stiffly beaten egg white.

For chocolate pudding, add one square of chocolate melted and blended with three tablespoonfuls of sugar instead of two. Then combine this with the cornstarch, salt and cold milk.

For fruit pudding, substitute canned fruit juice for half of the liquid. Add sugar to taste and a dash of lemon juice. And if desired add shredded, diced or sliced fruit.

Baked Custard

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Proper temperature and correct time of cooking are important in making a superlative custard of smooth velvety texture. Keep the heat low, and as soon as the silver knife inserted in the centre comes out clean, remove at once. Otherwise you will have a watery product—porous and unattractive. For individual custards use:

1 Cupful of milk
1 Egg or 2 egg yolks
1 1/2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
3/8 Teaspoonful of salt
Flavoring

Heat the milk. Beat the egg only enough to blend the yolk and white, then add the salt and sugar and stir carefully into this the scalded milk. Add the flavoring, then strain the mixture into buttered custard cups. Place the cups on a paper towel in a pan and pour hot water around them to about half an inch from the top. Bake in a moderate oven—325 deg. Fahr.—until firm.

You can steam your custard if you like, but take the same precautions against overcooking. If you want a large mold instead of individual ones, use one whole egg and one yolk or three yolks for each cupful of milk.

Variations—For maple custard, substitute maple sugar for the granulated sugar.

For chocolate custard, add half square of chocolate melted and mixed with quarter cupful of the milk scalded. Or add one and a half to two tablespoonfuls of cocoa. Mix this with the sugar and boil for half a minute with two tablespoonfuls of water, then add to the milk and egg mixture.

For cocoanut custard, add two to four tablespoonfuls of shredded cocoanut.

For marshmallow custard, put a marshmallow in the bottom of each cup and pour the custard mixture over this.

Fruit Gelatine

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

You're not likely to go wrong with this one, provided you have the gelatine well softened in the cold liquid, then thoroughly dissolved in the hot. If adding fruit, do so after the jelly has partially set, to prevent floating or sinking. And don't try to use raw pineapple, as it plays hob with the setting quality of gelatine. Increase the proportion of gelatine if you're making two or three times this recipe and using one large mold.

1 Tablespoonful of gelatine
1/4 Cupful of cold water
1 3/4 Cupfuls of fruit juice

Add the cold water to the gelatine and let stand for at least five minutes to soften thoroughly. Sweeten the fruit juice to taste and heat it, then add it to the soaked gelatine and stir until thoroughly dissolved. Pour into a cold wet mold, rinse in cold water and chill.

Variations—For lemon jelly, add quarter cupful of lemon juice, half

"I actually heard her say that cooking's really fun!"



1 When I got home early the other night from the office, I overheard Ruth talking in the kitchen to her sister. Well, George, I heard plenty! I knew something had happened during the past few weeks. The food had a new delicious flavor, it looked more appetizing, and there was more variety, too!



2 All of a sudden it dawned on me! The New Frigidaire Electric Range! Ruth told her sister that the day the range came, cooking got to be fun! Everything was easier . . . and whatever she cooked or baked turned out delicious every time. Faster, too, because of the wonderful Speed-Heat units! There are five separate heating speeds for every kind of cooking on standard Speed-Heat units!



3 Talk about a man-sized meal . . . you should have heard her talk about the broiler. Said it broiled steaks to a turn in a jiffy. And, it does! And how she admires the Even-Heat Oven, the way it bakes and roasts! So accurate and so easy to regulate. She just sets the automatic controls and leaves the house until mealtime. And the size! We can feed a houseful of guests without crowding the oven!



Extra Fast! Extra Sure! Extra Thrifty!

SUPER-SIZED EVEN-HEAT OVEN gives perfect baking and roasting results.

SPEED-HEAT COOKING UNITS with five practical speeds to meet every cooking need.

HIGH-SPEED BROILER brings new taste thrills.

SIMPLI-MATIC OVEN CONTROL brings new ease and simplicity to oven operation.

THRIFT-O-MATIC COOKING saves current . . . automatically turns from high to low heat at predetermined time.

DOUBLE-DUTY THERMIZER COOKER cooks a whole meal at once . . . or you can turn it into a little oven for small baking jobs.

CONVENIENT SIGNAL LIGHTS prevent forgetting to turn units off . . . glow when any switch is turned on.

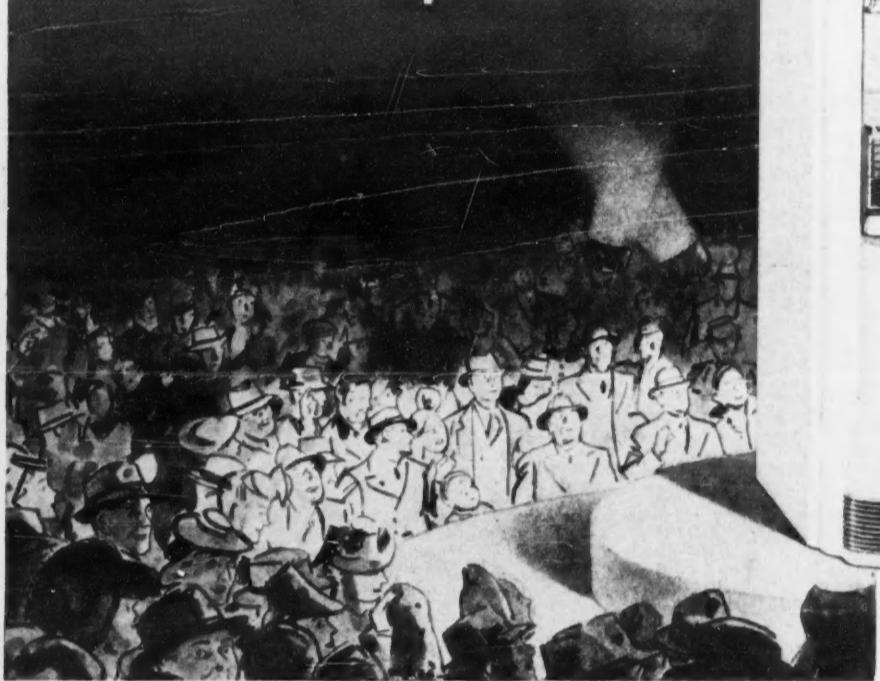
ONE-PIECE PORCELAIN CABINET has stainless porcelain cooking top . . . cleans in a jiffy.

FRIGIDAIRE
Electric RANGE

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation, Leaside, Ont.

Here's your new Frigidaire

NEW design!
NEW convenience features!
NEW low prices!



Canada's No. 1 Refrigerator Leads Again!

They inherit a proud tradition, these Frigidaires for 1940 . . . their title to leadership proven by more than 5 million Frigidaires already purchased.

They're authentic beauty winners—as glamorous as a world-famous designer could make them. Gibraltars for strength, too—beauty-built to last a generation. And more important, they keep food safer and freeze ice faster at lowest operating cost in Frigidaire history!

See what makes them such big, beautiful bargains! See the great new features, created for your convenience . . . and now made available in *even the lower-priced models!* See the sturdy cabinet construction, the precision engineering of the mechanism . . . dozens of appealing advantages. Ask

about amazing low prices never before thought possible!

But don't be fooled! If a refrigerator does not bear the "FRIGIDAIRE" nameplate, it is not a FRIGIDAIRE and will not offer the advantages set forth in this advertisement. FRIGIDAIRE is the name and trade-mark of the refrigerator manufactured by the Frigidaire Division of General Motors . . . Be sure the store you go to handles FRIGIDAIRE, made only by General Motors.

New FRIGIDAIRE COLD-WALL MODELS

Only Frigidaire has this famous new principle, that cools *through the walls*, saves precious vitamins in foods—preserves the freshness, flavor, and color days longer. *And you don't even have to cover food!* Ask your Frigidaire dealer for a demonstration.

*BIG, ROOMY 6 CU. FT. FAMILY-SIZE MODEL AT THE LOWEST PRICE IN FRIGIDAIRE HISTORY!

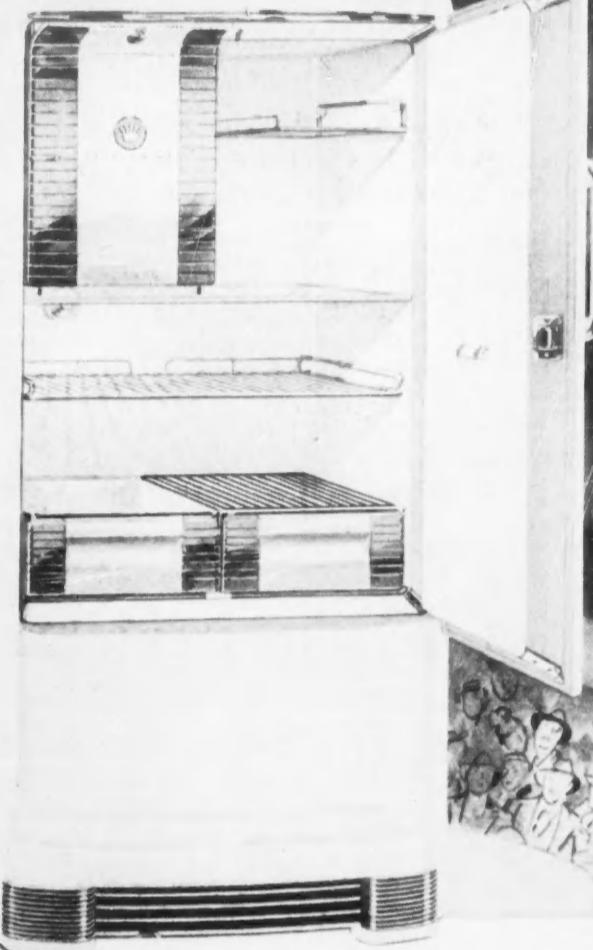
Has all these extra-value features:

6 Cubic Foot Storage Capacity • 1-Piece All-Steel Cabinet • Automatic Interior Light • Famous Meter-Miser Mechanism • Uni-Matic Cold Control • Automatic Reset Defroster • Touch-Latch Door Opener • Frozen Storage Compartment • Cold-Storage Tray • 4 Big Ice Trays • Stainless Porcelain in Food Compartment • Satin-Smooth Dulux Interior • Automobile-type Hinges • Chromium Shelves • 5-Year Protection Plan Against Service Expense . . . Exclusive F-114 Low Pressure Refrigerant.



Buy the Favorite
Buy Frigidaire

See also the 1940 Frigidaire Electric Range. It's extra fast! Extra sure! Extra thrifty! Brings new simplicity to cooking



See why FRIGIDAIRE is a Better Buy!



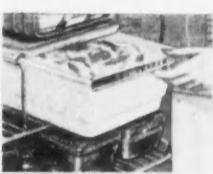
Double-Easy Quickube Trays come loose and cubes pop out instantly. No hacking, no melting under faucet. No "gadgets" to lose or misplace. They give you greatest ice convenience ever offered.



Glass-Topped Hydrator guards freshness of fruits, vegetables, perishables—preserves color, flavor, days longer. **Porcelain-Front Utility Basket** has adjustable partitions for storage of small articles.



New Stainless Chromium Shelves dramatize the beauty of Frigidaire interiors with bright, mirror-smooth lustre. Rustless and sanitary. Stay new for years. Can be cleaned in a jiffy with a damp cloth.



Extra-Large Meat Tender slides out like a drawer. Saves many food dollars every month by properly protecting all kinds of meat and fowl. Also stores up to 100% extra supply of ice cubes for parties.



One-Piece Steel Cabinet built to last a generation, seals in the insulation and prevents "water-logging" of the insulation that destroys cold-keeping efficiency. It is the easiest of all cabinets to keep clean.



Meter-Miser . . . simplest cold-making mechanism ever built. Self-oiling, self-cooling. Silent, efficient—uses less current than ever before. Exclusive F-114 Low Pressure Refrigerant.

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The First Grocery Order

TASTES, PREFERENCES and appetites, the amount of storage space, the size of your budget and the entertaining you expect to do, all have a bearing on what and how much of the various items constitute your first grocery order. Here's a guide for stocking your shelves; with this as the basis of your list you can add, subtract, or substitute as required to fit your own particular case.

A Guide for the First Order of Groceries

Sugar	
granulated	5 pounds
brown	2 pounds
loaf	1 pound
confectioner's	1 pound
powdered	1 pound
Flour	
pastry	7 pounds
cake	1 package
all-purpose	3½ pounds
Baking Powder	1 tin (16 oz.)
Baking Soda	1 package (8 oz.)
Flavorings	
vanilla	1½ oz. bottle
lemon	1½ oz. bottle
almond	1½ oz. bottle
Spices	
cloves	1 package
cinnamon	1 package
nutmeg	1 package
ginger	1 package
allspice	1 package
poultry seasoning	1 package
Salt	2 pounds
Pepper	¼ pound
Mustard	¾ pound
French Mustard	1 bottle
Vinegar	1 pint
Rice	1 pound
Tapioca	1 package (½ pound)
Gelatine (unflavored)	1 package
Jelly Powders	assortment
Raisins	1 package
Dates	1 package
Prunes	1 package
Cocoa	1 tin (½ or ½ pound)

The First Catastrophe

Continued from page 61

slowly and carefully until it becomes the proper consistency.

Boiled icing is "runny" and refuses to set. Put the bowl over hot water and beat the stuffin' out of it until it thickens.

Cream won't whip. Try chilling thoroughly and adding a pinch of salt and a nip of lemon juice.

Brown sugar lumps. Sprinkle with water and place in the oven for a few minutes.

Cream sours. Use it in these Sour Cream Date Tarts—

- 1 Cupful of stoned chopped dates
- 2 Egg yolks
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Teaspoonful of flour
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of sour cream
- 2 Egg whites
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- Few drops of true vanilla

Beat the egg yolks well, then add the salt, sugar and flour and mix thoroughly. Beat in the sour cream, then fold in the chopped stoned dates and combine well. Line buttered tart tins with pastry and fill two thirds full with the date mixture. Bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—until brown.

Beat the egg whites until light. Beat in the four tablespoonfuls of sugar and flavor with vanilla. Cover the tarts with this meringue and brown in a slow oven—300 deg. Fahr.

You're fresh out of chocolate. Use one-third cupful of cocoa and two-thirds tablespoonful of shortening for each square of chocolate called for in the cake recipe.

You've run out of milk for your baked custard. Use evaporated milk diluted according to directions on the container. *

I unhesitatingly chose Kellogg's for flavour...

"No one knows better than a dietitian the importance of tempting flavour, if the system is to get the most good from the food you eat. So I was glad to make this impartial 'blind-fold' test of all four brands of corn flakes. The sample I unhesitatingly chose for flavour was the sample which proved to be Kellogg's." (signed)

MABEL ROBBINS
Head Dietitian
Honey Dew Ltd.

Dietitian gives AN EXPERT'S view on flavour...

As reported by BARBARA B. BROOKS, authority on nutrition

You remember I told you how I was asked to obtain an authoritative vote from flavour experts on the taste of Kellogg's Corn Flakes? How I went to tea-tasters, coffee blenders, chefs and dietitians?

The tests were conducted under the strictest conditions. The different samples were unidentified till the expert made a choice. Only then could he or she discover that choice was Kellogg's.

One of the most interesting experts was Mrs. Robbins—whose report is quoted above. She, as a dietitian, commented particularly on the importance of inviting flavour, if the system is to get the most good out of any food.



Housewives record family vote...

"It's interesting to know what the experts say, but my family's preference for Kellogg's matters even more to me." That sums up the reaction of one mother to my first article in this series.



• The mouth-watering Kellogg flavor never has been equalled. And Kellogg's Corn Flakes are so quick and easy to prepare, housewives call them the "30-second breakfast."

**Kellogg's Corn Flakes are
FIRST FOR FLAVOUR!**



• Always make sure there is a big family-size package on your pantry shelf. Away from home, insist on Kellogg's Corn Flakes in the wax-wrapped individual package. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

Table



Candlesticks are usually considered musts for formal settings, with handsome table centres. Low silver comports, for bonbons and nuts, may be placed at each of the four corners, or two on diagonally opposite corners. Individual bonbon dishes are sometimes used. Place cards are not essential unless the dinner is a large one. They may be set just above the plate in the centre, or on top of the napkin.

The series of photographs illustrate the different courses in an average dinner. To the left of the service plate is the dinner fork, the salad fork. To the right, next to the plate is the dinner knife and the soup spoon. If fish is to be served, the fish fork is placed outside the dinner fork, and the fish knife between the dinner knife and soup spoon. No more silver than this should be at each plate, for additional silver is served with later courses. In a formal dinner there are no bread and butter plates, and therefore no butter knives.

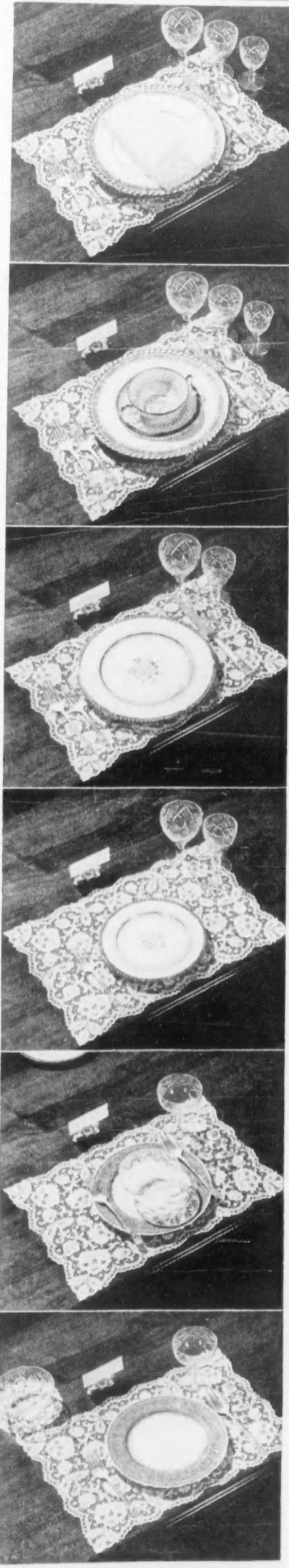
The water goblet is placed at the top of the knife, and the wine glasses as shown. The napkin is usually folded under at right and left, so that the width is about one third of the height, and placed on the service plate. *

Suggested Minimum Set of Flat Silver For the First Purchase

16 teaspoons
8 dinner forks
8 dinner knives
8 butter spreaders
8 dessert forks
8 dessert knives
8 individual salad forks
8 cream soup spoons
8 orange spoons
1 cold meat fork
3 serving spoons
1 butter knife
1 sugar tongs
1 gravy ladle
1 pickle fork

FORMAL

From top to bottom, the photographs show settings for an average formal dinner. Note that the finger bowl and doily usually are brought to the table on a dessert plate with dessert fork and spoon. Each guest removes the silver to the table, and places the finger bowl to the left above his plate.



Crisp and golden-brown Shredded Wheat with milk and fruit is sure to bring out a smile from every member of the family. This tasty combination is a bowlful of balanced nourishment, too, with eight vital food values—Three Vitamins (A, B₁ and C), Proteins, Phosphorus, Iron, Calcium and Carbohydrates. Better put Shredded Wheat on your grocery list today, and serve it for breakfast.

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada

MADE IN CANADA—OF CANADIAN WHEAT

HERE'S ANOTHER POINT THAT'S WORTH REMEMBERING!

ALL "WEAR-EVER" ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS ARE MADE OF THICK, HARD SHEET ALUMINUM, GUARANTEEING EXTRA LONG SERVICE



"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils, not only give extra long service but extra good service.

They heat quicker, retain all the natural food flavors and nourishing elements and resist acids. That's why so many hospitals, and institutions choose "Wear-Ever" Utensils. They're safe, they're easy to clean, they're modernly attractive, and they're fashioned for practical service. Just what you want in your home. Insist on "Wear-Ever" by name.

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils, equipped with attractive black fittings, harmonize with any kitchen color scheme.

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Cooking Utensils

Simply Delicious - it has EXTRA FLAVOUR



you'll LOVE
MAXWELL
HOUSE FOR
ITS EXTRA RICH
EXTRA FULL
BODY.



"Yes... the Maxwell House blend has now been enriched to give you extra flavour, extra richness, still fuller body."

"And this improved blend is roasted by a special method that captures every atom of extra goodness."

Insist on All Three*

***ENRICHED BLEND**—Maxwell House has long been famous for its superb blend. Now careful research has enabled us to further enrich this blend to give you extra richness, extra smoothness, extra coffee flavour.

***UNIQUE ROAST**—Maxwell House is now roasted by a unique process that radiates penetrating heat evenly through every bean... No weak coffee due to under-roasting—no bitter coffee due to parching.

***REAL ROASTER FRESHNESS**—Maxwell House comes to you Sealed in a Super-Vacuum tin—the one way known to science to bring you coffee that really is absolutely roaster-fresh.

"Good to the Last Drop"

2 GRINDS Drip and Regular



MAXWELL HOUSE
Coffee

When You Set a

Here are some general rules to guide you in arranging your silver, glass and china, for informal and formal luncheons and dinners.

WHEN YOU plan an informal luncheon or dinner, it means that the guests will usually be very close friends of the family, so that there will be a casual air to the meal. The courses will not be as elaborate as for the formal dinner and you can make full use of the many new ideas and color harmonies available in linens, glasses and china. The new silver is keyed directly to modern settings of any type. Candlesticks are generally

omitted at luncheon, and may be omitted at dinner if desired. See that the flicker is above eye level as it can be annoying. Use a centrepiece of fresh flowers, or one of the original new ornamental treatments. Flower pieces, as well as other types of centre decorations, must be kept low, so as not to interfere with your guests' conversation. Service plates are useful at an informal dinner in protecting the tablecloth and in removing the soup course. Place one inch from the edge of the table. Next lay the silver, which usually includes a soup spoon, dessertspoon and fork, knife, salad fork and dinner fork. The butter spreader is placed across the top of the bread and butter plate, which is set at the top of the forks.

The sequence of placing all spoons, forks and knives, is from the outside in toward the plate, in the order in which they will be used. The knife is placed at the right of the service plate, one inch from the edge of the table, and with the cutting edge toward the plate; the spoons, with bowl side up at the right of the knife, and forks at the left of the plate with prongs turned up. The water glass is placed at the point of the knife. The napkin is usually placed at the left of the forks, with the hem and selvedge parallel to the edge of the table and the forks, and with the open corner at the lower right hand side. If the soup course is to be served after the family is seated, the napkin may be placed on the service plate.

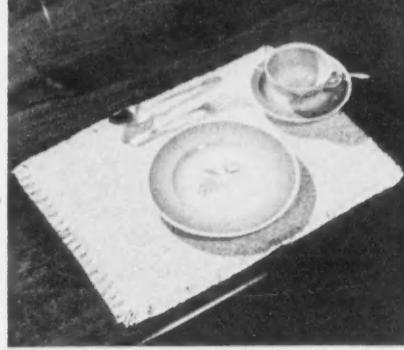
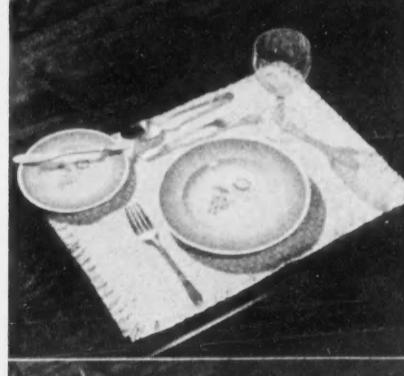
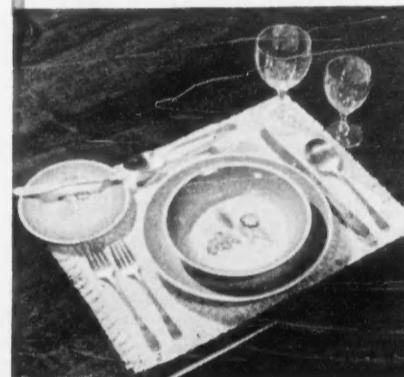
The Formal Setting

With the infinite number of color themes possible in modern use, there is no excuse for a dull or colorless dinner table. Everything on the formal table must be as perfect as possible—the linen flawlessly laundered—the table mats placed exactly in position. Some people allow twenty-seven inches for the plates, the glasses and the silver; others consider twenty-four inches from the centre of the service plate to the centre of the next, the minimum for comfort.

INFORMAL

On this page are shown the individual table settings for an informal luncheon or dinner. The silver and china are shown in position for the soup, main, salad and dessert courses.

All photographs for these settings were taken in co-operation with Miss Barbara Lewis, Chinaware Department, The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.





ICE CREAM

such as you've never before tasted, and made in your

ELECTRIC
REFRIGERATOR



Prove this statement to your own satisfaction. Only by actually following the simple directions and tasting this deliciously flavoured and velvet smooth Ice Cream will you realize the full truth. So easy to make with

JELLO FREEZING MIX

Specially prepared for use in your electric refrigerator.

Some with real fruits or specially selected nuts. You'll add new laurels to your reputation as an excellent hostess when you serve these new distinctive flavours.

It's ice cream at its very finest. A texture so smooth you'll surprise yourself that you were able to make it. A taste so delightful, you'll never be satisfied until you've tried each one of the

6 WONDERFUL FLAVOURS

VANILLA—Rich amber-toned Vanilla syrup—true Vanilla.

CHOCOLATE—Deep-flavoured cooked chocolate.

STRAWBERRY—Containing sliced fresh strawberries, rich sweetened juice.

TUTTI FRUTTI—Maraschino Cherries and other fruits.

MAPLE WALNUT—Rich maple flavour with chopped walnuts.

ORANGE PINEAPPLE—With Crushed Oranges and Pineapple.

You can get all these delightful flavours at your grocer's. Be sure to try it this week.



MADE IN CANADA

HAPPY DAYS AHEAD!

These practical gifts delight the new homemaker

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Inducement to eat a decent breakfast, for this streamlined "pop up" toaster is capable of turning out innumerable slices lightly suntanned, darkly browned or any shade in between. Simply set it for the complexion preferred—and the trick is done.



Not limited, either, to early-morning use, for the toaster gleams as brightly and works as efficiently on the buffet table, at the late snack, or for any other meal where a crunchy bite and a bit of crispness are desirable.

Unless you want him to hide behind the morning paper, make your coffee fresh, hot and strong.

Use the right grind for this modern method of making, allow a tablespoonful for each cup and follow the directions attached to this practical gift. Then you may get a peek at the news yourself, while the head of the house fortifies himself with delicious brew preparatory to setting forth into a cold world.

Pour it in large cups and have plenty for refills. After dinner you can serve it demitasse.

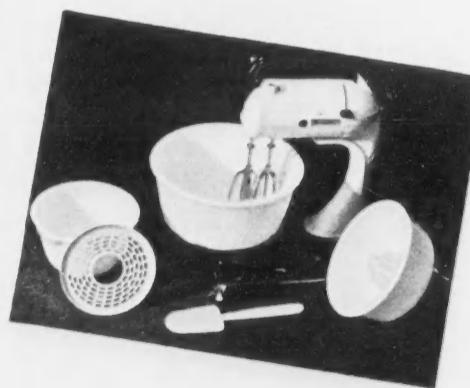


An electric waffle iron with automatic heat control is both an ornament to your table and a practical dispenser of delicious food. Its golden brown products are the antidote for early-morning blues, as well as refreshment for flagging spirits after a hard day's work. Read the directions which come with your gift and you can't fail to turn out crisp, shapely waffles. Serve them with butter and syrup making little amber pools. Scrumptious!

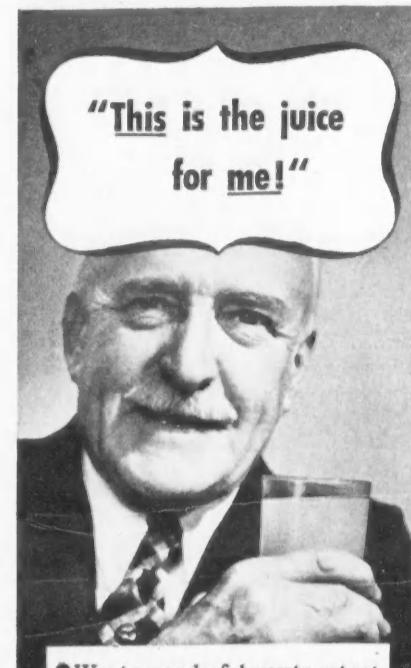
Or try them with bacon, little sausages, or as a base for something à la king.

Because it deftly and cheerfully accomplishes so many jobs, this appliance is considered standard equipment in the modern well-set-up kitchen. Besides getting two or three or half a dozen ingredients into a good stir, it whips certain foods that require this treatment and attends to others that profit by a good beating.

Attachments include a shredder and slicer which make short work of preparing scalloped potatoes, a food chopper or grinder, a knife sharpener, and a buffer which puts a shine on your silverware while preventing one on your nose.



"This is the juice
for me!"



Want a wonderful way to get set for any meal? Try grapefruit juice—Florida grapefruit juice with the distinctive tangy taste that "wakes up" your mouth!

Want a grand bedtime nightcap? Try a tall, cool glass of the same—and wake up next morning feeling like a spring robin!

This juice is loaded with vitamins and minerals that help your body renew and rebuild itself.

FLORIDA CANNED GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

Amazing Book Value!



A Wonder Book
of Modern
Needlecraft for
Canadian
Women—

A book of exceptional practical value, that sells regularly for \$2.50 a copy; will pay for itself many times over as a handy and reliable reference on all needlecraft problems. Written by experts in clear, easily understandable style; nearly 600 pages profusely illustrated with clear-cut diagrams and a special photographic section; bound in art canvas with figured end-papers and dust-proof top edges. An invaluable book for every woman who is interested in any form of needlework. Approved as a reference-text for Home Economics classes by Department of Education, British Columbia.

THE BIG BOOK OF NEEDLECRAFT

Miss Helen Campbell, Director of Chateleine Institute says:

"A useful reference book for any woman in the business of housekeeping—full of ideas for delightful and profitable handicrafts."

MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY
A Book Regularly Sold at \$2.50 for Only

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Plus 25 cents for packaging and postage.
(Air Mail Extra if required)
OFFER GOOD FOR CANADA ONLY
HOME BOOK SERVICE
206 Dundas Street W., Toronto, Canada

or mayonnaise and rolled around a stick of asparagus.

Molded Coffee Cream

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
2½ Cupfuls of milk
2½ Cupfuls of strong coffee
1 Cupful of sugar
Pinch of salt
6 Eggs
1½ to 2 Tablespoonfuls of vanilla
Whipped cream
Shaved toasted almonds

Soften the gelatine in half a cupful of the cold milk. Combine the remaining milk with the coffee, sugar, salt and slightly beaten egg yolks. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until the mixture will coat a spoon. Add the gelatine and stir until dissolved. Add the flavoring, and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into a damp mold or individual molds and chill until firm. Serve unmolded, garnished with whipped cream and the shaved, toasted almonds. These amounts will serve twelve to fourteen.

Mushroom Tarts

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Make a rich pastry dough, chill thoroughly and roll out. Cut with a small biscuit cutter and fit the rounds

into tiny muffin tins. Bake in a hot oven until delicately browned.

Filling

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
1 Pound of mushrooms (chopped)
2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
½ Cupful of cream
Salt and pepper
Grated cheese (if desired)

Melt the butter in a heavy frying pan, add the chopped mushrooms and cook carefully without browning. Add the flour, stir and cook for a few minutes, then pour in the cream gradually. Stir until thick and smooth. Season to taste and just before serving add a sprinkling of grated cheese. Fill hot tart shells with this mixture and serve at once. Makes twenty-four tarts.

Cucumber Cups

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Cut cucumbers in one and a half-inch slices. Hollow out the centres and marinate in French dressing for an hour. Chop the cucumber pulp very fine, mix with diced celery and broken pieces of lobster. Season with tabasco and lemon juice and pile into the chilled cucumber cups. Garnish with a pimiento star or slices of stuffed olives. *

The Bride Entertains

Hollandaise Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
2 Egg yolks
¼ Teaspoonful of salt
Dash of cayenne
½ Cupful of boiling water
½ Tablespoonful of lemon juice

Cream the butter thoroughly and combine well with the beaten egg yolks. Add the salt and cayenne and gradually add the boiling water, stirring constantly during the addition. Cook over gently boiling water, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Remove from the heat, stir in the lemon juice and serve at once.

Lemon Cocoanut Cream

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

2 Packages of lemon-flavored jelly powder
4 Cupfuls of hot water
2 Cupfuls of whipping cream
2 Cupfuls of moist shredded cocoanut

Add the hot water to the jelly powder and stir until dissolved. Chill until it begins to thicken. Beat until very light and fold in the cream which has been whipped until fairly stiff. Fold in the cocoanut, turn into a cold wet mold and chill until firm. Serve unmolded with fresh strawberries which have been crushed and sweetened to taste with sugar.

Vinegar Ice Cream

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

½ Cupful of sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls of water
2 Eggs
½ Pint of whipping cream
1 Teaspoonful of true vanilla
½ Teaspoonful of cider vinegar
Pinch of salt

Combine the sugar and water, place over the heat and stir until dissolved. Boil to a syrup. Separate the egg yolks and whites, beat the yolks until light and gradually pour on the hot syrup, stirring constantly. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold into the first mixture. Add the cream which has been whipped until it will hold its shape the vanilla, vinegar and salt. Whip up with a fork several times during freezing to mix thoroughly. Serves six.

Filbert Balls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

2 Eggs
2 Cupfuls of brown sugar
1½ Cupfuls of dates (chopped)
¼ Pound of filberts (cut in halves)
1¾ Cupfuls of fine cocoanut
Few grains of salt
1 Teaspoonful of true vanilla
1 Teaspoonful of almond extract
2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped maraschino cherries or shredded pineapple (thoroughly drained)
½ Cupful of shredded cocoanut

Beat the eggs, add the sugar and mix, then add the dates, filberts, the one and three-quarters cupfuls of fine cocoanut, cherries, salt, vanilla, and almond extract. Stir until thoroughly combined, then cook in a well-greased iron frying pan over very low heat, stirring occasionally for about twenty to twenty-five minutes or until the mixture becomes quite thick (about the texture of a scrambled egg). Cool, form into balls and roll in one-half cupful of cocoanut. Makes eighteen to twenty balls. *

Miss Laurie Douglas

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HORTICULTURAL

B-1



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egg white which has been slightly beaten. Roll in finely chopped walnuts. Put on a baking sheet and press down the centre of each. Bake in a slow oven—300 deg. Fahr.—for five minutes. Remove from the oven and press down again in the centre, return to the oven and cook slowly for ten to fifteen minutes. While the cookies are still warm, fill the top with a bit of bright jelly.

Lobster, Celery and Almond Salad

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Cupful of flaked lobster
1 Cupful of thinly sliced celery
3 Tablespoonfuls of chopped almonds
1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
Mayonnaise to mix
Salt and paprika
Lettuce

Combine the flaked lobster, sliced celery, chopped almonds, sprinkle with lemon juice and add mayonnaise to moisten. Season with salt and paprika. Arrange on crisp lettuce leaves and sprinkle with paprika.

Frozen Strawberries

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Quart of strawberries
Juice of 2 lemons
2 Cupfuls of sugar
1 Quart of water

Crush the berries and add the lemon juice. Boil the sugar and water for ten minutes. Cool, add to the crushed berries and freeze. Use eight parts of ice to one part of salt in the freezer. When firm, pack in four parts of ice to one part of salt. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored.

Jellied Ham Rolls on Lettuce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Package of lemon-flavored jelly powder
1 Pint of water
2 Bouillon cubes
3/4 Cupful of white cream cheese
3/4 Cupful of grated horse-radish
Salt
Dash of cayenne
1/4 Cupful of whipping cream
10 to 12 Thin slices of cooked ham

Dissolve the jelly powder in the water according to the directions on the package. Add the bouillon cubes and stir until dissolved. Cool. Mash the cheese, add the horse-radish, season with salt and a dash of cayenne, and fold in the cream which has been whipped. Place approximately one tablespoonful of this mixture on each thin ham slice and roll lightly but compactly, allowing a little of the cheese mixture to protrude from the ends if desired. Place a thin layer of the jelly mixture in a shallow pan, and when it begins to thicken arrange the ham rolls one and a half to two inches apart. Chill. Over the ham rolls in the pan, pour the remainder of the jelly mixture which has begun to thicken. It should completely cover the ham rolls. Chill until firm, turn out and cut into individual jellied rolls. Serve at once on lettuce or watercress. The filling of the ham rolls may be varied to suit the taste; plain cheese or horse-radish alone might be used, or the ham might be spread with cheese



For Full Details See the Lushus Flavour Test Advertisement on Page 84

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BARBECUE SAUCE

Squeeze half a lemon into a soup plate; add 2 teaspoonsful of mustard and 1 teaspoonful of salt and mix well together. Put a little red and black pepper into 2 tablespoonsfuls of grape juice or port wine and mix this with the contents of the soup plate. Heat the whole mixture in a small cupful of good stock, to which has been added 3 teaspoonsful of Lea & Perrins Sauce. Serve very hot.

The gravy from game is used instead of meat stock when the sauce is served with game.

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to talk. Look, I have an idea, Leda. Follow me, do whatever I do."

He took her wrist, closing all his fingers over it, and, like two children hand in hand, they approached Madame. No, he wasn't going. He'd never walked out on a musician in his life. But didn't Madame think music was better at a distance? Would she forgive them if they sat in the hall to listen—better effect—finer blending through aural perspective?

"Always the artist!" cried Madame, delighted to indulge the vagary of a distinguished guest. "Armando will place chairs for you in the hall."

Heads turned as they passed. People bowed. In a company where all had their eccentricities, none displayed the slightest curiosity.

"Neatly done," Leda applauded as they waited for Armando to place chairs. Then promptly they ran up the stairs and sat down on the top step of the first landing.

Breathless from the dash, Leda said softly, "I suppose, on the day of a concert you spend the day in—in meditation, speaking to nobody and communing with your music, like Paderewski?"

Mark gave forth a peal of laughter. "That's the bunk, Leda. Meditation? What for? If you don't know your program backward and forward, if you haven't your confidence all done up in Cellophane, then meditation won't help. You're a funny kid. Music isn't different from other things. It's all dexterity, like skating or acrobatics. You know—only more confining. You just have to keep at it until you lick it, and then it's skill and technique. Say—I've shocked you—"

"You took my breath away. You're just modest, I think. You mean music is only fingers and notes, not genius—"

"Well, talent, of course. You take that for granted. The rest, all the stuff you read, is just build-up. There's feeling and appreciation—you have to love every note—but without technique you can't get the music out. You have to live it and eat it and think it, but still—this is dumb talk. I wish there was some place to dance here. I'd like to dance with you."

"Then what," Leda demanded, "do you do on the day of a concert? I called you up after your last recital and I was told—"

"Oh, I worry Mom a lot, and I annoy Portia and Pone in the kitchen. I can't sit still all day and I'm not allowed to touch the violin." He turned his head sharply. "What did you say? You called me up?"

She poured out the story very woefully, of the call, the letter (though she didn't tell him what was in it), the exchange of photographs. "And all this time I thought you sent me that photograph, personally—"

He caught her hand between his and with a great rush of words apologized for Peter Nelson. At first she was really piqued, but as the realization came over her that these hands over hers were the ones that wove spells about millions of people; that she was actually sitting here on a step with Mark Corby, the world-known musician; that his eyes searched her face eagerly for forgiveness; that whatever

What Price Glamour?

Continued from page 50

he might say about music, some strange, rare gift was his to distinguish him from all other men—a glow of wonder possessed her. He was young. You could sit with him at a soda bar and sip concoctions. You could forget reception lines and weddings and walk in the wet grass with him, and scuff up autumn leaves.

"They don't let me talk to anybody, that's right. And after a concert I am kind of washed up. Pete didn't know you, and I hadn't met you, and it won't happen again—honest."

"Because I won't call you again, maybe."

"Please! Then I'll call you every day."

"On the day of a concert, too?"

He released her hand, ran his fingers through his hair. "I'm watched on those days. They don't let me. Listen"—cocking his head toward the salon—"Beethoven's thirty-second quartet. If he'd lived longer, all the great moderns would have been out of the running. He'd have written all the modern music before they were born."

Clyde was prowling about the hall looking for her, but he didn't see them.

"I guess you want to go back downstairs," Mark said regretfully. "You know, I don't like that guy."

"Clyde? Why, I've known him all my life. He's just as famous as you are in his own way. He's an internationally known sportsman and athlete—"

"He called you his darling," Mark said, and suddenly they began to

said, "I hadn't meant to interfere with your plans."

"Don't be rude, Clyde," Leda said lightly. She raised her eyes slowly, measuring Mark Corby's towering length. He didn't meet her gaze this time, and she saw in his averted face confirmation of what she had suspected. He had kissed her fingertips when she covered his mouth. Ever so lightly—but he had kissed them, and now he was hurt.

The music downstairs had stopped and the whole house, as well as her voice, seemed curiously hushed. "We can have our dance together, if you come with us."

"I'm afraid I can't. Thank you."

"We can have our dance together," Leda repeated, and he thought, Why not? Why can't I? Do I always have to obey the rules? Can't I have one night off, one runaway night? Everybody gets a night off.

BEN ELBERFIELD, Mark's manager, was to bring Mark's car at eleven. When the three emerged into the February night, it was only a quarter to eleven, and Ben had not yet arrived. Mark was pleased. With Ben around, he hadn't a chance of going to a night club, and he wanted to be with Leda. It was a necessity, a compulsion he could not explain. His idea of the night life in any city, New York, London or Paris, was sketchy, but he did not mean Leda to know this. He could be as cool and as casual as this man



The Bride Entertains

Coffee in the living room is the last gracious gesture of the dinner.

laugh as if there were nobody within miles of them. Then they remembered the crowded salon downstairs and she clapped her hand over his mouth and he clapped his over hers, and of course Clyde heard them and raised his head.

He came up the stairway and lounged against the rail. "You made me promise to take you dancing, if you were bored. Reporting for duty, Miss Hobart."

Mark moved away and rose. He wasn't a boy any more, but a man, smartly trained to meet strangers on their own level, to keep his dignity without giving offense. "Sorry," he

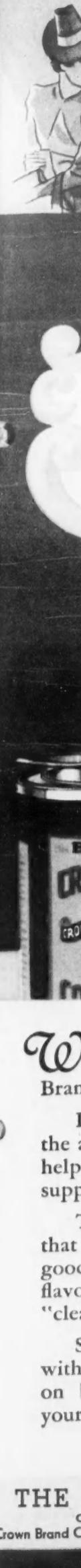
Dunning, if the situation demanded.

Clyde was simmering inside, but since Leda had turned the joke on him, for tonight anyway, there was nothing he could do but permit Mark Corby to ride in the front seat with them, as Leda wished.

He certainly had no intention of letting her ride in back with Mark. He supposed they couldn't let Mark ride alone. What he wanted to do was keep Mark up front with him and let Leda sit alone, and yet he felt it best to have her beside him.

The arrangement suited Mark perfectly. Leda—Leda—The name was

★ Continued on page 85

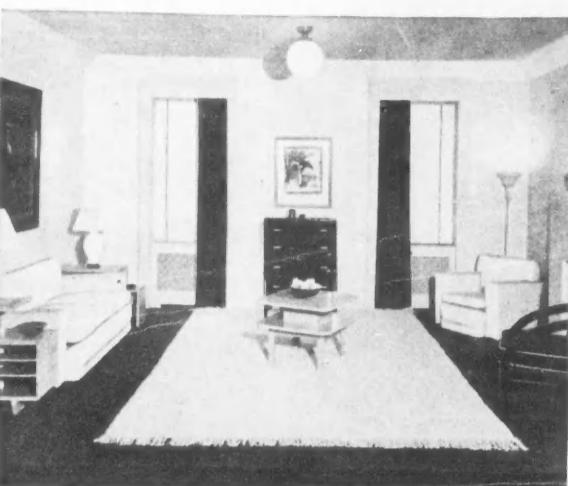


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The charming guest room and a corner of the kitchen.

YOUR HOME
DEPARTMENT

Bride's House

By EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

IT'S AN exciting moment, when the bride and groom enter their new home. Milady is imbued with the atmosphere and conditions which she enjoyed in her parents' home, but it is advisable for both her, and her husband, to remember that it is not good sense to expect to start where one's father and mother left off. To build a new home little by little, starting off with the essentials, and adding to them as circumstances permit, can become an absorbing interest.

I was in a young bride's house the other day, and noticed her living room. All she had was a well filled open shelf, built-in bookcase and cabinet under a circular bay window, one chesterfield, one armchair and two occasional chairs. She is a musician, and her parents had given her a piano. "You see," said my young hostess, "we have all the essentials." To which I agreed.

Before presenting a complete scheme of furnishing and decoration for our bride's home, I thought it well to take a cross-section view of our readers' likes and dislikes. I found that some have tradition as the central theme of living, although not necessarily tabooing new things. Many were predominantly modern. I have tried to strike a compromise which would fit a typical house and at the same time be expressive of the modern tempo of living.

If you look at the view of our bride's home I think you will agree that there is dignity, tradition and elegance, without any unnecessary frippery in its design.

Entrance Hall

Upon entering we find that the walls of the hall are papered in blue and ivory, in a pattern, reminiscent of Colonial days. The woodwork and staircase, except the handrail and newels which are ebonized, are all the same color as the background of the paper—deep ivory.

The Living Room

The severeness of Calvinism in a living room can be admired if handled in the right way, as you can see. Black, plum and light cream are the accents in this room. Blond maple for the end tables of chesterfield and the centre pagoda coffee table, are keynotes of the design. White alabaster table lamps and rayon shades with a mirror in chromium strips give a fillip to the decorative scheme.

Dining Room

The dining room in our bridal home does not lead from the living room but is across the hall. Upon entering this room, one is impressed by the clever treatment of the

Continued on page 79

Photographs on this page:

The illustrations for the suggested bride's house were shown through the courtesy of the following: Gordon Adamson, Architect—the house . . . The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.—the living room . . . Forsey Page and Steele, Architects—the master bedroom . . . Crane Ltd.—the bathroom . . . Murray Brown—the guest room . . . The Dominion Oilcloth and Linoleum Co., Ltd.—the games room . . . The Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd.—the kitchen.

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The bathroom shown above is on view at the Crane Toronto Display Rooms, 306 Front St. West. Fixtures are the Tarnia Bath, T/N Toilet, Corwith Lavatory and Dental Basin in ivory; wall material for the recess is also used for the front of the bath.

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Watercress Sandwiches
Open-faced Tomato Sandwiches
Gherkins Radishes
Individual Sponge Cake Rings with Fresh Fruit Ice
Assorted Small Cakes
Tea Wedding Cake Coffee
Fruit Punch Bonbons

Afternoon Reception—Buffet Style

Assorted Sandwiches (small and dainty)
(including cream cheese and apricot jam on whole wheat bread, minced tongue and horse-radish on white bread, toasted cinnamon fingers, rolled cress sandwiches and others)
Green and Ripe Olives Celery Hearts
Sweet Gherkins
Frozen Strawberries
Petits Fours
Tea and Coffee
Fruit Punch Wedding Cake
Salted Nuts Mints

(Simpler)
Jellied Ham Rolls on Lettuce
Stuffed Celery Olives
Pickled Pears Hot Rolls
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Assorted Tartlets Small Cakes
Tea Coffee Punch
Wedding Cake Salted Nuts

Wedding Luncheon (seated)
Celery Broth Croutons
Lobster or Crab au Gratin
or
Individual Grilled Tenderloin Steaks
New Carrots with Chopped Parsley
Broiled Tomato Halves
Orange and Watercress Salad with Fresh Strawberry Garnish
Hot Buttered Parkerhouse Rolls
Molded Coffee Cream with
Toasted Almonds
Assorted Fancy Cakes
Wedding Cake
Tea Punch Coffee
Bonbons

Evening Reception—Buffet Style

Large Platters of Hors d'oeuvres (mushroom tarts, devilled eggs, grilled sardines on toast fingers, tiny whole tomatoes stuffed with salad, chutney and devilled ham in tiny cream puff cases, cucumber cups with lobster stuffing)
Hot Biscuits

Cress and Asparagus Rolls
Assorted Relishes
Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream in Water-melon Shell
Assorted Small Cakes
Individual Jelly Rolls
Wedding Cake
Coffee Tea Punch
Nuts Mints

Early Wedding Breakfast (seated)

Fresh Pineapple Wedges and Whole Strawberries
Toast or Bread and Butter
Hot Breads (muffins, cornbread, popovers)
Assorted Jams and Marmalades
Coffee
Fruit Juice Punch (to toast the bride)
Wedding Cake

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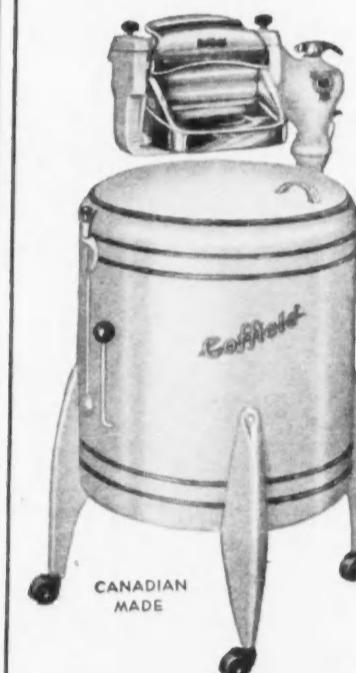
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A lighted mirror over the dressing table makes a bedroom look more spacious. (Westinghouse Electric Co. photograph.)

the most successful schemes that it has been my luck to see for many a day.

The Bathroom

Bathroom decorations are most intriguing. Here you have a chance to finish the walls with peach tiled linoleum, or perhaps, if you do not like the idea of the tile pattern, you can get it perfectly plain. To blend with the walls you should cover the floor with similar linoleum. The shower curtain should be turquoise illusion material and window curtains in washable material finished with a brown fringe.

The Kitchen

Kitchens today are more attractive than ever and in consequence one should give very serious thought to the color scheme. So many more people are spending a lot of time in the kitchen these days. For instance, oftentimes snacks are taken in this room, therefore it certainly does behoove us to make it pleasant. A good color scheme for a kitchen in a

house of moderate size would be that of walls covered to wainscot height with flexboard or linoleum, black with white joints. Above the wainscoting could be made of one of the many plain moisture-resistant materials. The color of the portion of the wall above the wainscot would look very nice in honey yellow, in which case the whole of the cabinets in the kitchen should be painted the same color. For accent in color you may have some shelves by your window, or in the corners of the room, in which case the inside of these cupboards or shelves could be painted in saffron red, the edges of the shelves painted the same color as the walls. The new material, which is known as plioform, makes a very attractive material for the windows and you can get it in almost any shade which would be in keeping with the color scheme in general. If the floor is covered with linoleum, then you could use a nice warm jasper or old mulberry color; the borders should be in black.

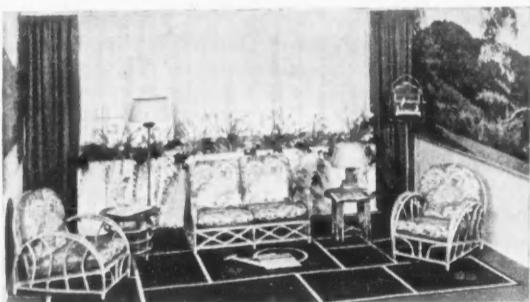
If by any chance you intend to eat in the kitchen, you will require chairs, and color scheme for them could be a repeat of the saffron on the shelves already mentioned. The ceiling of such a room as I describe should be painted in the same color as the walls, except two shades lighter.

The Playroom

For the playroom in the basement, if you have one, why not use a large watercolor print on the wall, preferably over the fireplace; if there isn't a fireplace, make it central of the room and keep it at eye level. Don't place it too near the ceiling but in such a position that anyone can stand in front of it and admire it. Walls in playrooms have a fair amount of wear and tear, and I would strongly advocate using one of those flexboards or linoleum which are in common use today. The flooring, which possibly is concrete, can be covered with a wood floor, then finished with a flexible tile flooring which can be obtained in colorful effects. This material is cushioned for quietness and resiliency to the foot, to say nothing of the reduction in labor for keeping the floor clean. *

The Bride's House

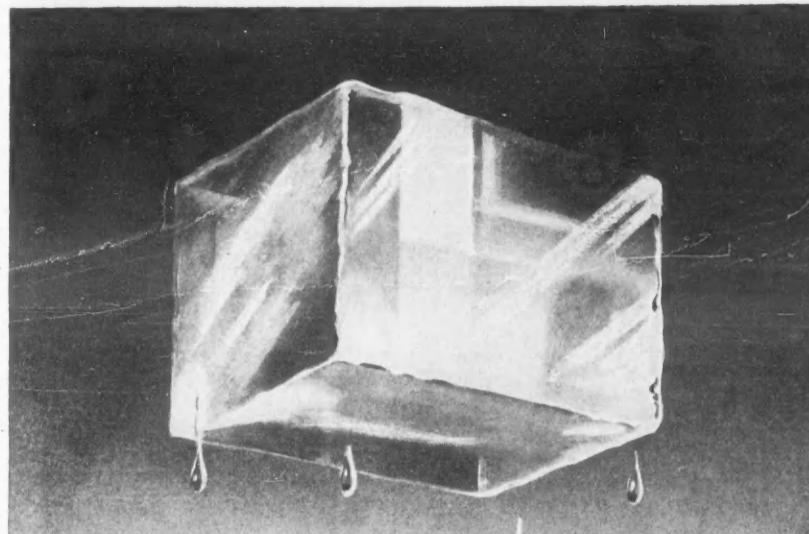
Continued from page 77



Black linoleum, with centre motif in terra cotta, green and ivory, makes a foundation for a delightful sun room. (Dominion Oilcloth and Linoleum Co. photograph.)

striped wallpaper running from within one foot of the floor to the ceiling. This striped paper has colors of a slate blue and cream, which go exceedingly well with the mahogany Sheraton furniture. The dining table is a circular one, and the pattern on the black linoleum which covers the floor has a hexagonal design, which is formed with a white strip four inches wide, and

* Continued on page 82



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Spring Fashions In Decoration

By EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

SPRING FASHIONS in home decoration and furnishings are quite as much a matter of seasonal concern as are fashions in your clothes.

This year's colors for spring redecorating are most interesting, and some of the subtle colors far smarter and more sophisticated than were so last year. Most of us get the urge to do something to one or more of the rooms in our home; therefore the following decorating schemes will be useful in meeting this urge.

Starting with the front entrance hall, nothing looks more charming than painted yellow walls extending from the front door straight through to the kitchen, which gives the effect

floor length for the windows, would certainly give something to talk about.

The Dining Room

Some of you have dining rooms or dinettes, for which use Hepplewhite or Regency furniture. The walls and woodwork if painted or papered in clear yellow, would be most attractive. In this case the floor can be covered with a quiet all-over floral pattern carpet, the draperies with a rose pattern on a green background of new-glow sheen material. The chair seats could pick up the rosy hue in the curtains and would give the message of decoration of today.

The Bedroom

If you have modern furniture in your bedroom, you could not do better than use a grey and yellow striped wallpaper. The wall at the back of the bed can be painted a soft yellow matching the color in the wallpaper stripe.

For floor covering, a large rug in the modern grey-tan tone will solve your problem. The bedspread can be of turquoise blue, the curtains and dressing table in sheer rich painted voile with one of the colors in the voile—perhaps raspberry—on the armchair.

I was visiting a friend the other day who is very much interested in interior decorating, and I was intrigued by the way in which she had dealt with her bedroom in a city house. The walls were white, and a green rug was made as a smart setting for bone-white enamelled chests, of modern design and with big gilt drawer pulls. For the curtains she had used an all-over figured chintz in a leafy pattern of



A charming mahogany bedroom commode with Napoleonic mirror and two damask covered chairs look attractive in a living room.

of the place being flooded with sunshine. For the handrailing of the staircase, ebonized finish for the rail and a cream color for the balusters with the stairs treated in such a way that the risers are black and the treads cream, the same color as the balusters. You will have something which might be envied by any sophisticated person who may visit your home.

Before starting in the living room, perhaps you will be interested to learn that there is a definite tendency today to have less furniture, but those pieces which are used invariably are of better quality than was the case when suites were indulged in. This tendency has opened the field tremendously for more interesting decoration with a view of providing harmony and repose in one's rooms.

The Living Room

The living room walls would look well if finished with dusty pink striped paper, all-over broadloom carpeting in soft blue, draperies of patterned mohair in the new blue shade, including the covering on a comfortable chair. Eggshell and mauve for sofa could be very well repeated for chair covering. One small chair could be covered with white leather, and to round it off full celanese glass curtains,

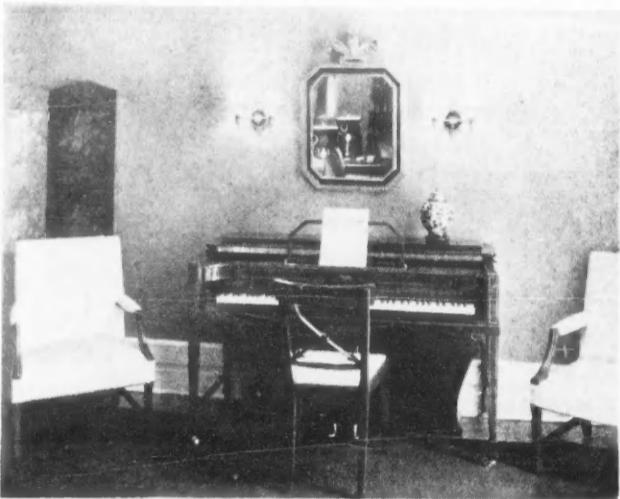


This black and chrome hall table with Swedish chairs and mirror make a most delightful accent for a staircase landing.

green on white, and this material was also used for the upholstered headboard of the bed. The bedspread was plain white with a full flounce of the green chintz. A pair of small slipper chairs were covered with the same figured chintz. I can assure you it was one of

House Clinic

Queries should be addressed to Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C., Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.



This piano ensemble makes an excellent setting for a music group.

Question—I would like to refinish a dining table and chairs which do not match, in a blond shade. They have dark varnish at present. I have read that trisodium phosphate in boiling water would remove paint or varnish.

Do you think this would be satisfactory, and how should I go about refinishing the bare wood?

Answer—You would be heading into a long job to take off all the finish of the different pieces to the bare wood. However, it can be done with trisodium phosphate in the proportion of one cup to a quart of water. Apply boiling hot; it will soften the finish, which can be wiped off. Follow with clear water, and after drying prepare surface by light sandpapering.

Bleach the wood with a hot saturated solution of oxalic acid. Leave this on the wood overnight. Rinse with clear water to remove all traces of the bleach. After the wood has dried thoroughly, rub the surface with very fine sandpaper until the wood is very smooth. Put on a coat of flat white paint and wipe off almost at once. After a day or two for drying, the surface is sandpapered smooth, then given a coat of thin white shellac.

☆☆

Question—Our living room has a north and a west window, neutral-colored walls and a soft medium light green chesterfield and chair. What color of material would you advise for second chair, drapes, rug, cushion and cover for day bed?

What do you suggest for drapes, rugs and bedspread for a small bedroom with a north window? Is one large rug preferable to two small ones?

Answer—The second chair could be covered in either crash, rayon, or mohair fabric, and the colors should be dark green and white with a flick of yellow in the design. The drapes in crash or chintz with green, blue and soft red coloring and of floor length. Ivy green broadloom would be suitable for floor covering and the covers for cushions in either a rayon or crash of

dark and light green floral design. The cover for day bed would blend if of golden yellow and white; possibly you could get a chenille with this coloring.

For the north bedroom bright colors should be used. The drapes warm yellow and mulberry-striped fabric. The rug should be accented with light green coloring and the bedspread chenille of warm orange color. One large rug would be preferable to two small ones as the room is on the small side, and it can be broadloom extended up to the baseboard all round the room, which gives an impression of making the room larger than it actually is.

☆☆

Question—I have noticed your advice to several readers and thought you could probably help me. I am anxious to build a fireplace in our living room on a side wall which has rather narrow windows on each side; and most of the other windows are on southeast or east corners. Our house is a log building and, being in the bush country, fuel is plentiful. Nevertheless we have quite a lot of weather that runs down as low as thirty to fifty-five and sixty-five below zero, so must have as much heat as possible. The main problem is to have the fireplace one that will do real duty and cost as little to build as possible, yet at the same time give some of the beauty and cheer a fireplace gives, especially in a log cabin.

Answer—I suggest that you look into the possibilities of insulating your house, and am enclosing a brochure covering methods which would be suitable for your purpose. There are two other points that I think may interest you which are: (a) the value of weatherstripping the doors and windows; (b) caulking openings between window frames and the log framing as also the door frames. The enclosed brochure covering fireplace construction contains information and details which I am sure you will find of value.

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POINTERS FOR THE HOME

To remove perfume stains from a walnut dresser, take a drop of the perfume on a cloth and rub the spot quickly; it will take it right off. Then go over the spot quickly with a bit of cold cream.

☆☆

Lightly waxed woodwork cuts down cleaning. Rub spots that are handled often—balusters, areas around door knobs and windows—with a thin coat of floor wax. This forms a protective coating, making it very easy to wipe off finger marks.

☆☆

All electric fixtures that may be handled while a person works near water or waterpipes should be well insulated to prevent possibility of shocks and burns.

☆☆

Painted floors, unwaxed, may be cleaned by washing them with glue and water; a half pound of powdered glue is enough for a medium-sized room.



Telephone or radio wires grounded on plumbing pipes will set up electrolysis and shorten the life of the plumbing system.

☆☆

If the brick tiling around the fireplace is discolored with smoke and soot, wash it down with vinegar.

☆☆

Mortar joints of walls which have weathered away should be properly repointed to prevent disintegration of the wall.

☆☆

The newest clothes hamper is built of Venetian blind slats, slanted to ventilate but at the same time to keep out dust.



If clothes closets become overheated by close proximity to a flimsily constructed flue, or noninsulated heating equipment, line the walls of the closet with a rigid insulating board. This board should be fixed on furring strips nailed to the wall.



Roof shingles (wooden ones) should never be painted. A good quality clear coat shingle stain should be used.

☆☆

To remove white paint from black or dark-colored linoleum, rub lightly with fine steel wool and a little turpentine. Wash off the turpentine as soon as paint is removed and finish by waxing.

☆☆

Ornate window drapes that bustle and billow are definitely out. Smart drapes do not sweep out on the floor.

☆☆

Double Dutch curtains—separate sash curtains for top and bottom sash—are being revived in modern homes.

☆☆

If the linoleum which you have painted is sticky, dust it freely with talcum powder, then wipe it into the sticky paint with a lint-free soft cloth. Finally wash the surface with cold water after five or six hours have elapsed, then dry it thoroughly. Next morning you will find the paint hard and dry with its gloss and color retained.

☆☆

At the New York World's Fair there was exhibited glass fabric which included rough blue upholstery material for chairs, and a set of sparkling white place mats for the table, looking like striped satin. These fabrics are made of sand and potash.

☆☆

Mineral oil is very good for cleaning parchment lampshades, as also vellum shades.



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Test Advertisement on Page 84



Tabulating the V.R.C.W. Registrations

by MARJORIE CAMPBELL

FOR WEEKS groups of business girls have been meeting every night and every free Saturday afternoon in downtown Toronto offices, contributing their time and skill to the important task of indexing and coding the hundreds of thousands of registrations that have poured into the head office of the Volunteer Registration for Canadian Women, and which continue to arrive day after day. Over 3,000 girls are giving up the precious time in which they might see their boy friends, go to the movies, have their hair done, or get a little beauty sleep. In this practical manner young Canadian women are adding their support to that of their sisters who registered for engineering, care of refugee children, first aid, censorship and a hundred other occupations. Over fifty business firms, some of them the most influen-

Statistical work is dull stuff to the average girl. But there's a job to be done, the country is at war, and the job is being done. It's as simple as that on the surface. Actually, there is an enormous amount of hard, rather dull, highly exacting work to be accomplished. Every item of information written down by every Canadian woman who registered, must be recorded on a card in such a manner that this information is instantly available in time of crisis. Three complete operations are employed on every card: such information as name, address, age, etc., is typed in all special qualifications, such as technical training, willingness to care for children, training desired, are tabulated by a special coding system, similar to that used by insurance companies; and, finally, the whole thing is carefully checked so that each record is accurate. Duplicate forms are made, one to go to Ottawa, the other to be kept in the files of the V.R.C.W. The original goes back to the province from which it came. A cross index is being made according to electoral districts, so that detailed information will be available in each community.

The girls who are doing such yeoman service are working under the volunteer direction of Mrs. Valetta Moore, herself a most pleasant and competent woman.

"At first," says Mrs. Moore, "the girls are definitely depressed by the enormity of the job. Each group makes the same cry: 'But we can't do all this; we'll never get it done. Why, it will take years to index and code and check all these registrations!' But after they've read a few of them, and after they begin to see what it's all about, they actually forget the magnitude of the task. They begin to feel that they are doing a real job, something that is their contribution to the Allied cause. They feel they may be instrumental in giving a home to a refugee child, in helping some woman to secure employment, and in backing up the fighting forces."

It is the information contained in this mass of registration forms that is inspiring these 3,000 girls in their



Transferring the details from the 250,000 registration forms to the cards is a mammoth piece of work.

tial in the country, have provided office space and office facilities as a contribution toward the work of putting the registrations into such form that the names of volunteers for practically any emergency can be obtained at a moment's notice. And the girls are doing the work.



"Only Bon Ami gets windows clean enough for me!"

Why? Because Bon Ami *Cake* does much more than remove dirt thoroughly and quickly. It goes two steps beyond this. First, it leaves your windows with a crystal clear polish. Second, it leaves no oily film on the glass. This means that windows cleaned with Bon Ami tend to "shed" dirt—and stay cleaner longer than you'd ordinarily expect. Why not use Bon Ami *Cake*—and reduce your own window-cleaning to a minimum?

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"I've found," says a new user of Bon Ami, "that almost anything wet will get dirt off windows. But what good is a 'dirtless' window—if it doesn't sparkle and look clean?"

Then she points out what millions of women already know: "Bon Ami *Cake* has a special *polishing-action* all its own. There's nothing like it to make windows really shine!"

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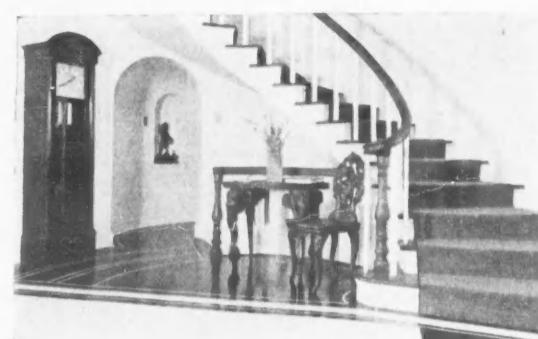
No end to its usefulness, every meal, every day. Mixes, mashes, whips, beats, stirs, blends, creams, juices, folds—does the tiring armwork of cooking, baking, getting meals. The food mixer preferred by women everywhere. Mixmaster, complete with juice extractor and exclusive new Mix-Finder Dial—\$29.75 (Prices in Western Canada slightly higher).



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The Bride's House

Continued
from page 79



This attractive staircase was designed by Murray Brown, Architect, who was also responsible for the guest room in the bride's home on page 77.

the severe side, but nevertheless comfortable and dignified. A large, colorful, Spanish plaque over the buffet on the side wall gives the required color accent for the room.

Master Bedroom and Bathroom

Here's a room for moderns, with everything built-in, even the dressing-table mirror with its rounded corners and drawer. The walls are sea-green Japanese paper, the drapes a natural-colored homespun and the bedspreads ivory satin. The stool, with white leather covering, forms the color contrast to the dark mulberry broadloom carpet and the bleached mahogany furniture. The bathroom, leading off

floor is of black linoleum, and the lighting is tubular. This scheme can be used for bathroom or powder room.

The Guest Room

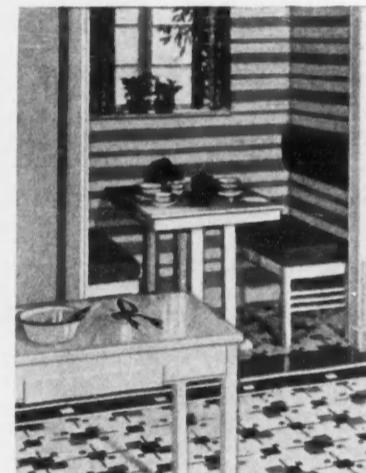
One end of a charming guest room for a college pal is shown. The printed chintz with rose, light beige, green and black background, with chair seats covered in white leather, and plain linoleum floor covering, give all the color accent required. Sheer net flowing curtains and no drapes, add an unusual touch. The dressing table in bleached mahogany, bookshelves painted in with the walls, and light orange chenille bedspreads round out an exceptionally good guest bedroom.

The Games Room

The recreation room has wall murals in a striking design, which, with the floor setting of black and red linoleum, creates interest, and expresses one's individuality. Recreation rooms today fit the owner's particular needs and pleasure, and enable him to realize the lost meaning of open-handed hospitality, in providing an elastic extra room.

The Kitchen

For the modest bride, a bay window nook for breakfast or a snack is all that is required. Atmosphere is obtained by a niche with shelves on either side of the nook. Everything is at hand in double quick time without unnecessary steps. The kitchen itself is planned in the modern manner to be most efficient in its placement of doors and equipment. Work centre, refrigerators, sink and range are conveniently arranged about the central floor area which lies outside the direct traffic route. *



A delightful breakfast nook in the kitchen. (Courtesy Congoleum, Canada, Ltd.)

the master bedroom, is very striking, with glass bricks used for the window, and a glass finish for the wainscot. The

The Bride Entertains

Continued from page 59

Wash the broccoli, celery and radishes, and put in the crisping pan of your refrigerator.

Blend the fruit juices to taste; chill. Scrape the potatoes and cover with cold water.

Order flowers for your centrepiece. An hour or so before dinner:

Set the table with your handsomest cloth, your lovely new flatware and your best crystal. Arrange the centrepiece, place candlesticks, salts and peppers in position and get out relish dishes for last-minute filling.

Open a can of beets, slice them and have ready to reheat for about ten minutes.

Put potatoes to cook and start large whole mushrooms cooking slowly in a well-buttered frying pan.

Chop the parsley, melt a little butter and combine.

Finish setting the table—with relishes and confections.

Make the Hollandaise. Put broccoli to cook, chops to broil and beets to heat.

Fill goblets with water and ice cubes, turn the chops and warm the platter, plates and serving dishes.

Turn chops again, then when you have everything under control, serve the cocktails. *

CHATELAINE, MAY, 1940

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look like new—with
DIAMOND DYES



Dull, gray-looking, faded curtains make the whole room look shabby! If you are discouraged because your curtains look sun-faded, smoke-stained and drab, try the magic of a beauty bath in Diamond Dyes! For only a few cents Diamond gives them fresh new colour, crispness, life, and prolongs their service. Diamond colours have a lustre, a richness and depth you expect to have only in new materials. This is because they actually contain an unusually large amount of the finest aniline colouring. Have smart, attractive clothes by giving new colour to old faded ones and put new charm into home decorations through the magic of Diamond Dyes.

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As a result of spraying all their clothes—old and new—once a year with LARVEX, the Johnsons will never find a moth hole.

WHY NOT?

Because moths starve to death rather than eat LARVEXed clothes, sofas, rugs and drapes... and there's no odor, no wrapping, no storing away! Your woollens are protected against moths for an entire year and not even dry-cleaning will impair this sure protection!

And LARVEX is inexpensive—only 83¢ for 16 ozs., \$1.29 for 32 ozs. So it costs less than a single pressing to mothproof a suit for a whole year with LARVEX. At all drug and department stores. LARVEX, Ste-Therese, P.Q.

LARVEX IS DIFFERENT...

QUICK!

A few minutes with LARVEX will mothproof a woman's coat for 12 months.

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74¢ worth of LARVEX will mothproof your expensive upholstered chair.

EASY! The LARVEX sprayer gives a continuous spray—so simple a child can use it.



LARVEX

ONE SPRAYING MOTHPROOFS FOR A WHOLE YEAR

TRUTH ABOUT CORNS



• Corns are caused by pressure and friction. But now it's easy to remove them. Fit a Blue-Jay pad over the corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special medication acts on corn—gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. By avoiding pressure and friction that caused corn, you can prevent its return. Get Blue-Jay Plasters—25¢ for 6.

BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** CORN PLASTERS

What Price Glamour?

Continued from page 74

a whisper in his heart. Despite his casual acceptance of music as merely another skill, Mark was a sensitized sieve through which his senses ceaselessly poured impressions. Mind and body were constantly at work, often feverishly, sorting these impressions, translating them into the medium he best understood, seeking to absorb them. Sitting jammed up against Leda, unfamiliar thoughts possessed him. He felt huge and clumsy, yet overpowered, like a roaring organ silenced by a sweet flute. The clean fragrance of her hair piled high in sculptured curls. The clear melodic line of her chin and throat. The subtle warmth of her knee against his, of her hand on his arm, once when Clyde turned a corner too sharply and she steadied herself. She was carved out of abstract elegance, and he wished his mother could see her, and hear her laugh, and watch the indolent movement of her eyes, which weren't really lazy, but thorough in their observation.

She seemed to like this fellow Clyde. He looked Latin with his sun-soaked skin, powdery black hair and thin aquiline nose. His dark eyes snapped imperiously in the proud Latin way. By his manner of driving it was easy to see that he was a man with perfect physical co-ordination, at ease in his own body. From time to time, Mark levelled his direct gaze at Clyde. He wondered how they looked to the occupants of passing cars, an ivory figurine between two men in tails and top hats. People would notice first, if he removed his hat, that he and Leda had hair fashioned from the same beam of light. Bamboo. He was going to call her Bamboo. No, Leda was prettier. He'd have to try them both.

Three abreast, Leda holding each man firmly by the arm, they stepped into The Hanging Gardens, where the whole set was gathered in revelry. Smoke and music, heavy perfume and shrill voices, movement and color and din rushed to greet them, but Mark marched resolutely beside Leda. He would tune himself to the noise. There was a kind of swing in it, a rhythm to be filtered out.

"Ah good evening, Miss Hobart," said the head waiter. "Ah, Mr. Dunning! Your table is arranged. An extra setting, yes, sir. Ah, good evening, Mr. Corby. We have not had your company before."

"Say 'Aah,'" Leda laughed, and the man laughed politely with her.

Leda was sending him little secret glances, smiling intimately, and humming to the music of Jack Judson. The orchestra leader had recognized Mark. A newspaper man recognized him. The head waiter whispered here and there. It did not take long for the news to slither through the confusion that a celebrity was present.

Tippy and Russ Arnold came over to be introduced. Patsy Thorndyke and Bill Gelder, Joan and Tom Van Slyke. People Leda didn't know, and unknown to Mark too, slapped him on the back and called him Corby, introduced themselves, praised his playing. Dowagers beamed upon him. Young and middle-aged, beautiful and homely, none with the least interest in his art but merely in his person, hailed him.



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(Other names on pages
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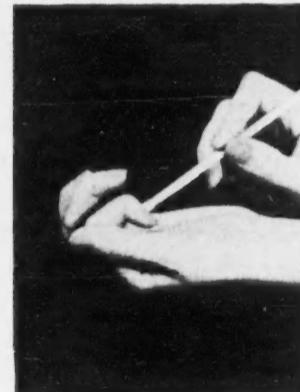
exhausting, dull job. Gradually this corps of attractive business girls is beginning to feel the sturdy pulse of Canadian womanhood. Gradually they are beginning to appreciate the courage and willingness and the capabilities of their Canadian sisters. Until, eventually, putting in half-a-day's work after the normal working day is over becomes as exciting to them, and certainly as important, as dramatic jobs like driving an ambulance in France, or rushing human blood to the lines.

This registration means that women will not be square pegs in round holes in time of emergency. There need be no mad scramble to put a trained nurse at work in the field, while an experienced and willing farmer's wife struggles with a power machine. Time and again these business girls get a thrill when one of their number comes across a form such as the one from the woman who had built her own house, and who wrote that she could use a hammer as well as any man, and wasn't above doing it when necessary. There are thousands of registrations from women who have two or three children of their own, women who know how much time and care and food and clothing and loving children need, who offer their homes to refugee children. This great group of women invariably write that they have no special qualifications. The modesty of them! In the words of one girl who is in her twenties, and one of the ablest private secretaries in the country, they are the salt of the earth. Who wouldn't thrill to contact with such women?

From the thousands of registrations already coded, one point emerges with satisfying clarity. It is the fact that many women have searched their qualifications before putting down their information. The result of this may well prove of vital importance. If a factory in a certain community requires special workers, a flick through the files will discover the nearest and most able women, ready in a minimum

of time for interview by competent boards. If an occasion arises when many people must be fed, the files will soon show the key women in each community who have cooked and served meals to hundreds at church and social gatherings. The names and qualifications of women who could replace men if necessary, or who could help in an emergency, come from every part of the country and include every imaginable calling. Rural women have stressed their willingness to care for children and to use farm machinery; others understand the fundamentals of poultry farming; some can do dairy farming, or grow fruit; there are those who know about ranching, and who can manage a sheep ranch and do the work, from shearing and processing the wool to handling the meat. On the sea coasts and inland waters women can inspect, cure and can fish. Others are able to help with the manufacture and inspection of hospital supplies, clothing, textiles, munitions, tanning and curing leather, and even mining and lumbering. There are a few who have studied aeronautics and some phases of airplane manufacture. In no case is there a suggestion that these women want men's jobs; their registration is a statement of their willingness and their qualifications to carry on when needed. They take it for granted that they will do their usual tasks as best they can.

It is the evidence of the very best side of human nature which inspires the girls who are doing the enormous job of indexing and coding the registrations of so many Canadian women. There is no complaint, but there are backaches as a result of long hours of tiring work; there may even be headaches from the close concentration that must attend the exacting work of coding; certainly there are sacrifices of fun and recreation and even rest. Yet within a few weeks the qualifications of every woman who has registered so far will be available. *



For Brittle Nails and Dry Cuticle

By
ANNABELLE LEE

will have difficulty in getting a lasting polish. It should always be used after the new polish is thoroughly dry.

In your regular manicure the cuticle remover is applied, of course, after the old polish has been removed. It's important to give your nails a final application of the polish remover, just before you use the new polish, in order to ensure a perfectly clean nail surface. Even if your hands are washed thoroughly, you cannot be sure that some foreign matter has not adhered to the nails. So use your polish remover to take off last week's polish, and then when you have completed your nail grooming, and are about to apply the new polish—use the polish remover again to make absolutely sure of a clean surface.

SINCE MY last article on "Beauty at Your Fingertips," a great many readers have asked me to give them still more information on the care of brittle nails and dry cuticle. The answer lies in the proper use of manicure oils and creams, applied with an orangewood stick, in a gentle rotary motion every night until the nails are in first-class shape again. After they are as you want them, once-a-week use of the cuticle oil or creams will keep them that way. Never apply cuticle oil before your new polish is dry, or you



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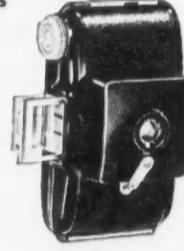
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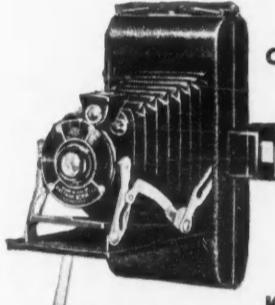
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It might have been a glad-hand fraternity initiation. When the music ceased abruptly, as if snipped off by a pair of shears, Jack Judson presented himself. Was there something special Mark Corby wished to hear?

"Smelling vodka, aren't you?" Clyde murmured.

Leda said, "I don't know what you're talking about." Her face was flushed with triumph, her eyelids heavy with secret satisfaction.

"Better brush up on your Russian, Angel."

Mark Corby said suddenly, "Our dance, Leda," and didn't slither his arms around her as other men, but opened them wide, with that same quality of reunion which his smile held.

She prayed that his dancing would bear the scrutiny it was going to get. After his first few measures she knew she need have no fear. Glass and glitter. Glamour and envy. Laughter and quarrelling and public love-making. A swing Scheherazade. The savage irregular pulse of the scene quickened Mark's pulse. The girl in his arms steadied him at once.

He danced as he played, without a flaw, catching her up in a cadence she herself did not hear, but which she understood through him. It was a timeless rhythm. It blotted out the curious faces and questioning eyes. Cool and light she floated in his arms, as if they were dancing in another world, perhaps the world one touches immediately preceding sleep. The contradictions of that world were in the dance, too, for cool as she felt, his arms were warm and firm. Light as she was, she knew the strength and power released through his shoulders, protectively stooped.

"There's such a little bit of you," he said. "I can tuck you under my chin, like my fiddle."

"Second fiddle?"

He laughed softly. "Little Bamboo."

Leda said dreamily, "Hello, Biscuit."

The room turned smoothly, but they seemed to be standing still. "I'll have your picture on my table tonight."

"If Peter Nelson hasn't thrown it away."

"He couldn't. You'd have talked back to him . . . Bamboo?"

"Yes?"

"What was in the letter you wrote me?"

She repeated the contents almost verbatim. "But you will play at my party, won't you?"

He stiffened. She missed a step and he held her tightly. "That's why Pete answered. It was business. What did he say?"

"No mind of your own?"

"I have to leave business to Pete and Ben."

"But now you will come—"

"I couldn't. I don't play at such parties."

The fine lace web spinning between them all night, snapped. Leda became conscious of the fact that nobody had cut in on them. Was it the room which had been invisible or had they, perhaps, been wrapped around in some magic? Had Mark Corby a guarded life, that nobody would cross his will?

They began to argue, she refusing to see his point. They danced again and again. They returned to the argument endlessly. He said her friends

wouldn't care for his music anyway. How did he know what her friends were like, when he hadn't known who she was? Well, he'd seen a lot of them here tonight. There was iron in his voice, steel in his refusal.

"I'd like to play for you, though, alone."

"That isn't what I want," though she did. She did. She must be crazy to be saying this.

"Then come to Philadelphia to hear me play—in two weeks. I'll send you a box. I'll look up and see you there and play a little extra Leda-Leda on my violin. Only you will know what it means."

"Why should I do anything for you," she retorted, "when you won't do the easiest thing in the world for me?"

They returned to the table. Clyde had been dancing with Tippy, keeping her in heaven, and in laughter. Mark absently looked at his watch.

"Bed-time for boys?" asked Clyde.

"A man who works for a living has to keep fairly regular hours," Mark retorted promptly.

"Aah," cried Leda. "One goal."

"Aah," echoed Clyde, and Mark added his "Aah." Then they all said "Aah" together at the head waiter who stopped at their table.

"Ah—a gentleman to see you," said that dignitary.

Ben Elberfield stepped out from behind him. He was a stringy man, completely bald, slightly yellow like an onion, and his face was sad. "Come on, Kid, pack up. What do you think you're doing? Do you know what time it is?"

Mark reddened painfully and lost his temper. "My time is my own," he said, knowing it wasn't, that he had never been up this late before, during the concert season. Now he knew that Leda knew it too, that Clyde was amused, that she must be laughing with him. "Don't follow me around like a detective. Get out and go home. Who told you I was here? Get out!"

No amount of temper could really cover his humiliation. To be ordered home like a little boy, in her presence! To be watched and followed and ordered about in Dunning's presence. "A man can't enjoy himself without having a police alarm out for him," he shouted after Ben, who, bewildered at Mark's tone, had turned away.

"He never talked that way before," thought Ben. "It must be love. What are we going to do?"

"And how do you like our night life in New York, Mr. Corby?" drawled Clyde. "Is it different from Toronto and North Bridge?"

"Ah—ze night life," Mark answered, pinching thumb and forefinger together. "I weel tell you when we are alone, Meester Dunning, like gentleman to gentleman. Ah, you are gentleman, no, Meester Dunning?"

"Love-thirty," Leda called, and they all bleated "Aah" in unison, until others picked up the call and the whole room was bleating.

But something had gone out of the fun, and after another round of drinks, Leda gathered up her wrap. "Well, Clyde, if you have a home, prepare to go to it now."

"Let me take you, Leda," said Mark eagerly. "I've got to explain—"

"Will you do what I asked?"

"I can't."

"I left the house with Clyde. I'll return with him."

"I caught the brass ring," Clyde grinned, "so I get the extra ride."

DISCONSOLATELY Mark helped Leda into the car, Clyde didn't offer to drop him off anywhere. Mark stood aside to let the doorman slam the door. "Taxi," he said to the doorman, who answered, "Your car is waiting on the other side of the street, Mr. Corby."

Ben was turning around already. Mark didn't want to ride home with him, but on the other hand he wanted to tell him what he thought of him before they reached home. He knew what he'd find when he stepped into the house, what he'd always found since he played at his first church social at the age of six. He had never minded it or noticed it before. Now he was not going to stand for it. Men married at twenty-two and ordered their own lives! They were treating him like a child prodigy.

Even Ben's accusing silence, as they headed for Park Avenue, was childish. Such a naughty boy, it seemed to say, making everybody worry. He wished Leda were here, and he at the wheel, and nobody within ten light years of them. She must come to Philadelphia. He'd send her flowers tomorrow. He'd take her dancing, to hold her in his arms—

"You were pretty raw tonight, Ben, crashing in on me. Don't do that again. Calling me Kid—"

"I always called you that. I don't stop for no Leda Hobart."

"Your English is slipping."

"I'm sore. I don't want you mixed up with that café society. Glamour girls are no good for the world's finest."

"Who's a glamour girl?"

"You ought to read the papers, Kid. They tell you who's who."

"Leave Miss Hobart out of it. I'll pick my own friends."

"Do I care?" Ben cried, so explosively that a stranger would have known he did care, that the protection of Mark Corby was a passionate vocation. "You could have called up."

"Whole family assembled, I suppose?"

"Me, I'd have gone to bed long ago, but did you ever see the time when your mother went to bed before you were in? Sure you don't ask her to stay up, sure nothing can happen to you—you never heard of kidnappings and accidents and jams."

"Mom's probably the only one who isn't in a stew."

"That's no reason for giving her cause to worry. Your mother," said Ben, "is one of God's gentlewomen. Night clubs!"

"One night club," Mark corrected. "So what? So I danced and enjoyed myself. I need some exercise."

"All that mess and noise and liquor. I don't care if it was only sherry. You have nerves, kid. You're playing in Philadelphia in two weeks."

"You talk as if I were sunk in alcohol. Nerves! When I'm ninety, talk to me about nerves."

Ben subsided. "Skip it, lad. You're right. I guess we're all a lot of hens with one chick."

Mark could not quite "skip it." He had already been stirred beyond

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Continued on page 88

The Baby Clinic

Your Baby— In Spring and Summer

By J. W. S. McCULLOUGH, M.D.

THE MOST important defect of the Canadian winter climate in regard to small children is lack of sunshine. This lack implies the obscuring of the ultra-violet rays of the sun by smoke, especially in industrial cities. Under such circumstances one half of the sun's effect is lost. The only practical remedy is the use of cod-liver oil which should, from one or two months be given in teaspoonful doses before each of three feedings. This will reduce the tendency to rickets and help to cure this condition.

The coming of spring releases the baby from the tendency to colds, influenza, cough, ear troubles and whooping cough. At this time the clothing may be somewhat reduced but the legs should not be stripped of long stockings. Little ones stand the change of season badly, especially if the legs are overexposed. No change of food is necessary.

In summer the baby should have a bath morning and evening, and in the hottest weather a sponge bath in the middle of the day. If there is any prickly heat, soda bicarbonate should be added to the water in the proportion of one teaspoonful to a pint. The clothing should be very light; a thin shirt, a diaper and a muslin dress are enough. If very hot, the diaper may suffice during the middle of the day. Watch out for cool evenings and clothe accordingly. The baby should be out of doors in the shade during the daytime, the cot or carriage being covered with a white mosquito netting. A heavy covering excludes the air.

He should be fed at four-hour intervals and have plenty of cool, boiled water between times. If bottle-fed, be sure that the milk is perfectly sweet. If the milk is not pasteurized, it should be boiled and the bottles (the type of the same size from bottom to top, without angles or corners) kept thoroughly clean and sterilized by boiling. If breast fed, continue nursing. A baby needs only about three quarters as much food in summer as in winter. From June 1 to September 1 the ultra-violet rays of the sun in the exposed baby take the place of cod-liver oil in the prevention and cure of rickets.

If there is diarrhoea, cut off all food at the first symptom. Give cool, boiled water without sugar freely, and call the doctor.

Keep flies away from the baby.

Questions concerning the care of babies may be sent to Dr. J. W. S. McCullough, care of Chatelaine. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Have all windows and doors screened. Keep soiled diapers in a covered receptacle. Wash your hands before you feed the baby. Keep garbage covered from flies. Keep privies flyproof, and treat daily with chloride of lime.

- Question Box -

Question—Is bacon good for babies and small children? Does it help the development of the gums and teeth?—Mrs. R. A. F., Saint John, N.B.

Answer—There is no good reason for giving bacon to babies. Bacon is a high fat food and must be broiled crisp before it is given to an infant. Infants can chew better on toasted bread crusts than on bacon and this material is much easier to digest. Bacon contains no food factor other than protein and fat. Its vitamin content is negligible. It is not good for babies.

☆☆

Question—What is the cause of undulant fever? What is the best treatment?—Mrs. S.O.S., Jasper Park, Alta.

Answer—Undulant fever is caused by a germ known as Bang's bacillus or the *Bacillus abortus*. It is spread from milk cows through the use of milk taken in the raw state and may be prevented by the use of pasteurized milk. It may be recognized by testing the blood. One of the best remedies is the new drug called sulphanilamide, but this should only be used under the direction of a doctor. Remissions or flare-ups are common in the course of treatment. Rest and good food are essential in the treatment.

☆☆

Question—Can a person who had infantile paralysis ten years ago be regarded as a carrier at the present time? Is such a person likely to remain a permanent carrier?—Mrs. J.B.G., Hamilton, Ont.

Answer—It is generally believed by medical men that the virus of infantile paralysis disappears from the mucous membranes of the nose and throat of the average case in three weeks from the time of onset of the disease. It is unlikely that anyone remains a carrier permanently, or for more than three weeks.

☆☆

Question—My six-year-old boy goes to school and is a good deal in company with a little boy who stutters. Is it likely that through imitation my boy will learn to stutter?—L.B.J., Windsor, Ont.

Answer—Experience over a long period of time has shown that the possibility of children learning to stutter through imitation is very unlikely. *



All she wants now is supper

And she'll have it in just a moment! Her mummy and daddy have provided for such immediate needs. Good food, warm clothes, her toys, pretty soon her kindergarten . . . all are assured now. But how about her future?

Children need PROTECTION right through their growing years to make sure they will get the comforts and schooling they need, until, at last, they are ready to take their own places in the world.

Protect YOUR children now

So, when your husband talks to you of insurance, don't put off the discussion . . . don't say "we have so much to do now we can't afford it." For the right kind of insurance means protection for what is most vital to you both . . . the safety and happiness of your children.

Fortunately, you and your husband can give them protection at no great cost . . . indeed for surprisingly little! Perhaps you, for your part, can help by a little extra thrift in the household budget? At any rate, by putting aside just a few dollars weekly, you can buy a Mutual Life of Canada policy that will immediately create substantial

protection for your children. And as the years go by, this becomes a valuable savings fund for your husband and yourself.

A plan to suit your needs

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<input type="checkbox"/> Endowment							
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ENDS HARD RUBBING AND SCRUBBING

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GILLETT'S Pure Flake Lye
just eats up dirt. Saves you
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Just use a solution* in cold
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Jars 10c, 15c, 25c.
Handy tubes 25c.



Vaseline
TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

What Price Glamour?

Continued from page 86

balance, not so much by Ben's scolding, as by Leda Hobart. Her small hand, her clear, rich voice, even her request which he could not grant, her smile had knifed him with a quick thrust, and Ben's unforgivable interruption had merely turned the knife.

CALM AS he appeared, it was still turning when Ben opened the apartment door and stepped aside to let him pass. Ben had always given him precedence, yet tonight he saw in the gesture a fear on his manager's part that he would bolt if he weren't watched from behind. Portia, big and brown as a polished wood carving, stuck her head out the kitchen door and cried, "You-all hungry, boy?" And Pone, her companion-piece, reached a brown hand out of nowhere with his "You all right, Mistah Mark?" Mark put his hat in the brown hand and burned up. It was outrageous for them to be up at two-thirty just to ask him if he were hungry, to take his hat. They were checking on him, that's what. He was going to stop it.

"You two better go to sleep," he said, not unkindly. "I don't need a thing."

In the living room the scene was the familiar one, too familiar. The living room of the Corby's New York apartment was to the whole apartment what the kitchen had been to their North Bridge home. As he entered, the family froze in the attitudes in which they were caught, all except Hannah Corby, his mother. They all looked up in relief, their glances sidling toward Ben, who nodded. Hannah, who was playing solitaire, put a red queen on a black king, turned up a black knave and placed him, before she lifted her head.

"What is this—a wake?" Mark demanded. "Am I in the doghouse because I didn't ask permission—"

"Hello, son. Did you have a good time?" Hannah interrupted.

"Until Ben took matters in hand."

Mark bent and kissed his mother's forehead. While he passed his hand over her straight fawn-colored hair, Hannah sat suspended, her head bowed, afraid that any small movement would arouse his suspicion and bring the whole trembling structure of concern for his welfare down upon his head. To each one in the room life had no meaning save as it centred in Mark, but she had trained them all so expertly that nobody dared remind him of this verbally.

Hannah had been a grade teacher in North Bridge when, at twenty-seven, she married Joe, the music teacher and band leader. At fifty she still main-

tained that schoolteacher quality of taking a situation in hand and directing it. They were all boys to her, whatever their ages, and no boy had ever scared her.

"Don't go temperamental," she said to Mark. "Temperament is ninety per cent temper. Remember?"

He was in no mood to remember their old game of musical arithmetic. Temperament—90 per cent temper. Inspiration—110 per cent peace. Improvement—100 per cent giving and the receiving takes care of itself. Technique—40 per cent patience, 35 per cent persistency, 25 per cent perspiration. He swept them all with his gaze. Pete, pipe in hand, had been reading mail. Ernie Atkins, his accompanist, at the game table with Hannah, had been classifying piano scores. His father, at the desk in the corner, was always busy with band arrangements of the classics, and now sat with stubby pencil poised between his short fingers. Ben stood in the doorway, on guard. Why didn't somebody move?

"So it's temper!" Mark cried. "I want that picture Miss Hobart sent me. I want it tonight, Pete, in my room. And if you threw it away, you'll get me another. You'll go to her and apologize—"

Pete took his cue from Hannah. He thrust the pipe into his mouth, unfolded himself and started for his small office at the rear of the house. He was only forty, but quite white, his square face lined with humor, and beneath the humor etched by some early biting tragedy which Hannah had never uncovered. She only knew that his devotion to Mark could not be measured by any human standard.

"I know just where it is, boy. I had no idea you knew her," and he grinned, thinking of how he had spoken to Leda. He didn't, of course, talk with a cigar in his mouth or wear a derby on the back of his head. Pete animated his solitary life by acting up. With people like Leda Hobart he went tough, sometimes using the language of the ring—calling Mark his "boy" and speaking of recitals as bouts. With simpler folk he was himself, an unobtrusive secretary, a man in command of the English language, a cultured gentleman who had tutored the boy prodigy. He practiced the rough talk on Alex, his pipe.

When Pete was gone, Mark addressed them all. "You're going to stop watching me and telling me what to do. I'll go where I please and do as I like. I'm no million-dollar infant any more." Then he stalked out.

★ To be Continued

The ever-popular cup and saucer shower is very decorative when the gifts are set out with the donors' cards beneath. You can very often borrow a distinctive, decorative treatment from a store.



PROTECT Your Baby with This Pure Soap



Doctors say that baby's delicate skin requires a soap especially blended of the very purest ingredients. Such a soap is Baby's Own . . . a soap of such precious purity that it has won the confidence of generations of doctors and nurses . . . and mothers.

Baby's Own Soap is gentle . . . soothing . . . free from any irritant. Look for the Baby's Own baby on the new package.

"The
Beauty soap of precious purity"

BABY'S OWN SOAP

BOTTLE NEED NOT BOTHER BABY

IF IT DOES Mrs. Robert E. Brandon, of Markham, Ontario, has this message for you: "As so often happens to bottle-fed babies, stomach trouble and constipation were so troublesome we despaired of ever raising our first baby. A neighbour recommended Baby's Own Tablets and they proved so satisfactory we have never been without them for over thirteen years, with the result we have five extra sturdy children. So far they have missed all the so-called children's diseases and four of the five were bottle fed."

And Mrs. M. Butchart, of Toronto, says this: "Baby's Own Tablets are excellent for bottle-fed babies as they assist in digesting foods which cause indigestion."

Baby's Own Tablets are equally effective in diarrhoea, simple croup, colic, colds, simple fever and teething troubles. Sweet-tasting, easy to take, safe. Analyst's certificate in every box.

Never be without Baby's Own Tablets—sickness so often strikes in the night. 25 cents. Your money back if you are not satisfied.





Socks for "Himself"

Next Row—P3, P2tog, P1, turn, S1, K4.

Continue in this manner until all 18 sts. have been worked (9 sts. on needle). Pick up and purl 13 sts. up side of heel. Purl across other needle (80 sts. on needle).

Next Row—K19, K2tog, K38, S1, K1, PSSO, K19.

Next Row—Purl.

Next Row—K18, K2tog, K38, S1, K1, PSSO, K18.

Next Row—Purl.

Decrease twice more, having 1 st. less each side.

Continue evenly until foot measures 8 inches from back of heel.

Shape Toe:

1st Row—K15, K2tog, K2, S1, K1, PSSO, knit to within 21 sts. from end, K2tog, K2, S1, K1, PSSO, K15. Work 3 rows even.

5th Row—K14, K2tog, K2, S1, K1, PSSO, knit to within 20 sts. from end, K2tog, K2, S1, K1, PSSO, K14. Work 3 rows even.

Continue decreasing in this manner (having 1 st. less each side, 2 sts. less at centre) every 4th row, twice more.

Decrease in same manner every 2nd row, until 20 sts. remain.

Place the first and last 5 sts. on 1 needle.

GRAFT TOE—Wrong side facing work thus. Using a darning needle:

Put needle in first stitch on front needle as if to knit, draw wool through and take off. Put needle in 2nd st. as if to purl, draw wool through and leave on needle.

Put needle in first st. on back needle as if to purl, draw wool through and take off. Put needle through 2nd stitch as if to knit, draw wool through and leave on needle.

Repeat from * to * and darn in on wrong side.

Sew seams neatly. *

The Enchanted Castle

IT'S too bad that the story of Peter and Robert and Mary had to be left out of last month's *Chatelaine*, but it couldn't be helped. You'll remember that they were setting out to rescue the Africans after Robert had sent a tornado there by mistake.

After their airplane ride, when they practised doing deeds of kindness, they were ready to set sail in the ship *Goodwill*.

The big picture shows them all filing out of the castle and carrying the food they were taking to the Africans. They had to make several trips as there was so much to take. Peter told them where to put the food below decks, and then told Mary to pull up the anchor. Robert, as usual, had found a telescope, and was watching everything that happened through it. You can imagine what fun he had!

Some of the little people were sad at having to leave their friends behind. But they soon cheered up as the beautiful ship sailed away over the blue sea.

They hadn't been sailing very long, when Peter, who had taken over the telescope, gave a shout. "I see something strange!" he called. "It's a bundle hanging from a tree!"

"Impossible!" cried the captain. "Trees don't grow in the ocean. And bundles don't hang from them!" But as the ship came

closer, they all saw that it was a bundle—hanging from the mast of a sunken ship. And in the bundle was—a BABY!

How excited everyone was. Peter told Mary to fetch a long rope, which he tied around his waist. Then he jumped bravely into the sea, and everyone shouted "Hooray!" as he reached the ship. The baby swung very happily in the blanket—just as if it were in a hammock. Then Mary put a candle on a stick, and told Robert to hang onto it tightly. She held him out... and the candle burned through the rope, so that the baby fell plop! into Peter's arms! Even then it didn't cry! You could see that it thought this was a new game, and so it gurgled and pointed, the way most babies do when they want you to play with them again. Then, holding the baby ever so carefully, Peter called to Mary and the crew, and they wound up the rope around his waist.

Mary went down to wrap the baby in warm, dry clothes, while the rest of them worked hard to get the ship turned in the right direction for darkest Africa. In the excitement it had twisted around toward the castle. They soon found the right course, and sailed happily away.

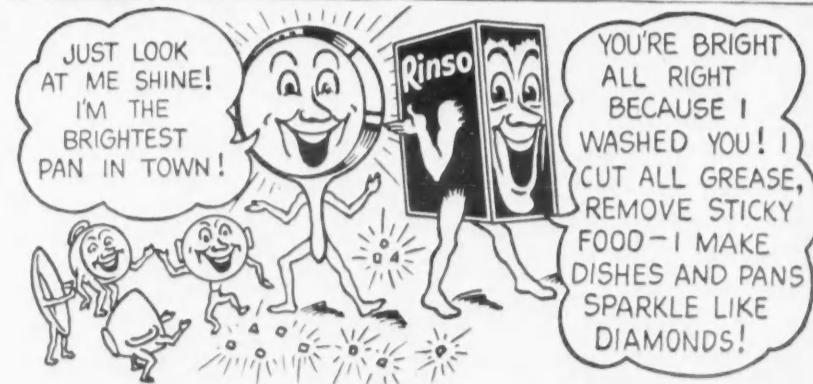
Next month you'll hear all about darkest Africa and how the children rescued the poor flooded-out natives.



New 1940
"Top-Speed" Rinso
licks hardest
Canadian Water

Whether you use Rinso in tub or washer, it gives faster-working, longer-lasting suds. Recommended by makers of 26 washers. Licks hardest Canadian water!

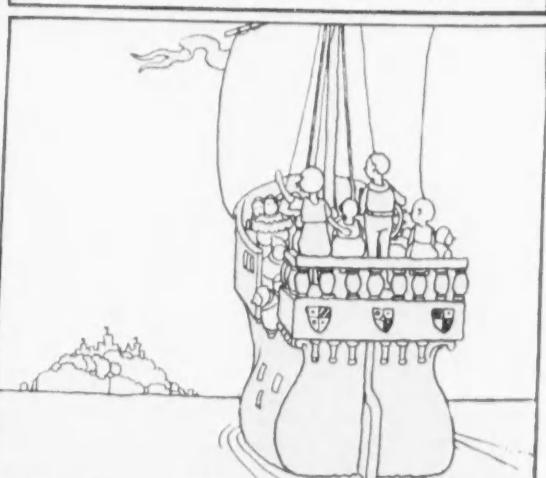
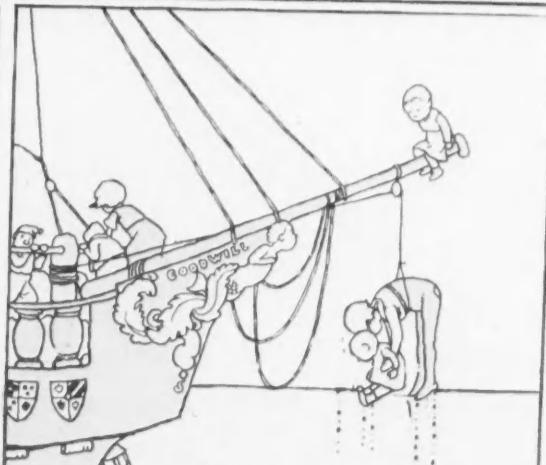
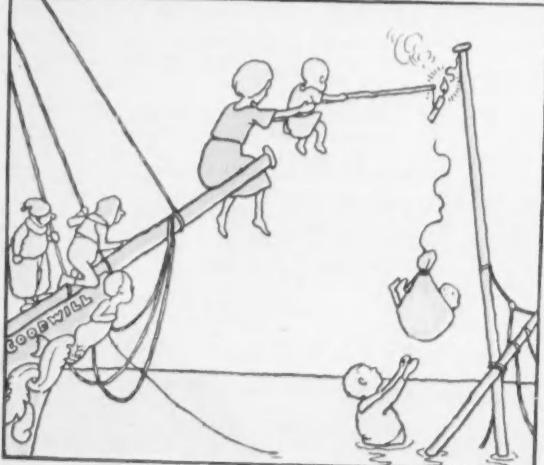
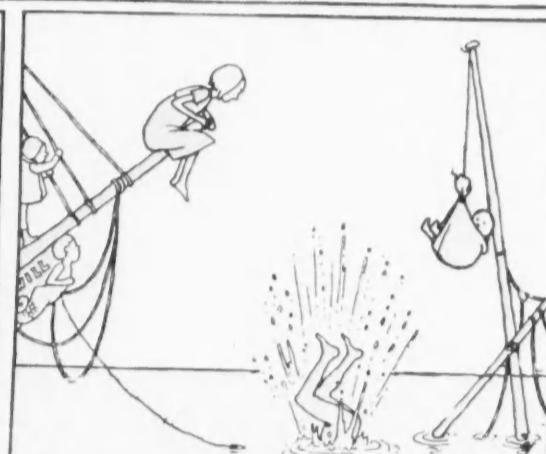
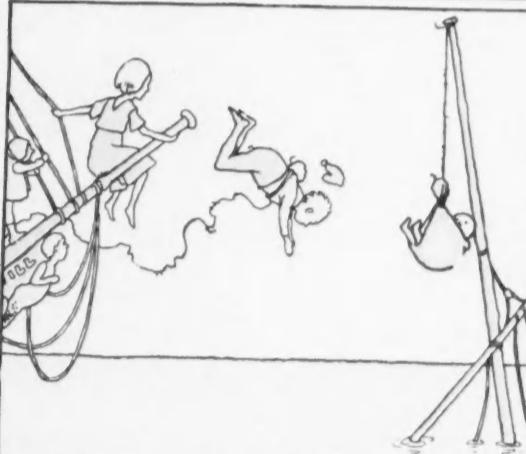
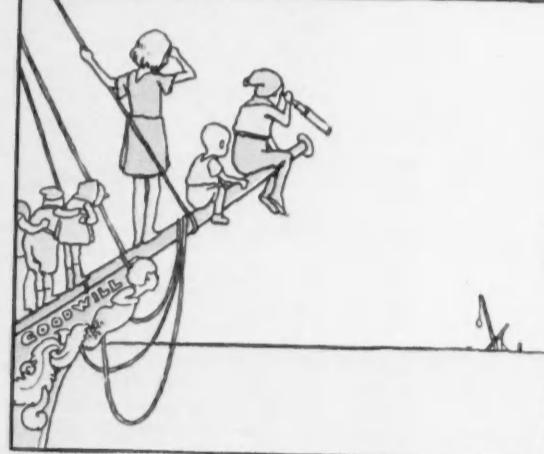
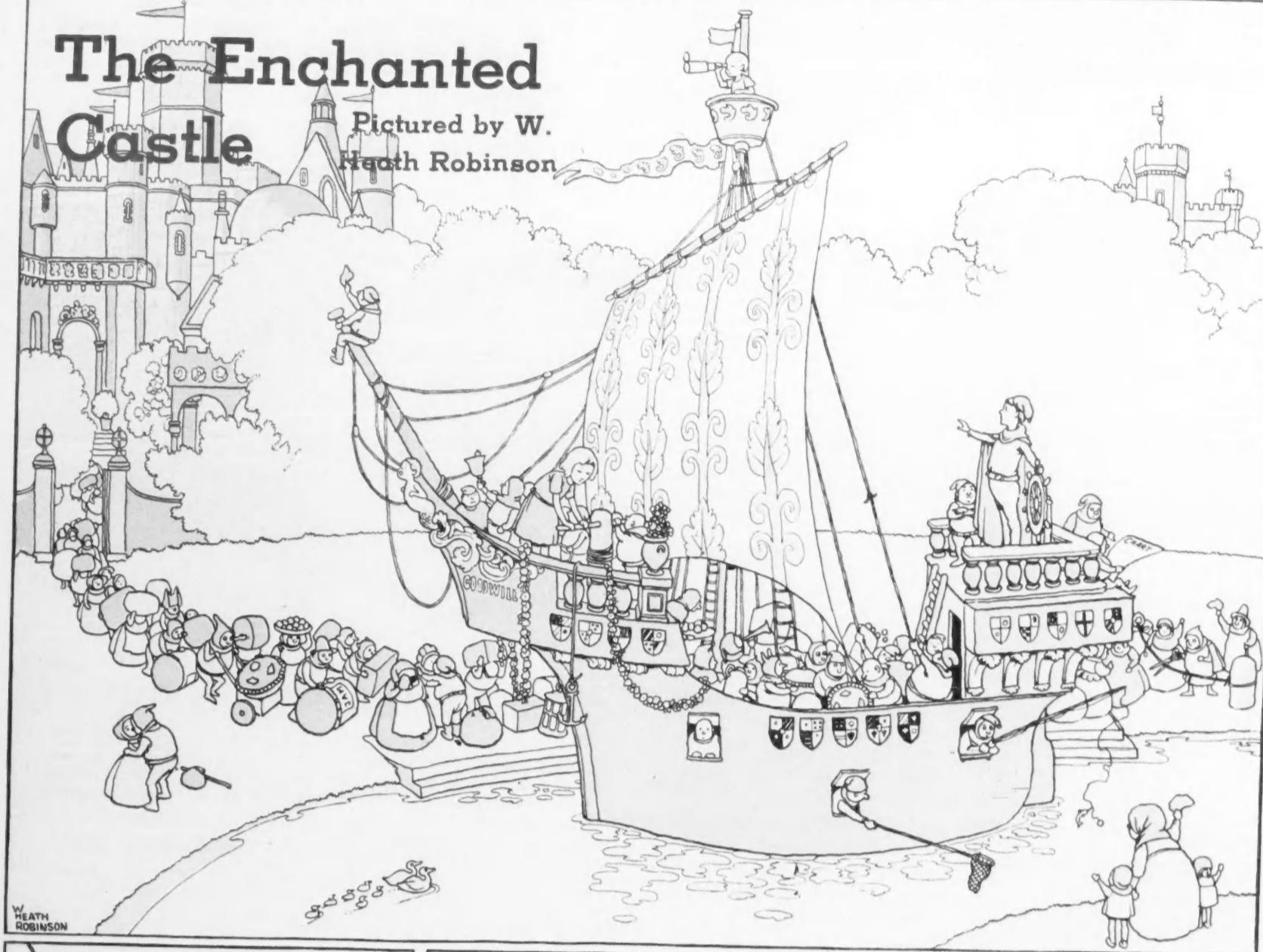
Rinso comes in
3 sizes
Small, Large,
GIANT



Tune in on "BIG TOWN"—featuring EDW. G. ROBINSON. Every Tuesday Evening. | Dial in and thrill to "BIG SISTER" Every Morning (Monday through Friday). Both programs over CBC Network. See local paper for time and station.

The Enchanted Castle

Pictured by W.
Heath Robinson



Chatelaine's

May, 1940

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Wedding Gifts In Handicrafts

8:

C749 — Bride's Bouquet luncheon set. Stamped on our beautiful new linen in pastel shades—dusty pink, heavenly blue, primrose yellow or spring green; or our new fine cream or white linen—this set will be a lasting souvenir of bridal days. There is surprisingly little work on this set. The 36-inch cloth with four serviettes is \$2.00; cottons for working, 25 cents.

9:

C751—Sweetheart sachets, white silk taffeta hearts, sweetly scented for the bride's lingerie. When made up, they are about four inches wide. Stamped on white taffeta, complete materials, including padding, cottons for working, ribbon and sachet powder, the set of three is priced at 50 cents.

10:

C753—Bride's Bouquet fingertip towels. Stamped on fine white, cream, yellow, green or Wedgwood blue linen, tiny hems are required down each side. Size 12 x

18 inches, 50 cents per pair; cottons for working, 10 cents.

C750 — Bride's Bouquet pillowcases and towels. The bride will be simply charmed with these, for they will blend with any color scheme and be gay and outstanding in any room. Pillowcases are stamped on finest linen-finished, circular English cotton, size 36 x 40 inches—price per pair \$1.35; the towels are of finest white Irish linen huckaback, size 18 x 30 inches, \$1.25 per pair. Cottons for working each pair, 15 cents.

11:

C755—Organdie collar, in sweetheart rose design. This is an exquisitely dainty collar that will fit any dress neck. On a round neck, it fastens at the back, with a design across centre front; for a V-neck, the collar fastens at centre front. Stamped on French organdie in the new dusty pink, primrose yellow or white. Nine stamped 'tabs' are sent, with bias fold for collar band, and cottons for working—price 50 cents. Please state color of organdie and color desired for working roses.



"I used to be an old misery to Sonny," says Mrs. Bell, "but my system was so sluggish it dragged on me like a ball and chain."

Many people feel that way, and quite often it's only caused by insufficient bulk in the diet.



Post's Bran Flakes help to prevent this trouble. They provide natural bulk in the form of bran to keep the food wastes moving promptly.

"Mum's a real pal nowadays," says Sonny. "She says we must both eat Post's Bran Flakes regularly and boy!... are they a treat!"



HELP keep your family free from the effects of faulty elimination by serving Post's Bran Flakes regularly. They are so appetizing, so wholesome and so convenient. If this does not readily relieve constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet, it's time to consult a physician.

BRAND
Post's **Bran** **Flakes**
WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

B30

Wedding Gifts in Handicrafts

By Marie Le Cerf

These are Chatelaine Patterns, Handicraft Series. Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. Prices include postage.



1:

C759—Peg Apron. C760—Dusters. C761—Papers, and C762—Kitchen Memo, with pockets for tickets and pencil—a delightful kitchen set that any bride would love to have. They are stamped on strong linen in deft blue, red or green. For the red and white kitchens that are so popular just now, we send white cotton for the daisies; with the green containers we send gold, and for the blue, yellow or rose may be used. Please state color combination desired. Complete materials are sent in each case, including cottons for working. The Paper Bag, 13 x 23 inches, 40 cents; the Peg Apron (which, by the way, makes a very handy knitting apron), about 15 inches square, 40 cents; the Duster Bag, 12 x 15 inches, 30 cents, and the little Kitchen Memo and ticket holder with pad, 25 cents.

2:

C746—Fiesta beverage set. Stamped on fine white, cream, green or yellow linen, the large tray cloth, 15 x 24 inches, 50 cents; serviettes, 9 x 12 inches, 10 cents each; or the tray cloth, complete with six serviettes, \$1.00. Cottons for working tray cloth, 10 cents; for the set 15 cents.

3:

C758—"Confucius" bridge cloth with luncheon set to match. In the illustration, the novelty serviettes—each representing a card suit—are shown on the luncheon cloth. The bridge cloth is of art felt, and comes stamped on Queen's royal blue, red, green or orange. Including bias binding for edges and elastic for corners, \$1.00; cottons for working, 10 cents. The 36-inch luncheon cloth, with four serviettes, stamped on fine

white, cream, green or yellow linen, \$2.00; cottons for working the set, 20 cents.

4:

C763—"A Housewife Sweet." Sampler in cross-stitch for the bride's kitchen. Stamped on our new fine cream linen, size 12 x 15 inches, 50 cents. Cottons for working, 10 cents.

C757—The "Romance of the Willow" sampler. Those who have worked our Willow luncheon set will love to have one of these to tell the story. The verse is to be worked in outline stitch; the rest of the work is in cross-stitch—in the "Willow" shades of blue. Stamped on our new fine cream linen, size 12 x 16 inches, 50 cents; cottons for working, 10 cents.

5:

C752—Bride's Bouquet kitchen holders. In green or cream, the set of four with cottons for working (padding is not sent), 50 cents.

6:

C754—"Welcome" towels. The bride will need a good supply of these little fingertip towels for her many guests. Stamped on fine white, cream, yellow, green or Wedgwood blue linen, tiny hems are required down each side and a single hemstitched hem. Size 12 x 18 inches, 50 cents per pair, and cottons for working, 10 cents.

7:

C737—The King's Message. Shown in the March issue of Chatelaine, this sampler was so enthusiastically received that we are featuring it again. It is stamped on our new pale cream Irish linen, size 12 x 15 inches, and is priced at 50 cents; cottons for working, 10 cents.

8:

C745—Stamp pastes, prim new will Then The

9:

C751—feta ling four taffe ding sach at 5

10:

C752—Star green



YOU WILL MAKE

NO MISTAKE...

IN CHOOSING

WESTINGHOUSE



**SENSATIONAL WESTINGHOUSE DEVELOPMENT
KEEPS FOOD AT CONSTANT TEMPERATURE
AUTOMATICALLY!**

Today for the first time you can enjoy COMPLETE and FULLY AUTOMATIC protection which Westinghouse alone provides in its revolutionary new 1940 Refrigerator models:

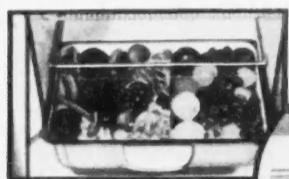
**FIVE ZONES
OF COLD AND
HUMIDITY**

Correct conditions of temperature and humidity for all types of food; the SUPER-FROSTER for frozen foods, ice-cubes and desserts; the MEAT-KEEPER just above freezing with correct humidity for fresh meats; the MILK COMPARTMENT with the right degree of cold for milk and beverages; the SAFETY-ZONE FOOD Compartment for general food storage; the Glass-topped HUMIDRAWER to keep salads, vegetables and dewy-fresh fruits.

**PROTECTED BY
TRUE-TEMP**

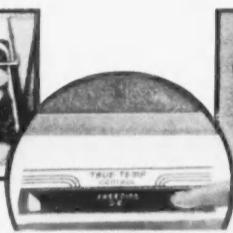
The first and only refrigerator cold control that automatically maintains your FOOD at the temperature you select. SET IT AND FORGET IT! True-Temp automatically adjusts the operation of the refrigerator to compensate for all fluctuations in kitchen temperature. No other refrigerator gives you this positive, complete food protection.

See these and other sensational Westinghouse advancements in the new 1940 models at your nearest dealer.



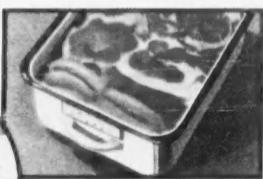
Glass-topped
HUMIDRAWER

Keeps fruits, vegetables, saladgarden fresh and tempting.



TRUE-TEMP

Degrees of cold are plainly marked on the dial.



Covered
MEAT-KEEPER

Storage for a full week's supply (15 lbs.) of fresh meats for the average family.

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TORONTO, SWASTIKA, MONTREAL, HALIFAX.



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OWNERSHIP..AND

SATISFACTION...

WILL ALWAYS

BE YOURS WITH

WESTINGHOUSE

ELECTRICAL

APPLIANCES

AND EQUIPMENT

IN YOUR HOME

*Choose
WISELY*

Choose **Westinghouse**
ELECTRICAL DESIGNERS FOR THE HOME



To the left is the early morning round-table conference where plans for this issue were crystallized. And above, is a corner of the Wedding Bureau of The T. Eaton Co. Ltd., in Toronto

As an Editor Sees it —

by **BYRNE HOPE SANDERS**



Miss Claire Dreier

THIS ISSUE of *Chatelaine* makes history, for there has never been a bridal issue just like it.

Every woman loves a wedding; so the story is general enough for those of you who are only interested in seeing the pretty frocks and reliving your own weddings. For the brides of 1940, this

book is filled with the type of information difficult to find—all the little details of procedure gathered together concisely and clearly. This bridal issue will be tucked away in many thousands of desks for future reference!

We laid our plans for it, and outlined just what we thought the brides, and all those connected with a wedding, would want to know. Followed a round-table discussion early one morning with interested staff members of the T. Eaton Co., Ltd. (You can see how it all began in the little photograph above.)

It was a mammoth undertaking to photograph the story of a wedding; to gather the models; find the right costumes for them; plan the settings; check on every detail. We worked with Miss Claire Dreier, Bride's Counsellor of the Wedding Bureau of the T. Eaton Co., Ltd., and who with her staff worked with us on the photographs, while supervising some of the most fashionable weddings of the day, as well as the small weddings which the Bureau handles so exquisitely.

Some of the bridal scenes were photographed

with the unbelievable beauty of the Flower Show in Toronto, as background. I wish you could have seen the enchantingly pretty bridesmaids floating past the massed flowers. One problem was the cold. The Flower Show, of course, had to be kept chilled . . . and to stand in the filmy bridal costumes while the setting was being arranged, was hard work! The trousseau tea, the linen shower and the writing of the invitations, were staged in the charming Thrift House. Were you one of the crowd who watched so delightedly as the young soldier—straight from camp with a special permit—posed with one of the bridesmaids at Thrift House, Eatons-College Street, for our military wedding? The table of wedding gifts was prepared in answer to the eternal question: "What is the most attractive way to display our gifts?" For the Institute scenes, pretty young Florence Watt came to the kitchens of the *Chatelaine* Institute to be photographed with the fluffy biscuits and scrumptious strawberry shortcake. The beautiful wedding breakfast table, photographed in full color, illustrates one of the newest color harmonies.

We give you, then, our bridal issue for 1940—and answers to the tricky points which puzzle so many. Hundreds of us have worked for many weeks to bring you the story with as much information and reading interest as possible crammed into every line.

If you like it—if you find it an interesting idea—will you let us know?

And meanwhile, without more ado, we'll have to forget wedding finery, and concentrate on the June issue, which has, without question, the most charming child cover I have ever seen. Also an exclusive birthday photograph of the quintuplets. Also another big feature of national importance. And first-rate fiction too!

CHATELAINE

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H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director.
BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, Editor.
WALLACE M. REYBURN, Assistant Editor.
HELEN G. CAMPBELL, Director, *Chatelaine* Institute.
EVAN PARRY, Editor "Your Home" Department.
N. ROY PERRY, Business Manager.
J. R. THOMPSON, Advertising Manager.

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